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TOPICS - OF - THE - DAY

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ISLAM ASTIR AGAINST CHRISTIAN RULE

LITTLE SPURTS OF FLAME that seemed hardly worth noticing in India, Egypt, Tripoli, Morocco and Asia Minor during the past weeks and months now appear to many keen observers to be ominous manifestations of underlying volcanic fires that may set the Moslem world of 250,000,000 fanatical believers ablaze almost any day. Everybody knows, for instance, that it was the demand of India's Mohammedan population for the revision of the Treaty of Sèvres that precipitated a Cabinet crisis in Britain. But the Western world is just beginning to realize that this is only one page of the story and that the Moslem menace threatens not only the British rule in Asia but Christian civilization in large areas of the Eastern Hemisphere. The Sultan of Turkey, who as Caliph of Islam is also the leader of all Mohammedans, was put out of Europe by the Sèvres Treaty, and his Empire of more than 600,000 square miles and 20,000,000 inhabitants reduced to less than 200,000 squares miles, supporting about 8,000,000 inhabitants. His readmission to Europe, as demanded by the Moslems of India, would, we are warned by many political and editorial observers, have consequences reaching far beyond the boundaries of the European continent. "The world of Islam, mentally and spiritually quiescent for almost a thousand years, is once more astir, once more on the march," declares Lothrop Stoddard in "The New World of Islam" (Scribner's).

STORM CLOUDS IN THE EAST.

—Kirby in the New York *World*.

Turning to the news dispatches of recent weeks for evidence in support of this statement, we encounter the following items: India's demand for the rehabilitation of Turkey; unrest among Egyptian Mohammedans, resulting in Britain's pledge of self-government to Egypt; a Moslem revolt against Italian rule in Tripoli; a fresh uprising against the Spaniards in Morocco; and a renewal of Kemal Pasha's campaign against the Greeks in Asia Minor. "All these things," says the New York *World*, "are part of a great Pan-Islamic movement intended to restore Mohammedan power." The same paper, in an editorial headed "Islam Strikes Its Tents," speaks of the attitude of the Indian Government toward the spoliation of Turkey as "the most impressive sign there has yet been of the solidarity of Islam"; and it goes on to say:

"It will not be the last. There is trouble throughout the Mohammedan world, in Spanish Morocco, in French Algiers, in Italian Libya, in British Egypt, in French Syria, in Greek Smyrna, in British Palestine, in Arabia, in Persia, in Central Asia.

"Islam has struck its tents and is again on the march. The signs are too clear to be dismissed with a light heart. Western civilization and Islam are entering one of those great periods of readjustment the like of which there has not been for over three centuries. And Western civilization is prostrate and divided. Its strongest member admits only a bowing acquaintance with the rest of Christendom."

Mohammedans in India number only about 70,000,000, or less than a quarter of the total population. But this fighting minority has joined forces with the Hindu followers of the pacifist Gandhi in their demand for swaraj (self-rule), and since Gandhi's imprisonment by the British authorities the leadership of the movement is said to have passed to a Mohammedan, Abdul Kalam Azan. Says the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat:*

"With Gandhi in jail, the adhesion of the Hindus is likely to be made even more fanatical than in the past. Reflecting the queer ideas of the country, Gandhi is a revolutionary chief who abhors the use of force. That is a type not found among Mohammedans. The incumbent of the chief place was empowered by a native conference held in December to proclaim the establishment of a republic in India and to order resistance by armed force. Gandhi refused to use this power, but will Abdul Kalam Azan refuse?

"Of what avail is it to arrest and prosecute on a charge of sedition a nonresistant supreme leader, when his deprivation of liberty only brings to the leadership one who is not of the nonresistant type? Late strategy of the Viceroy and Mr. Montagu of the London Cabinet aimed at separating Mohammedans from Hindus. What success can be expected from such strategy when another and apparently inconsistent piece of strategy must increase Mohammedan loyalty to the movement and sense of responsibility for its success?"

Reports from India, notes the Washington *Herald*, indicate that certain Mohammedan leaders dream of making the country

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a Mohammedan state: and as a reminder that the Mohammedan faith is historically grounded in conquest and conversion by the sword, it quotes the following characteristic passages from the words of the Prophet:

"Fight in the path of God with those who fight with you. . . . And kill them wheresoever ye find them, and thrust them out from whence they thrust you out; for dissent is worse than slaughter. . . . Fight them till there be no dissent, and the worship be only to God. . . .

"I swear by God, in whose hand is my life, that marching about morning and evening to fight for religion is better than the world and everything that is in it; and verily the standing of one of you in the line of battle is better than supererogatory prayers performed in your house for sixty years."

ALWAYS DRIPPING BLOOD.

—Stinson in the Dayton *News*.

"The combined forces of Mohammedanism, Bolshevism, and racial and class sullenness are making a real demonstration against modern civilization," remarks the Albany *Knickerbocker Press*, which adds: "What makes the Indian outbreak especially portentous is that it is evidently part of a world-wide movement by the Mohammedans to reconstitute their power and to put down the Christians." "While the Hindus and Moslems are combined in their unnatural alliance there will be a struggle that will spread far outside India, and even Asia, into Africa, and very likely Eastern Europe as well, a struggle motived in great part by religious fanaticism," agrees the Manchester *Union*. "It would be just punishment for the Powers' neglect to protect their fellow Christians, the Armenians, if Islamism pushed forward once more into Europe," avers Henry Morgenthau, former American Ambassador to Turkey, who is quoted in the New York *World* as saying further:

"The Turks realize that the European countries are not in a position at present to keep large military forces on hand to cope with this movement. They are tremendously shrewd, and they have imprest the Mohammedans of India with the thought that by cooperating at the present time they can bring Great Britain to terms. They are playing upon the other Mohammedans to bring about a war of conquest, when the rest of the world is crying for peace."

"A revived and powerful Islam is bending and twisting British power in the Near East and the Orient," remarks the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, which agrees that the Treaty of Sèvres, that turned the Turk out of Europe, was "the torch that kindled the Moslem fires." Says the evening edition of the same paper:

"Islam, which was by no means solidly pro-Turkish while the Ottomans were installed in Europe, has grown increasingly resentful in the progress of events in the Near East. In Egypt, in India, even it is said in those French and Dutch possessions peopled by Moslems, a new fusion of purposes has been manifested."

The Treaty of Sèvres, which was not signed until the summer of 1920, and has not yet been enforced, took from the Sultan of Turkey 438,000 square miles of territory, and 12,000,000 subjects. The lost territory included Thrace, Smyrna, and certain "holy places" of Mohammedanism. Mustafa Kemal's nationalist rebellion represents the Turkish protest against this treaty. Some three months ago Lord Northcliffe, the British publisher, wrote from Bombay that the "moderate Moslems" of India urged the following concessions in the name of world peace:

"First. The British should again recognize the Sultan as the head of Islam and warden of the Holy Places at Mecca, Medina and Bagdad, and grant free access there to all Moslems.

"Second. Adrianople should be returned to Turkey. Adrianople is a holy city, and its loss never will cease to rankle.

"Third. Hand over the whole of Asia Minor to Turkey, not excepting Smyrna. The Turks regard Asia Minor as their homeland, and while they have no legitimate grievance regarding the loss by fortunes of war, of the empire in Irak and Arabia, they resent the splitting up of the land of their birth."

Virtually the same recommendations are contained in the Indian Government's dispatch from Delhi to the British Government, the publication of which by Mr. Montagu had the effect in England of a political bomb. This dispatch, after recalling the support given the Allied cause by Moslem soldiers in the World War, reads in part as follows:

"The Government in India particularly emphasizes the necessity of guaranteeing the neutrality of the Dardanelles and security of its non-Moslem peoples. It also urges evacuation of Constantinople, sovereignty of the Sultan over holy places, restoration of the Turk in Thrace, also in Adrianople and Smyrna. The Government urges that these points are of supreme importance to India."

After the war, in which India Moslems fought against Turkish Moslems, remarks the San Antonio *Express*—

"British, French and Italian soldiers held Constantinople, and Britain aided Greece against the Turkish Nationalists. Moreover, Colonial Secretary Churchill and Foreign Secretary Curzon replaced the Turk with the Arab. King Suleiman of the Hejaz was confirmed in his possession of Mecca and Medina, Mohammedanism's holy places. His son Feisal was crowned King of Irak (Mesopotamia), which Indian soldiers had conquered from their co-religionists. Suleiman and Feisal ridicule the Sultan's claims to the caliphate. They point to the fact that Sultan Selim I compelled the last Arab caliph to surrender the title and Mohammed's sacred banner after the Egyptian conquest, 1517. These Arab kings say there is no caliph now and that a general Mohammedan assembly must settle the issue as to the office and its rightful possessor, if such there be."

Lloyd George, the Newark *News* reminds us, has admitted that the Sèvres Treaty needs revision, not by "unjust concessions to fear" but on a basis of justice. "One of the unfortunate consequences of the war from the point of view of India was that we were maneuvered into a position of having to fight the greatest Islamic Power in the world," said Lloyd George in the British House of Commons last month. And he continued:

"It was an undoubted triumph for German diplomacy. In the East, German diplomacy did thrive with Turkey, Bulgaria and

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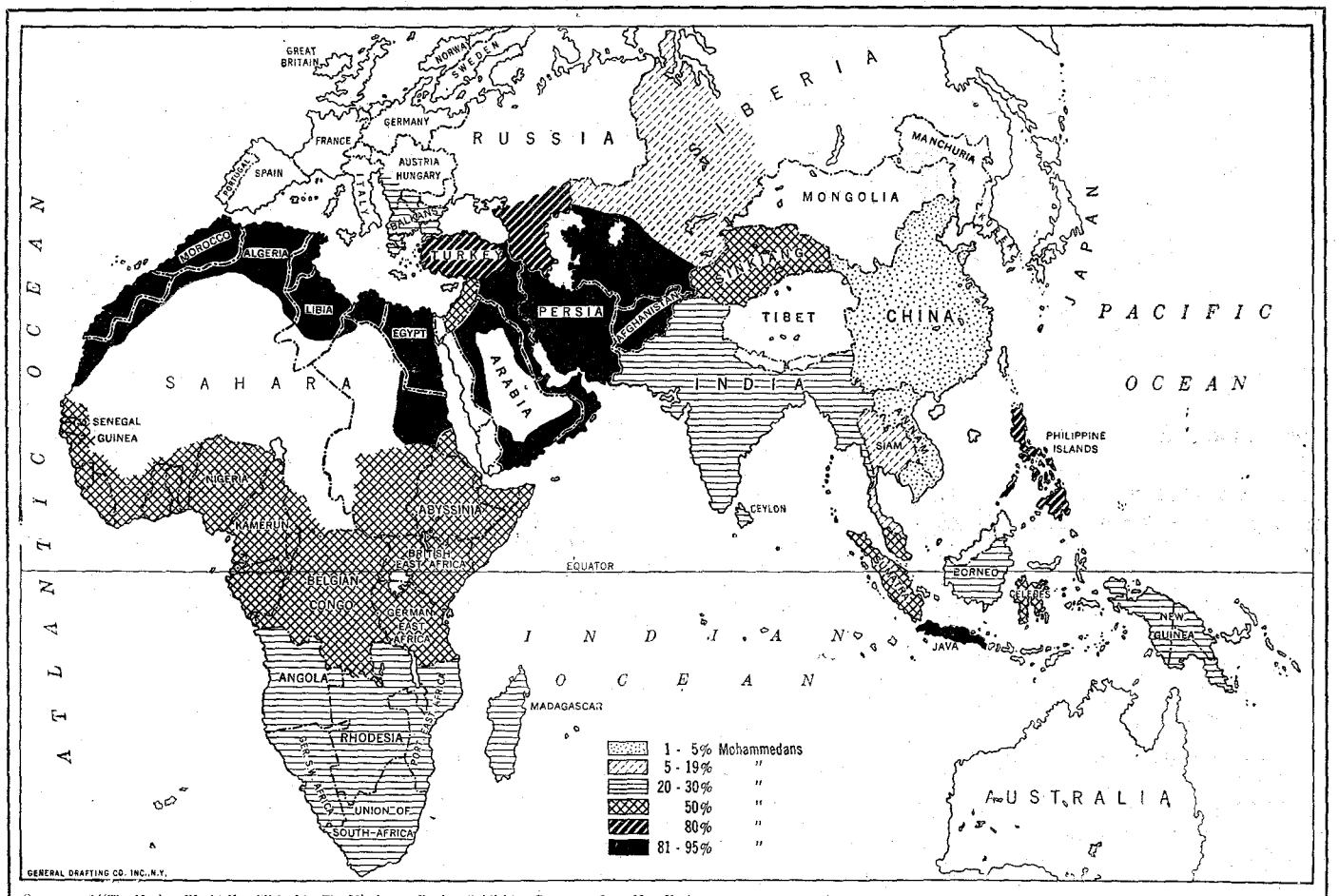

Courtesy of "The Moslem World," published by The Missionary Review Publishing Company, Inc., New York.

WHERE 250,000 MOSLEMS CHALLENGE THE RULE OF THE CHRISTIAN POWERS.

How the followers of Mohammed are distributed over the Eastern Hemisphere.

Greece, and there was the fact that we were the only Power that was free, because we were a sea Power and there was no invader on our soil to take up the challenge.

"The result was we were as an empire brought face to face, as it were, with a solitary conflict between the British Empire and an Islamic Power. That was one of the misfortunes of the war over which we had no control. But undoubtedly that is one of the causes of unrest in India and elsewhere."

Public opinion the world over, except in certain Moslem countries, "is profoundly adverse to reimposing the rule of the Sultan over any people or territory which has been freed from the Turk," says the Washington *Post*. And the Philadelphia *Record* argues:

"The demands of the Anglo-Indian Government upon the Imperial Government in the interest of the Turks simply on religious grounds, and given out by the Indian Government, are said to have fallen upon English opinion, and perhaps opinion on the Continent, like a bombshell. It would be entirely competent for our Government to drop another bombshell into European opinion by asking the Allies whether they got us into the war under false pretenses.

"In December, 1916, we asked the belligerents what they were fighting about. On January 10, 1917, the Allies told us, and we entered the war on their statement of their purposes. The one which they have forgotten wholly is the following:

"Liberation of the population subjected to the bloody tyranny of the Turks; rejection out of Europe of the Ottoman Empire as foreign to Western civilization.

"That is a part of the contract. What have the Allies to say in extenuation of their default?

"Instead of dictating terms of peace to the Turks when they dictated terms to the Germans, and when the Turks were abject and would have accepted anything, they dismissed the Turkish delegates with a scolding, and waited 14 months before making the Treaty of Sèvres. The Turks didn't like it, and the Allies made no effort to enforce it; and France has traded off its mandate over Cilicia for some mining concessions from the Turkish insurgent organization in Angora.

"This is a good time—none could be better—to ask England, France and Italy, which will confer with the Turks on the 22d with a view to fixing up a treaty they will like, to keep their agreement with us, on the strength of which we went to their rescue when their chance of success was not very bright.

"The demands of the Indian upon the Imperial Government are made in behalf of Moslems. Ferid Damad Pasha raised the religious issue in Versailles in June, 1919, and Clemenceau said caustically to him that there was no room to raise the religious issue when Protestant Germany, Catholic Austria, Orthodox Bulgaria and Moslem Turkey combined to attack their neighbors, and that the argument of Ferid seemed to be that the Turkish Government was to be spared, not out of regard for the subject population, whether Christian or Moslem, but out of regard for people in other countries who had never felt the weight of the Turkish yoke or had forgotten how heavy it was.

"The effect of the Indian demands would be to restore Turkey practically to the condition before the war. Alone of the four defeated belligerents it would not suffer from the war. And all this alleged Indian interest in Turkey has been created since the war and since Ferid Damad Pasha was dismissed from Versailles in June, 1919. . . .

"The Moslem regiments from India fought for England against the Sultan through the entire war, and only since the Peace Conference have the Indian Moslems discovered that the Sultan is really the Caliph, and that all the Turkish cities are holy places of Islam. As for Mecca and Medina, they are in the kingdom of the Hedjaz, under Arab rule."

Lord Sydenham, formerly Governor of Bombay, is quoted by a London correspondent of the New York *Times* as saying:

"India's Moslem population is as a whole uneducated, intensely fanatical and wholly ignorant of the existence of such places as Constantinople, Smyrna and Thrace. Their natural tendency toward violence has been skillfully utilized by Gandhi, his method being very simple. The Moslems have been told that Britain is determined to destroy Islam and that British troops had bombarded and violated the holy places of Arabia. This, and not susceptibility in regard to the Treaty of Sèvres, is what has powerfully appealed to their imaginations."

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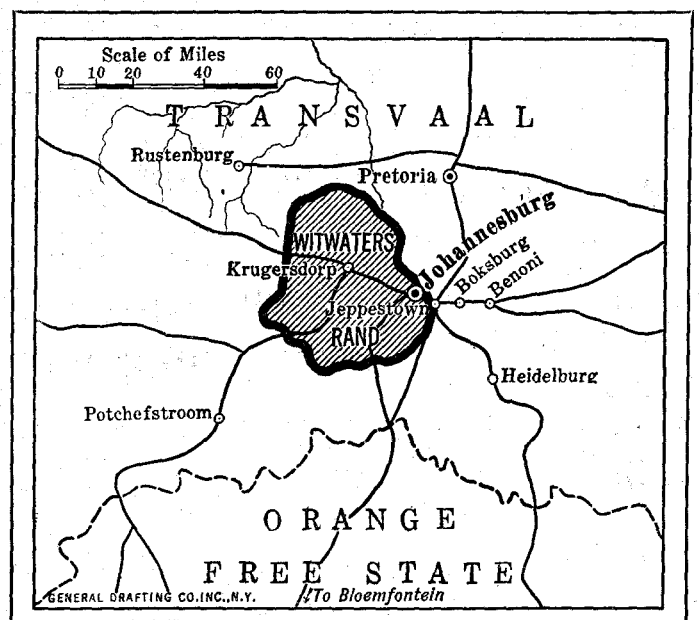
A FLARE OF REVOLT IN SOUTH AFRICA

BAYONETS, BOMBS, TANKS AND SWORDS—which apparently were not all hammered into plowshares after the World War—were found necessary to quell the most recent South African labor war. Not so serious as a similar outbreak in 1913, when hundreds were either killed or wounded in a single day's fighting, the general strike nevertheless grew into a "revolutionary movement," according to correspondents on the spot. Railroads were blown up by the insurgents, wires cut, police ambushed, and machine-guns and barbed-wire brought into use. Government troops and volunteers, on the other hand, used all these, and in addition the more modern tank and airplane. American editors find it hard to account for the ruthlessness with which the Smuts government proceeded to stamp out the insurrection, altho some find justification for this in the report that the uprising grew out of a Bolshevist plot. At any rate, remarks the New York *Globe*, "the situation can only be described as terrible tragedy." Premier Smuts admitted on March 10 that it was "one of the gravest situations ever faced by that country." "Certainly, with Ireland, Egypt, India, and now Africa, the British Government has its hands full," notes the Springfield *Republican*. With events in these countries following as they have, one upon the other, the Providence *Bulletin* wonders "if there is some systematic effort at undermining the power and stability of the British Empire." These outposts are peculiarly vulnerable points of attack, points out this paper. And it continues:



From the New York "Evening Post."

"THE RICHEST GOLD FIELD IN THE WORLD"

was the scene of the recent South African labor war. General Smuts, who personally commanded the Government troops and volunteers which quelled the strikers, was compelled to use extreme measures.

"The outbreak in South Africa comes after long-continued and increasing trouble in India. The one may be easily explained without reference to the other, of course, since there are peculiar phases of unrest in each region which are wholly without connection with the other. In the more recent seat of trouble there has been a large group of irreconcilable malcontents ever since the Union of South Africa was formed. The problem seems to be largely a political one, and to a great extent it is free from the racial complications of the tangled web in India.

"In each country, no doubt, there are the inherent sources of potential trouble, sufficient to account for an outbreak as a spontaneous affair. But there can be little doubt as to the additional impetus given by outside trouble-makers. During the war there was a vast amount of external conspiracy aimed at the incitement of revolt in India. In the past three years, there is reason to believe, these insidious influences have been even more active, and now the organized external forces are apparently working in South Africa, where the outbreak is recognized as a 'Red' revolution."

"Underneath the whole situation," we are informed by the Boston *Transcript*, "lies the old peril of a black revolt—for whites of every stamp are a small minority in South Africa, and there have been many grumblings among the blacks." Because of this, agrees the Springfield *Republican*, "the fear of a native rising is never wholly absent."

While the New York *Times* does not discredit the report that the revolt was of Bolshevist origin, it reminds us that "there is a certain type of Boer that is always 'spoiling for a fight.'" General Smuts, however, flatly declares that the insurrection was financed "from abroad." It began with a strike in the coal mines last November, cables a Chicago *Tribune* correspondent, and for several weeks no information concerning it was published abroad. "But when the strike spread to the iron and gold mines, and it was feared the world's gold supply would be placed in jeopardy, the news of the strikes was given out."

The policy of "stocking the mining regions with imported labor from India is a source of irritation among the miners," declares the Socialist New York *Call*. Then, too, notes the New York *Evening World*, "the Rand is a polyglot region full of old quarrels and new. The Boer, the European, and the Kaffir disputes have been augmented by the importation of Indian workers, however." "Since 1910 there has been an active syndicalist movement among the miners," asserts the Baltimore *American*, but the strike which started last November, thinks the Newark *News*, "is a strike against the Smuts policy of displacing white miners with native or Indian labor." The Philadelphia *Inquirer* thus sums up the South African situation:

"For several months labor troubles in the South African Commonwealth have been rife. There has been a severe and general reaction from the great prosperity which the country enjoyed during the war, and many sufferers from the painful process of readjustment are in a disaffected and resentful mood. To make things worse, thousands of farmers, whose crops were badly damaged by last summer's drought, have been forced into bankruptcy by the drop in the price of all agricultural products, and with more men out of work than ever before, the prevailing condition is one of dissatisfaction and unrest.

"So far as can be determined at this distance, and in the light of the available information, their protest appears not to have been devoid of merit. During the war there was a premium on gold, which led to the payment of inordinately high wages, but with the reduction of the war premium to the vanishing point many of the mines can not be profitably worked on the present wage basis, and General Smuts proposed to realize the economy which has become necessary by an increased employment of the cheaper native labor. The strike which is proceeding was caused by the publication of this intention, and it is easy to understand and measurably to sympathize with the feelings of the men who apprehended that the execution of this program would sooner or later deprive them of their means of livelihood.

"Since February the trouble has been aggravated by the issuance of a call for a general strike by the Executive Committee of the Industrial Federation. Other elements which complicate the crisis and darken the outlook are the influences exerted by a Bolshevist propaganda; the alarmed excitement of the native mine workers, who are fearing to encounter and preparing to repel a white attack; and the anti-British activities of the Republican Nationalists, who follow the leadership of the unreconstructed Hertzog, and who are not reconciled to the defeat they sustained at the last election."

"As to the right and wrong of the stand the miners have taken against employers, we have not sufficient data to judge," declares the Brooklyn *Eagle*, "but however right the miners may have been, their resort to violence puts them in the wrong before the high court of civilization's opinion."

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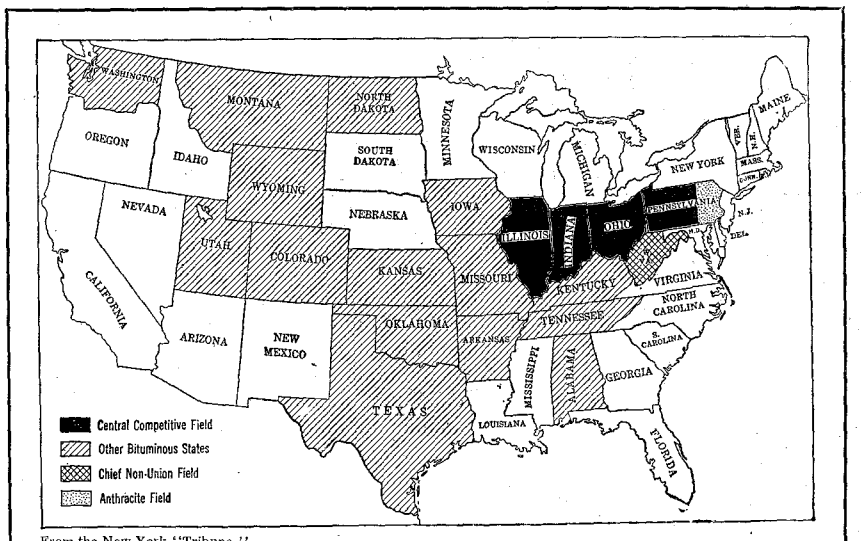
WANTED: THE TRUTH ABOUT COAL

ALL FOOLS' DAY has been celebrated on April 1 for a long time. How appropriate, say a number of our editorial writers, that this date should be set for the great coal strike. The folly of it is envisaged from several angles. Representatives of the coal trade as well as a number of daily papers tell the miners that they can only lose under existing circumstances and so are foolish to quit good jobs. The operators, say some of their critics, will be fooling the public by using the strike as an excuse to keep coal prices up. Others are inclined to think that the public will consider it an "April fool strike" because it will all be over before there is any particular effect on either prices or supply. But the great underlying folly, editors tell us, is that there should be a strike at all, that every so often our whole domestic and industrial life should be upset by the actuality or the threat of a coal war. Why, exclaims an editorial writer in the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, "digging coal out of the ground and selling it to persons and industries who must have it or die should be one of the most stable and profitable of industries!" Instead, as a dozen writers point out, it is one of the most irregular, ill-organized and mysterious.



From the New York "Tribune."

WHERE THE NEXT COAL WAR WILL BE FOUGHT.

Altho coal is mined in 20 States, the decisive battle in the war which is expected to begin April 1st is likely to be fought in the Central Competitive Field, which sets the standard for wages in all the unionized soft-coal mines.

But before calling attention to a few of the permanent mysteries connected with the business of coal mining, we should understand why a coal strike is so confidently expected for this particular April first. Newspaper readers will remember that it all hinges on the fact that wage agreements in both anthracite and bituminous fields expire on that date. The agreements have been running for two years, and coal operators, thinking of decreasing their expenses, have made up their minds to cut wages. Naturally, this does not appeal to the miners, who would like to retain their present wages, and in some cases feel that slack work has made even the existing wage-scale inadequate. When the anthracite miners met at Shamokin, Pa., they decided to insist on what practically amounted to a 20-per cent. wage increase. At the Indianapolis convention of the United Mine Workers of America, which opened its sessions on February 14, the delegates voted almost unanimously to call a strike—subject to a referendum—on April 1, if the mine owners would not agree to a maintenance of the present scale for bituminous miners, consent to certain agreements and readjustments for the soft-coal miners, and give the anthracite miners their 20 per cent. increase. One of the trouble-making points in this program is the demand for a five-day week with a six-hour day for soft-coal workers. Immediately after the convention, President Lewis of the Mine Workers arranged a defensive alliance with fifteen railroad unions. He asked the operators of the Central Competitive Field to meet him in conference at Cleveland. The Pennsylvania soft-coal operators refused and the operators in the other soft-coal fields declined to attend in the absence of the Pennsylvanians. This refusal to meet is made the most of by the miners and the newspaper editors who support them. It is used by President Lewis as the basis of his statement "that the operators want a strike while the miners do not; that's the difference between them." Representatives of anthracite operators who met in Atlantic City about this time declared in favor of wage cuts, but agreed to meet the miners in conference in New York on March 15. On March 9, Secretary of Labor Davis asked miners and operators to parley, but the suggestion met with a refusal from the Pittsburgh operators, who say they will only meet with the miners of their own district and object to the arrangement whereby a conference representing the four States in the Central Competitive Field establishes a basic wage-scale for the country. On March 10, the newspapers reported that the miners' strike vote had been completed and that the result was unofficially estimated to be a nine-to-one endorsement of a walkout. On March 15, it was expected in coal circles that there would be a suspension of work in the anthracite fields, at least till the end of the conference between workers and operators.

With the situation standing thus, editors enlarge upon the huge numbers of men and the vast territory involved in the expected strike. According to figures gathered by the New York *Tribune*, the miners' union claims a membership of 560,000, with 425,000 in the bituminous and 135,000 in the anthracite fields. Anthracite production is confined entirely to northeastern Pennsylvania. The chief bituminous-producing States are western Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, while Virginia contains the principal non-union area. Other bituminous-producing States are indicated on the map.

An Associated Press dispatch from Chicago, using government figures, estimates that the country will have a forty-day supply of bituminous coal by April 1. A bulletin of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States estimates that there will be about a month's supply of anthracite on hand April 1. As *Saward's* (New York), a coal trade journal, notes, "there is no strike scare among anthracite consumers and the demand for coal is only moderately strong." We are reminded by a writer in *The Annalist* that there are important non-unionized bituminous fields in West Virginia, Kentucky and Tennessee, which can produce enough coal to furnish a reasonable supply during the probable duration of the strike. Altogether, concludes the Washington *Herald*, after making a similar study, "there should be no panicky industrial condition through the summer."

The fact that there are these reserves of coal is one of the reasons why papers like the New York *World* think that it will be extremely difficult for the miners to win their strike. Taking the same position, *The Coal Trade Bulletin* (Pittsburgh) and *The Black Diamond* (Chicago) assert that the miners are further handicapped by their poor financial condition.

This brings us to the Philadelphia *Ledger's* protest that the "perennial quarrels of miners and operators have become intolerable and must come to an end." The New York *Evening Post*, the Chicago *Daily News*, *The New Republic*, *Labor Age* (New York), and the Seattle *Union Record* unite in calling for a real, sincere, thoroughgoing and deep delving official investigation of

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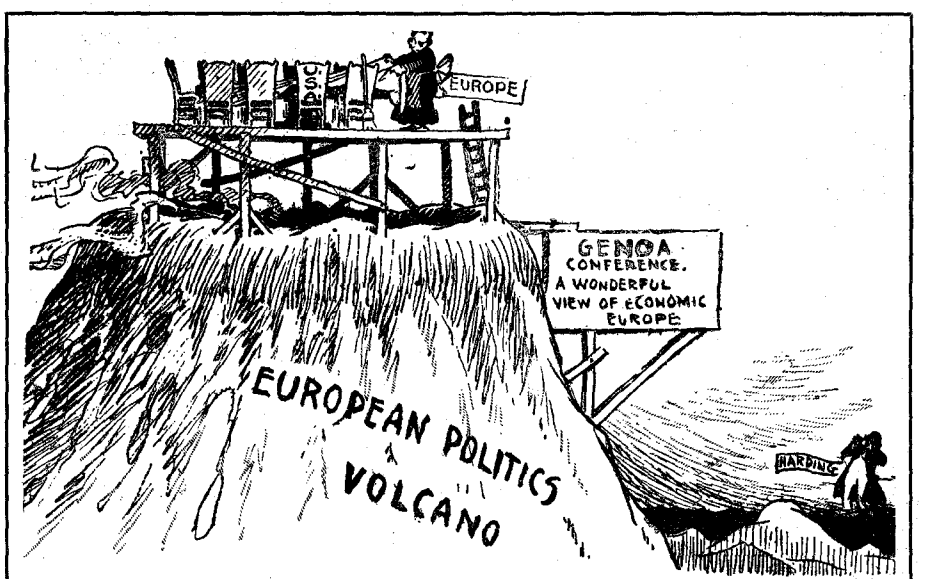
the coal business, which has been called "our worst run basic industry." *The New Republic* points out:

"As to *costs* and *profits*, no one knows the capitalization of the industry; how much of book value is water and how much real money; whether salaries and depreciation charges are reasonable; or anything for any controlled adjustment of producers', wholesalers' and retailers' prices. As to *labor*, no one knows the miners' actual earnings, hours and conditions of work, or expenditures. As to *production* and *distribution*, the admirable Geological Survey reports are not issued regularly on many of the most necessary phases. *Prices* we have to glean from what the operators tell their trade journals. *Financing* is a quite closed book, hiding the ownership of the coal lands, the leases and royalties, the contracts between collieries and railroads and coal sales companies and other industries."

"TACTFUL PRESSURE" ON EUROPE

"TACTFUL PRESSURE" seems likely to become as famous a phrase as "watchful waiting" was a few years ago. For these words, coined in our State Department, are widely used by the Washington correspondents to define the President's policy toward Europe which is exprest in the note telling why we will keep away from the Genoa Conference. The United States firmly but courteously declines an invitation to discuss European economics in the Italian city and the press of the Continent at once reflects wide disappointment. In fact, we read in the European dispatches that America has wrecked the Genoa Conference and is apparently quite willing to let Europe "wallow in her own blood." Many of our own papers share this disappointment, the Springfield *Republican*, for instance, sorrowfully reflecting that Europe might just as well "give up America as impossible." But to others it seems that the President has done precisely the right thing in avoiding entanglement in a mess of European politics. So arises a debate over "tactful pressure" on Europe recalling the stir over Woodrow Wilson's "watchful waiting" for changes in Mexico.



AS IT LOOKS TO HIM.

—Brown in the Chicago *Daily News*.

It will be recalled that our Government declines to take part in the Economic Conference set for April 10, because it considers it primarily "political" and because our people oppose involvement in European politics. Further, in the words of the Secretary of State, it goes on to express its desire "suitably to assist in the recovery of the economic life of Europe" and its hope that progress may be made toward "the eventual discussion and settlement of the fundamental economic and financial questions relating to European recuperation." The correspondents who had a chance to talk with the President or Mr. Hughes or others in authority after the publication of the note of March 8, learned that the Administration has a positive as well as a negative policy; that just as soon as the European nations "get down to economic brass tacks" in the way of balancing budgets and deflating currencies, they can expect the United States to come in and help. One important object of this "pressure" policy, notes one correspondent, is indicated by the President's evident hope that land armament will be limited by a European conference to follow the Genoa meeting.

The Hughes note is most specific where it touches on Russia. The Secretary tells Russia's rulers they must set up "the essential bases of productivity" before they can have an economic revival, and he tells the other European Governments "that the resources of the Russian people should be free from exploitation and that fair and equal economic opportunity in their interest, as well as in the interest of the Powers, should be preserved." The correspondents explain that this means, first, that Russia can not expect to make any trade arrangements sanctioned by the American Government until she guarantees safety of life, sanctity of contract, private property, and the rights of free labor; it means, second, that the United States Government "will not sit at a council table with Russia until the Soviet Government has first cut down its army of about 1,250,000."

Another instance of "tactful pressure" is seen by some editors in the Administration's effective demand that the Allies recognize our right to collect $241,000,000 from Germany to pay the expenses of our army on the Rhine.

European disappointment over American non-participation at Genoa is by no means confined to any one country. "Much of Germany's hope in the Conference dies," says Maximilian Harden for Germany. The Genoa Conference, says Karl Radek for Russia, "is now reduced to little more than a mere chatterfest," and "Europe will continue to wallow in her own blood until America emerges from her period of aloofness and joins in the active work of reconstruction." "Without the United States," declares the *Gaulois* in Paris, "it is impossible to formulate a plan for the economic reconstruction of Europe." *The Pall Mall Gazette* observes in London that "America gives very disappointing support to those endeavoring to make real, constructive progress in the restoration of Europe's economic life—a task of deeper importance than the mere activities of a soup kitchen." In general, the British press divide between mild reproof of the United States and warnings to the European Governments so to conduct themselves as to deserve and obtain American aid.

In this country press opinion on "tactful pressure" divides roughly along political lines, the Democratic and pro-Wilson papers waxing scornful, sorrowful or ironic. "Befuddled," is the New York *Globe's* (Ind.) brief description of the Harding policy. "Watchful waiting," says the New York *Journal of Commerce*, "is certainly not an acceptable alternative from the standpoint of a suffering Europe." Apparently, it adds:

"Our present Administration wants foreign nations to adopt an attitude of penitential regret for past sins, going barefoot to Canossa before they can be granted a pontifical absolution and be readmitted to the circle of economic relationships common to other countries. Unfortunately, that is not a form of repentance that is likely to work very well with nations, however effective it may be with individuals."

The substitution of a policy of "tactful pressure" for active

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participation in world rehabilitation through the Genoa Conference is deplored in more or less vigorous terms by a score of papers, including the New York *World* (Dem.), Springfield *Republican*, Chicago *Daily News* (Ind.), St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* (Rep.), Cleveland *Plain Dealer* (Dem.), and Los Angeles *Times* (Rep.). And the Boston *Christian Science Monitor* voices its firm conviction of "the wordly wisdom and the Christian duty of participating in all conferences designed to bring stability to Europe."

But "every line, word and syllable" of the Hughes note of March 8 is welcome to the Manchester *Union* (Rep.), and, it thinks, to "pretty much the whole nation." The main objection in its opinion is that European politics is bound to figure at Genoa, that this revolves about Franco-British rivalry, and—

"For our country to become mixed up in European politics would be for it either to take sides as between Britain and France, or to stand between them, disappointing both and getting nothing but kicks from either without doing any good."

It had been expected, we read in the Albany *Knickerbocker Press*, that the resources of the United States would be put behind whatever solutions were arrived at in Genoa—

"In other words, Europe has been expected to fill out the check and Uncle Sam has been expected to sign it. But Uncle Sam has another idea about it."

In the first place, remarks the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* (Ind. Rep.), we have shown that "we do not care to take a hand in one of Lloyd George's political poker games," and in the second place, "we have given notice Europe can not recoup itself by forming a close corporation to loot the Russian storehouse." It is this Russian angle which also seems to the New York *Times* (Dem.), the Washington *Post* (Ind.), and the Albany *Journal* (Rep.) to be the "largest fly in the conference ointment." It may be in the interest of some of the European Powers to recognize, and to enter upon trade relations with the Bolshevists in order to induce them to quit their "malign" political propaganda, particularly in the Orient. But, argues the Washington *Post*, "nothing has been brought forward to convince Americans that it is to their interests to take part in this scheme." Bitter words come from the Hearst papers and from the radical weekly *Freeman*, the latter declaring that we were invited to Genoa "merely to take sides in a factional squabble amongst a delectable crew of professional thieves and confidence men." Without sharing this bitterness towards Europe, the general attitude of relief that we are not to take part in the Genoa Conference is common to such papers as the Boston *Transcript* (Rep.), New York *Herald* (Rep.) Washington *Herald* (Ind.), and Kansas City *Star* (Ind. Rep.).

GENOA'S ARK.

—Thurlby in the Seattle *Times*.

END OF THE MUCH-DISCUST GENOA CONFERENCE.

—Ireland in the Columbus *Dispatch*.

No sooner had the Administration settled all the doubts about our relation to the Genoa Conference than it proceeded to tell exactly where America stands in regard to another matter connected with European readjustment. On March 10, it will be remembered, Roland W. Boyden, in accordance with directions from Washington, filed a statement with the Reparations Commission, then discussing the proper division of German reparations funds in its hands, that the American Government would insist on its rights to $241,000,000 out of the German money with which to pay the costs of keeping our soldiers on the Rhine. According to the Paris press dispatches, this announcement was received with something of a shock at first. Premier Poincaré was said to hold the view that America, not being a party to the Versailles Treaty, has no rights to German money under the Treaty and that the Allies are not bound by any claims based on our separate treaty with Germany. But it was announced a few days later that a clause had been "inserted in the inter-Allied agreement on reparations distribution reserving American rights as they may be determined." It is pointed out in a Washington dispatch to the New York *Times* that our Government "is not carrying a club in its hand or a chip on its shoulder; it is merely taking proper measures to preserve American rights." Secretary Hughes, it seems, acted only when he found that the Allies might distribute all the German money available for costs of military occupation without considering the United States, and that if we made no claim for it, it might be held that we had waived any rights that we might have. As the *Times* correspondent explains:

"The United States does not claim that it won the war, but it goes without saying that its contribution to the Allied cause made victory over Germany possible. If we had remained out the war might not have been won. It is not to be assumed that we participated in the war and in the common victory without acquiring certain rights. . . . Therefore the rights guaranteed to us as the result of the common victory, it is urged, can not now be denied through any technical interpretation of treaties."

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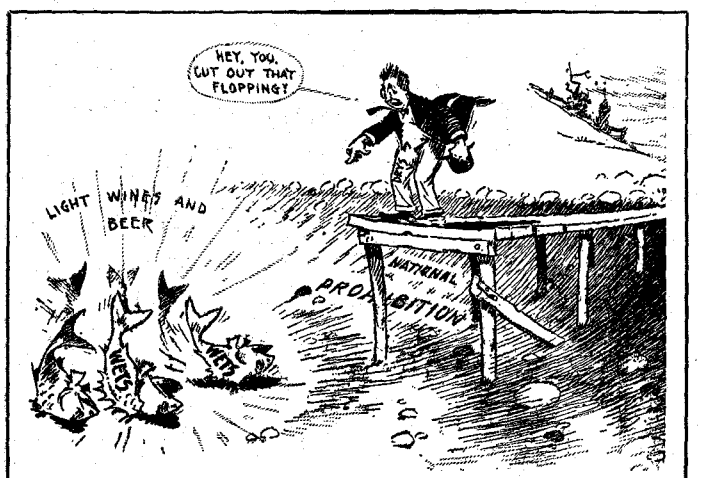
LABOR AND PROHIBITION

THE STAND of the American Federation of Labor for a modification of the Volstead Act to permit the sale of light wines and beer indicates to the Birmingham *Age-Herald* and other newspapers the country over that "prohibition is not yet a dead letter in American politics," and it will "not be surprizing" to the St. Paul *Pioneer Press* "if, in the Congressional elections of next fall, the issue of light wines and beer will be the determining factor in district contests throughout the country." The attitude of labor as a whole, however—whether or not the workingman in general subscribes to the action of the Executive Council of the Federation—is hard to ascertain. Of more than a hundred letters which we sent to labor organizations and labor periodicals, asking their views, replies were received to less than half a dozen. In one of these replies, from the Worcester (Mass.) *Labor News*, we are told that "there is a division of opinion on the question of legalizing light wine and beer." The Toledo Central Labor Union, however, indorses the action taken by the A. F. of L., while the *United Mine Workers Journal* (Indianapolis) declares that "prohibition is a subject with which organized labor should have no business." *The Union Labor Bulletin*, of Little Rock, believes that "legalizing the sale of light wine and beer would not lessen, but would increase the illegal traffic in strong liquors, and make it more difficult to make effective the enforcement law."



AFTER DRYING UP THE LAKE.

—Brown in the Chicago *Daily News.*

As the Rochester *Times-Union* interprets the statement of the Executive Council, it does not represent the attitude of the entire Federation; "the statement is only the opinion of the leaders of the Federation, and not the members." In calling upon the members of the body and other citizens to demand of their Senators and Congressmen that the Volstead Act be amended to permit the manufacture and sale of light wine and beer, the Executive Council members said:

"Before this decision was reached the Executive Council of the A. F. of L. had caused to be made an exhaustive investigation of the effects of the Volstead Act. It was shown by this investigation that there had been:

"1. A general disregard of the law among all classes of people, including those who made the law.

"2. Creation of thousands of moonshiners among both country and city dwellers.

"3. The creation of an army of bootleggers.

"4. An amazing increase in the traffic in poisons and deadly concoctions and drugs.

"5. An increased rate of insanity, blindness and crime among the users of these concoctions and drugs.

"6. Increase in unemployment due to loss of employement by workers in forty-five industries directly or indirectly connected with the manufacture of liquors.

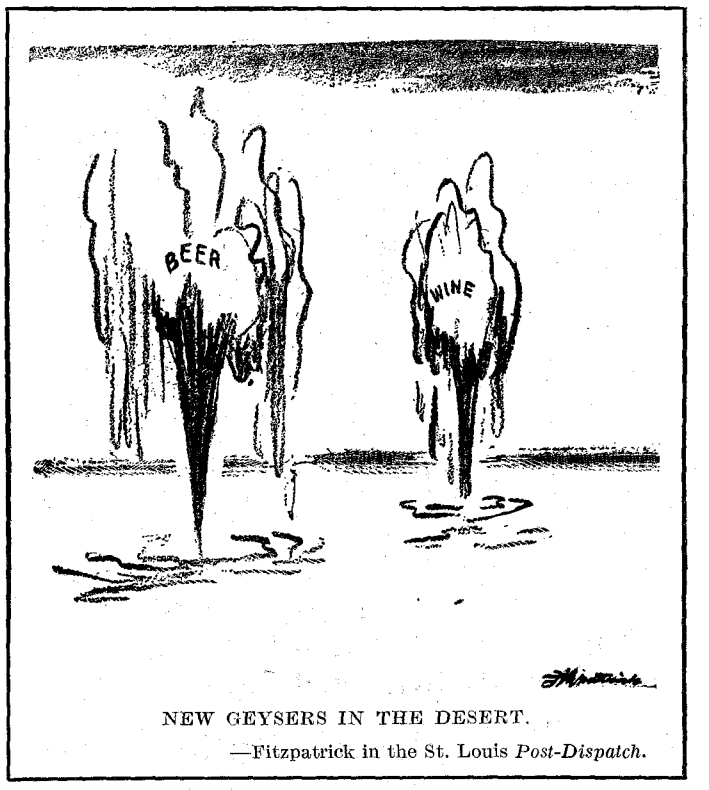
"7. Increase in taxes to city, State and national Governments amounting to approximately $1,000,000,000 per year.

"Having in mind these results of the extreme interpretation of the Prohibition Amendment contained in the Volstead Act, as well as the enormous expense of the attempt to enforce that unenforceable legislation, it is our conclusion that the Act is an improper interpretation of the Prohibition Amendment, that it is a social and a moral failure, and that it is a dangerous breeder of discontent and of contempt for all law. . . .

"We urge, therefore, that all citizens in every walk of life demand from their Representatives and Senators in Washington immediate relief from the unwarranted restriction contained in the Volstead Act; and we likewise suggest to the citizenship of our country the wisdom and advisability of bearing in mind the attitude toward this issue of office-holders and aspirants to office in coming elections in order that there may be restored to the people the lawful use of wholesome beer and light wines, which, under the provisions of the Eighteenth Amendment, can and should be rightfully declared as non-intoxicating beverages."

"This is a serious indictment of the existing law," as the Tacoma *Ledger* sees it, "and as such it merits the consideration of all thoughtful people." "Every one of these conclusions is established by unimpeachable evidence," declares the Buffalo *Times;* "every one of them is a matter of common knowledge." "The voice of labor in this case is the voice of reason," agrees the New York *Evening World.* "The terms of the Eighteenth Amendment, as interpreted by the Supreme Court," we are reminded by the St. Paul *Pioneer Press*, "make prohibition discretionary with Congress."

"Light wine and beer can not be made a strictly partizan issue at the coming fall elections, since the 'dry' members of Congress are not divided on party lines," points out the Oshkosh *Northwestern;* "even as a local issue, however, it will make 'hard sledding' for candidates." For "the result of the Council's appeal will be to line up its followers behind any wet candidate, no matter how wet, and against any dry candidate that may oppose him," the Adrian (Mich.) *Telegram* believes.



NEW GEYSERS IN THE DESERT.

—Fitzpatrick in the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch.*

What the Federation wants, remarks the Brooklyn *Eagle*, is an interpretation to the effect that "'intoxicating liquors' mean liquors that intoxicate; there is no hope of any prompt removal of the Eighteenth Amendment from our organic law, because the Supreme Court has said it is valid." "It lies with Congress," says the Brooklyn *Citizen*, "whether taxes amounting

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to a billion dollars a year, which light wine and beer would bring to the Government, shall be lost, and the field left in the hands of home-brewers and bootleggers with their poisonous stuff." As the Birmingham *Age-Herald* sums up the case for the Federation:

"Beer is regarded as the workingman's solace. There has always been resentment in the industrial centers against the drastic interpretation of the Prohibition Amendment which is

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THE PERSISTENT SUITOR.

—Darling in the New York *Tribune*.

now in force. The Executive Council of the Federation reflects the sentiment among laboring people and incidentally among a considerable body of other Americans who realize the difficulty of making the country 'bone-dry.'"

This conclusion, however, is challenged by the *United Mine Workers Journal*, of Indianapolis, and the Little Rock *Union Labor Bulletin*, as noted above, and the attitude of the Federation, moreover, is criticized by the Louisville *Post* and several other papers. "The Federation would act wisely in permitting its members to decide for themselves and act independently as citizens in such matters as prohibition," thinks the Louisville daily, and we are told by the Indianapolis labor paper that "the policy of the United Mine Workers all along has been that as an organization it should express no opinion on the subject."

So much for neutral opinion. When we look for opposition we find in the Rochester *Times-Union* that "the action taken by the Council of the Federation has little real significance, and is a libel on labor as a whole." Continues this paper:

"Organized labor does not want the stigma of being branded as a beer-guzzling body, and thousands of union workers will resent the action taken. Organized labor knows the benefits of prohibition. Growing savings accounts, more comforts, happier homes, less crime, better health, more for the children and the mothers—these are only a few of the results of banishing light wine and beer and the corrupting saloon which they sustained and fostered.

"The Federation takes the absurd position that it is not opposed to prohibition and the Eighteenth Amendment, but is opposed to the Volstead Act. This is the favorite old 'wet' argument, long ago worn threadbare. You can't license the sale of light wine and beer without bringing back the saloon, and you can't draw the line between light wine and beer and heavy wine and beer, or other highly alcoholic drinks."

Many editors look upon the light wine and beer contention of the Federation as "the opening wedge" in a campaign to repeal the Volstead Act. "The manufacture of light wine and beer would mean the end of prohibition," asserts the Little Rock *Arkansas Gazette*. The demand for light wine and beer among the people has been found by David Lawrence, a Washington correspondent, to be "spotty." "The element demanding these beverages is not in the majority," we are assured by the Geneva (N. Y.) *Times*. As the Detroit *Free Press* says of the Eighteenth Amendment, and the proposal to modify it:

"If Congress should now proceed to amend the Volstead Act in order to permit the manufacture and sale of those beverages, by declaring them non-intoxicating, it would be guilty of dishonest subterfuge, because those beverages as ordinarily made are intoxicating, thousands of people have become drunk by drinking them, and no mere legal fiction is going to change their nature and potency."

"The fact is," maintains the *Christian Science Monitor* (Boston), "that the officials and spokesmen of the Federation have never been in sympathy with the enforcement law or the Eighteenth Amendment." In the opinion of this paper:

"Contempt for a law of this kind can be engendered no more quickly or more generally among a class or a community than by the methods which the leaders of the Federation have so persistently followed for several years. Their verdict against the law, their declaration that it is repugnant and offensive, is only a finding in attempted confirmation of their forecast, their gloomy and unfounded prediction. They seem to lose sight of the important fact that in seeking to dignify their present finding they are lending themselves to a campaign whose real objective they can not indorse or afford to aid.

"There is a subtle pretense in this assumed deliberate and

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IT WOULD KILL HIS BUSINESS.

—Cassel in the New York *Evening World*.

studied inveighing against the enforcement law. It appears to be an echo of the old demand which was phrased in the once hollow threat of 'No beer, no work.' It is, in addition, but a cleverly disguised part of the propaganda aimed at the defeat of those members of both houses of Congress who have stood unitedly as champions of the law. It is a part of a political campaign, rather than a crusade against a law that it is said has proved itself 'a social and moral failure.'"

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TOPICS IN BRIEF

A LITTLE deflation of national aspirations might help some.—*Newark Ledger.*

PROFESSIONAL reformers seem bent on getting the pie out of piety.—*Virginian Pilot.*

EUROPE still clings to the hope that we may yet marry her to reform her.—*Minneapolis Star.*

SOME singers get $1000 a night, but look at the risk they run.—*Newspaper Enterprise Association.*

APPARENTLY there is still enough moisture to sprout wild oats.—*Canton Repository.*

THE safest place to bury the hatchet is just back of the jingo's ear.—*Sioux City Journal.*

ILL fares poor France, to hastening ills a prey; when debts accumulate and Huns won't pay.—*Shreveport Journal.*

HOW trivial world problems seem when we reflect that soon we shall hear the crack of the bat against a fast one.—*Akron Beacon-Journal.*

ANOTHER reason why the doughboy favors a bonus is because he knows the job of paying it will teach his grandchildren thrift.—*Detroit Free Press.*

CHICAGO announces a widows' league. Offensive or defensive?—*Boston Herald.*

A TAX on every bonus plan might raise the bonus.—*Newspaper Enterprise Association.*

A FRENCH chef has come to the defense of pretzels. The war is over.—*Buffalo Evening News.*

NOW that Egypt is free she can have her dances back.—*Newspaper Enterprise Association.*

BRYAN: "IMPOSTOR!"

—Fitzpatrick in the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch.*

ISN'T there a vacant place on the bench for Mr. Borah?—*Boston Post.*

IF Lloyd George does not resign until after the Irish settlement, he may die in office.—*Indianapolis Star.*

"THE coming generation will not acquire a taste for whisky." Not if it learns to drink the stuff now on the market.—*Baltimore Sun.*

BY the time the different nations quit fussing over all the cable lines the radio may have shoved them into the discard.—*Indianapolis Star.*

IF the coal miners are convinced their strike is lost in advance, they may yet find a way to preserve their dignity, with the emphasis on the "dig."—*Seattle Times.*

EVERY evil contains the germ of its own destruction. Note the "axe" in taxes.—*Lincoln Star.*

A VIRGINIA town is said to be so dry that it has to pin on its postage stamps.—*Washington Post.*

RICH bachelor who married his cook now has a fireless cooker.—*Newspaper Enterprise Association.*

ANYHOW, the world has made more progress toward peace than grand opera has.—*Detroit News.*

SOME say jazz is a passing fancy; others say a lingering infancy.—*Newspaper Enterprise Association.*

AT his reported salary, the movies will make Hays while the stars shine.—*Newspaper Enterprise Association.*

THINGS are looking so bad for Mr. Lloyd George that we suspect he is on the eve of another triumph.—*Washington Post.*

EUROPE is beginning to wonder if the rattle of printing-presses isn't about as sinister as the rattle of machine guns.—*Lansing Capital News.*

THE meanest thing the Government does is to frank our income blanks to us and make us pay postage when we return 'em.—*New York Tribune.*

ONE of the after-war products is grotesques in art, says a critic in the LITERARY DIGEST. And not only in art.—*Chicago Journal of Commerce.*

FISH are coming out of a California oil well. Fish usually go into oil wells but rarely ever come out on top.—*Newspaper Enterprise Association.*

WE have no rail-splitters now, but when we compare pacts and covenants it occurs to us that we are not without hair-splitters.—*Passaic News.*

AMERICANS are an efficient people, and by making forty or fifty more treaties will manage to absorb the whole of the League idea.—*Albany Times-Union.*

IF more of the law's delays were in the making of laws, and less of it in enforcing 'em, this would be a better world for every one save lawmakers and lawyers.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

THE reason men brag about the bee's industry is because men get the honey.—*Binghamton Sun.*

BONUS bulletin: Congress is ready to vote it if the country is ready to tote it.—*Washington Post.*

EVERYBODY has been held responsible for the crime wave except the criminals.—*New York Tribune.*

POLISH Diet votes Hoover a citizen. Hoover helped their diet.—*Newspaper Enterprise Association.*

ADAM had one advantage. The first robin didn't fool him into taking 'em off.—*Buffalo Evening News.*

BUSINESS is doubtless sound, as the experts say, but the sound is a little mournful.—*Rochester Times-Union.*

THE trouble with the world seems to be that it failed to prepare for peace in time of war.—*New York Tribune.*

THE highest explosive known to science is made by combining idle hands and addled minds.—*Fremont Tribune.*

ONE reason why husbands don't stay at home more is because the house seems so empty with the wife gone.—*New York Telegram.*

UNCLE SAM shouldn't be unreasonable. He should remember that he took his own time to pay his debt to Lafayette.—*Elmira Star-Gazette.*

FLORIDA scientists claim to have found another lost race. Why don't they leave Bryan alone?—*Newspaper Enterprise Association.*

ENVIRONMENT is a wonderful thing. Think of how many parents have been broadened by associating with their children.—*Elizabeth Journal.*

A CLEVELAND man says water will again flood the earth 300 years hence. Somebody's always flattering the prohibitionists.—*Washington Post.*

OUR British friends are getting more and more troubled over the question what to do with Lloyd George. Evidently the only recourse is to be patient and wait until Old Age gradually wears him down.—*New York Evening Post.*

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FOREIGN - COMMENT

THE INDIAN EXPLOSION IN ENGLAND

THE VEIL OF MYSTERY that enshrouded the resignation of Edwin S. Montagu as Secretary of State for India, in response to Premier Lloyd George's request, was torn into tatters, say London cable dispatches, by the speech of Mr. Montagu to his constituents in which, it is said, he dealt the present British Government one of the worst blows it has sustained during its long, turbulent career. Mr. Montagu's publication of the Government of India dispatch urging the necessity for the revision of the Sèvres Treaty, because of the intensity of Mohammedan feeling in India, came as a bolt from the blue, we are told, on the eve of the Near East Conference in Paris, and has had its effect on the position of Lord Reading as Viceroy of India, of Lord Curzon, as Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and even on the Premiership of Mr. Lloyd George. One of the Prime Minister's strongest supporters, Mr. J. L. Garvin, of the London *Sunday Observer*, writes that there has resulted "a further weakening of the Premier's authority in the eyes of the country and of the world" and that "the Prime Minister's resignation is suspended, it is not finally withdrawn." We read further that "some of his closest adherents and some other experienced advisers urge him to go out as soon as the Irish Treaty is secure." Mr. Montagu declared in the speech to his constituents, who gave him a unanimous vote of confidence, that the Die-Hard section of the Conservative party had presented his "head upon a charger," and as quoted in the press, said also:

"Let us face these facts. Read that telegram from the Government of India. There is nothing in it which has not been exprest over and over again on their behalf by their spokesmen, by me, by his Highness, Aga Khan, and even really by implication by the Prime Minister. Observe that when he was defending in the House of Commons the retention of Constantinople by Turks he read then to the House the pledge he had made in January, 1918, that Thrace, Constantinople and Asia Minor should be left to the Turks, and he described it as a pledge to the Indian Mohammedans, and therefore he had put forward on behalf of India everything that the Government of India puts forward now. . . .

"In international affairs dominion status was given to India as a reward for its services in the war. Would the Government of Canada, the Government of South Africa, the Government of Australia, have stood silent when peace, so-called peace, was destroying the internal peace of the country they were governing?

"Let me remind you that the foreign policy pursued by his Majesty's Government in the Middle East has caused the gravest position in India. Over and over again the Government of India has made representations on this subject mainly based on the fact that the Prime Minister's pledge to the people of India has been broken by the Treaty of Sèvres.

"I am no believer in the doctrine of secret diplomacy. I think that the Moslems in India were entitled to know what efforts were being made on their behalf by their Government. I

GANDHI SAMSON.

TIMID MODERATE: "Stop! Why not leave that till we get a better?"
THE BLINDED ONE: "It is all Philistine, better nothing than this."
—*New India* (Madras).

EMULATION.

INDIA AND EGYPT: "Pa, we want one too!"
—*The Passing Show* (London).

TRAGIC AND COMIC VIEW OF BRITAIN'S TROUBLES.

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think the British public were entitled to know what the Government thought on this important question. . . .

"I am sorry if the needs of India have embarrassed the foreign policy of Lord Curzon. How little he knows the disastrous effects that have been produced in India by his foreign policy, the missed opportunities, the bungled undertakings. I have been on the verge of resignation on this question again and again, and hesitated because I did not wish to say to the Mohammedans of India that the solemn pledges made to them were irretrievably lost.

"No, the publication was not the real reason for my resignation? What was it? Well, I have been pledging, arguing, cajoling, urging against the Prime Minister's policy in the East ever since the Peace Conference. I have never been able to understand from what motive his pro-Greek policy was dictated. Pro-Greek it is called. I do not believe it is in the interests of the Greeks. I do not know in whose interests it is. I am certain it is calamitous to the British Empire."

A NORWEGIAN JIBE.

LLOYD GEORGE: "We've busted all our enemies, why not bust ourselves?"

—*Hvepsen* (Christiania).

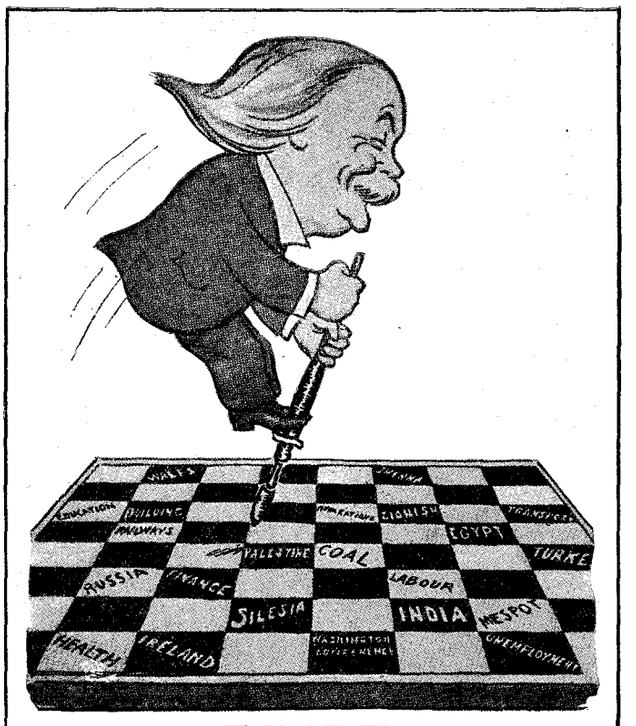
Among the Indian press, even Non-Cooperation organs express regret at Mr. Montagu's resignation, saying that "India has lost the services of the statesman who has done so much for her," while the Bombay *Advocate of India* is similarly chagrined and declares that the recommendations of the Government of India regarding Turkey should be acted upon. Anglo-Indian newspapers in Bombay speak warmly of Mr. Montagu's devotion to his ideals, but most of them think India is not likely to suffer by his resignation. In Calcutta *The Statesman* observes that Mr. Montagu's policy has been "bold, ambitious, and ungrudging, and his retirement will be sincerely lamented by Indians of all creeds and parties." The Calcutta *Bengali* ranks him as "by far the best Secretary India ever had" and avers that he "elevated the status of India to that of an equal partner." Mr. Montagu's difficulties and inability to give India the best that was in him, says the Amritsar *Patrika* were due "to the hostility of the Anglo-Indian bureaucracy and English reactionaries." The Madras *New India* believes his resignation is "a disaster fraught with serious consequences," and it deplores that the British Cabinet "has not realized the magnitude of the Indian problem." Great Britain's whole eastern position is in danger of collapse, says the Madras *Mail*, unless she reverses her policy, and it gives the opinion that Mr. Montagu's resignation has done good in clearing the air, and forcing the Government to make a definite statement of its policy.

But on the other hand, in London *The Evening Standard* blames Mr. Montagu "for the feebleness which has characterized the action of the British Government" in dealing with India, and hints that he gave encouragement to the belief that Britain is "eminently squeezable" which of course only strengthened the disaffection of the Indians. We read then:

"There may be things in Indian history which we should prefer, if we could, to wipe off the record. But the record is as a whole one of which any nation might be proud, and for many years it has been one of great unselfishness. The withdrawal of the British Power—if it were conceivable, and it is not—would at once involve anarchy in India and the most frightful dangers to the peace of the world, and, while the British people are willing to recognize (as, indeed, we must) that methods must change with the development of the people, they are wholly determined not to be fought out, or nudged out, or boycotted out, or agitated out of India."

This newspaper and others in England bridle at the delay which preceded the arrest of Gandhi, and the London *Daily Telegraph* wonders whether it does not come too late, for—

"Unfortunately it is not certain that even Gandhi's arrest or deportation would now allay the ferment he has aroused, tho it might have had that effect a few months ago. Unrest and disaffection have spread all over India; there are large numbers of Hindus and Mohammedans in the cities, and we are afraid in the villages also, who have been organized for rebellion, and it will need some strong and striking measures to restore the impaired prestige and waning authority of the British Administration. Is the Government in Delhi prepared to take such measures? Is the Government in Whitehall ready to sanction them? And can the support of the British people be engaged for a policy which may involve heavy sacrifices and highly unwelcome expenditure? These are grave questions. But they must be faced and answered by Parliament and the nation. For the future of our Dominion in the East is at stake, and if we do not decide quickly we may find once again that we have decided too late."



THE POGO-JUMPER.

—*The Passing Show* (London).

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BLACK AND WHITE IN EAST AFRICA

ARE THE GREAT NATIONS who have taken the aborigines of Africa and their lands in trust prepared to assist them toward a higher and more humane destiny? This question is asked by the Nairobi *Leader of British East Africa*, which answers it by saying that whatever be the attitude of other nations, Great Britain and her Dominions must regard "as a sacred duty the great responsibility which circumstances and the pioneering and exploring spirit of her sons and daughters has thrust upon her." Besides the ideals that enter into the problem, we are told, it must also be decided which methods are preferable for the application of the ideals. It is not to be expected that the native in ten, twenty, or fifty years "will be let step alongside his white fellow-subject, and maintain that he is his equal in ideals, in the conceptions of what is best for mankind as a whole." This newspaper points first to a discrimination between the two races that is implied in the present law, and proceeds:

"Is the law, for example, as at present constituted suitably adapted to his particular needs? Is that which is eminently suitable for the white man under the law equally applicable to the native? Frankly, we do not think so. . . . We do not wish, for instance, to see the native flogged. But can he, in his semisavage state be brought up properly without some form of physical chastisement? The native is still a child mentally. The white man's law is often tedious and non-understandable to him. The probabilities are that he would prefer a just, but firm and quick correction as against a tedious incarceration in prison. At any rate, with his mind not yet properly opened, with his eyes yet blinded, the corrective principles of corporal punishment probably find a more receptive response from him. There is a Commission sitting on the subject now."

Another phase of the black and white problem in East Africa, according to this informant, is the anti-white movement in South Africa, which is designed to "throw off the yoke of the white man." It may not amount to much at the present, we are told, but its machinery indicates great possibilities, and the doctrine "Africa for the Africans" may one day have to be "faced squarely." Meanwhile—

"Let us favorably consider, say, his demand in regard to the buying and selling of land and the granting of title deeds to him. He has asked for such. The probability is that he would make a better citizen, both now and in the future, if he were allowed to acquire land freely and without irritating restrictions, outside his reserves for development purposes. It would make him feel more of a man and less of a serf, probably encourage him in the arts and crafts of agriculture. On the other hand, he grumbles against the registration system. That, we consider, is necessary to maintain for many years to come. With his present irresponsible nature, his loose ideas of what constitutes a pledge and a contract toward his employer, and his vagrant proclivities, he must be held in check. No doubt it galls him to some extent. But the ordinary laws of civilization gall many of us. Yet for the sake of all concerned we must all put up with such irritations. And so must the native. He is at liberty to petition and to ask. But the ultimate decision in these directions must be left to his mentors—the Government."

A GERMAN JAB AT WASHINGTON.

"As Uncle Harding says, don't forget the ratio figures, 5-5-3, but consider also what a tidy little handful of fighting material we still have."

—*Kladderadatsch* (Berlin).

WASHINGTON AFTER-THOUGHTS FROM JAPAN

ENGLAND GAINS MOST from the Washington Conference, say some Japanese editors, who also aver that Japan lost most while France and China came off better than most people know. The Tokyo *Hochi* believes that Britain and the United States together won a great victory at Washington, while Japan has "sustained such a loss as she would have suffered had she been defeated in her desperate war with Russia." This newspaper cites the text of the Far Eastern Treaty, published by the Japan Foreign Office, which, it finds, "deals with the entire portion of China, but has no reservation with respect to Manchuria and Mongolia." This signifies, in *The Hochi's* view, that "these regions are to be handled the same as China proper, and we must be ready to face the questions of the South Manchurian Railway, and the lease of Dairen and Port Arthur next time." Thus we are told—

"The result of the Russo-Japanese War has disappeared wholly. No doubt the failures of our authorities at the Washington Conference have cut deep into the vitals of the Empire. The Chinese call those guilty of such ignoble conduct traitors. Immediately before the opening of the Conference, the question of our surplus population was recognized by the world and, together with the question of land forces of France, it was thought to form one of the Gordian knots for the Powers. Later, Mr. Briand's argument caused the Powers to desist from discussing the army question in France. But, owing to the inability of our delegates, Japan has suffered irretrievable losses."

The Tokyo *Chugai Shogyo* considers that the Conference has achieved "fairly satisfactory results," and notes that altho it was in session for about three months, it sat for only about fifty-odd days. This daily feared in the beginning that the Conference might suffer from "confusion and complication," but it adds:

"Fortunately, smoothness and peace characterized all its proceedings, crowning it with a tolerable success. Needless to say, this was largely due to the fact that the proposals made by the United States Government were none other than the embodiment of the spirit of fairness and justice, and also to the constant care and efforts of the American authorities, but we can not refrain from believing that the extraordinary enthusiasm and genuine sincerity of purpose exprest by the delegates of the participating Powers account for the great results gained by the Conference. When we remember this fact, we are unable to suppress our feeling of deep gratitude for the Conference in having consolidated the basis of permanent peace and accelerated the advent of undivided prosperity to mankind."

The country which has been the largest gainer at the Conference is Great Britain, according to the Tokyo *Yomiuri*, which tells us Britain was desirous of cultivating friendship with the United States, and therefore hoped for the abrogation of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance. This newspaper adds that the English have succeeded in achieving their aim, and through the

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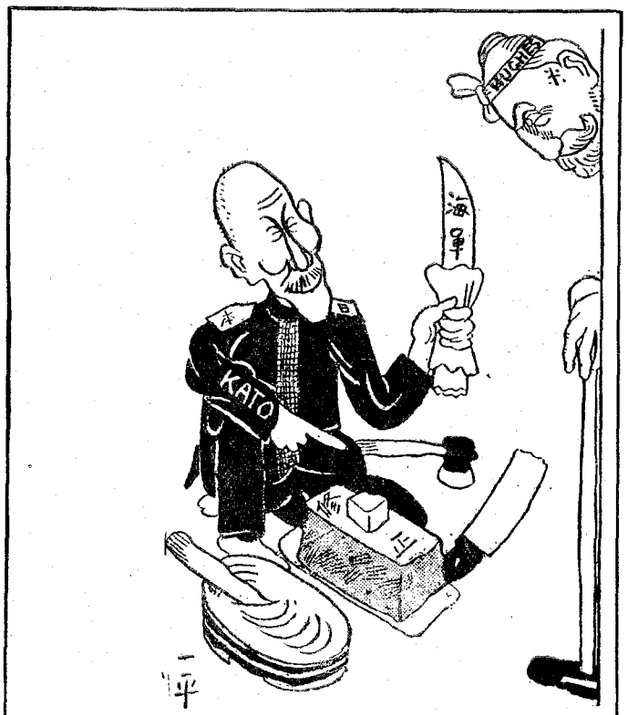

JAPANESE CONSENT.

ADMIRAL KATO: "It is quite agreeable to shorten our sword, as long as we can make it sharper."

—*Asahi* (Tokyo).

Quadruple Entente has avoided hurting Japan's feelings. We read then:

"With regard to the retrenchment of her naval armaments, too, Britain has attained a success in keeping the naval strength of the United States on the level with hers. Moreover, she has secured the good-will of China by the return of Wei-Hai-Wei, which is now of no use to her, to China.

"The United States comes second to Britain in point of success. Altho her finance is not so strained as that of other Powers, she is also experiencing annoyance and trouble. But now she can sleep in peace with a naval power superior by 40 per cent. to that of Japan, her potential enemy. On the other hand, she has gained the good-will and gratitude of China as much as Britain through her mediation in the settlement of the Shantung question and also her proposal for the formulation of various agreements and resolutions for China.

"France ranks third as the successful country at the Conference. The people are inclined to view her as the least successful of all the participants, but the fact proves quite the contrary. Although it goes without saying that she has not earned anything of positive and concrete benefit, that she has been empowered to have a voice in the Pacific questions side by side with Japan, Britain and the United States is a momentous event, vitally affecting her international position, and it can never be compared with such minor profits as are easily set off by the percentage of warship tonnage, etc.

"China is next to France in her attainments. She has made Japan yield in the Shantung question, aided by the influence of Britain and the United States. Furthermore, she has compelled the Powers to conclude treaties and agreements favorable to her interests. She has lost nothing and gained a great deal."

But the worst off among the nations are the Japanese, according to *The Yomiuri*, which admits that Japan has obtained some benefit from the Conference, for to have "a breathing space in naval competition through the enforcement of an international holiday is a considerable boon to her." Outside of this Japan gains nothing, and we are told:

"In addition, the long protracted Californian questions are still left unsolved, the pressure of foreign capital on Japan is on the increase, and the clandestine movements of foreign missionaries in Chosen are growing brisker. These things may prove to be sources of enmity and hate of the American people against Japan in a few years. Under such circumstances, it is quite reasonable that we should be reserved in our gratification concerning the work of the Conference. We wish to warn our people that they should exercise their best care and attention in gauging the results of the international gathering which has just come to its close."

In the view of the Tokio *Nichi Nichi* the abrogation of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance has permitted Great Britain "to adopt an extreme pro-German policy, and also her attitude toward Japan has undergone a radical change." We read then:

"The opinions exprest by the British press of late testifies to this fact. For instance, the Manchester *Guardian* is jubilant over the cooling of the sympathetic feeling of Britain for Japan as the result of the Washington Conference. To rely on a country in case of need and put a slight on it when its help is not necessary has, it seems, become the commonplace thing in the world's diplomatic circles. We can not, of course, foretell how long the intimate relations between the United States and Great Britain will continue. But there is no knowing whether the two countries will not meet with the same experience as Great Britain and Japan has had since the severing of the bond of alliance.

"Perhaps history will repeat itself in the case of the Anglo-American friendship. Be that as it may, the preposterous sacrifices and concessions made by Japan have furnished the United States and Britain with unexpectedly great successes and satisfaction, diplomatically and strategically. In other words, what has cost Japan so dearly has promoted the friendship between the United States and Great Britain and dampened the cordial sentiments of the British people for Japan. What little Japan has gained at the Conference is the establishment of good understanding between her and the United States. If the peace of the Pacific be preserved and maintained by the two countries, their friendliness and amity will grow more and more in the future.

"And, in this sense, Japan and the United States will come to be bound together either spiritually or materially and contribute immensely to the safeguarding of world peace and elevation of the status of human civilization and culture. The Japanese people who have been disappointed at the results of the Conference had better entertain optimism for their future in the face of these fine and rosy prospects."

A NORWEGIAN VIEW.

"Uncle Sam and John Bull are amazed to see how big Japan grew at Washington."

—*Humoristen* (Christiania).

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WHERE CHINA'S SALVATION LIES

CHINA'S POLITICAL EMBARRASSMENT is due principally to the great transformation of republican government, and a Chinese writer, H. K. Li, declares that her salvation is to be gained by industrial development. Her transportation facilities must be extended, her methods must be improved in agriculture, engineering and business. The opportunity for American Chinese trade, it is asserted, must be obvious in the fact that "there are to-day about two thousand Chinese students in the United States grasping as much Western culture and modern business methods as they can." These students will "pave the way for future friendly relationships between America and China" according to this contributor to the *China Review* (New York) who tells us that in spite of China's political state of upset new enterprises abound in the country. Among these he mentions schools, institutions, road building, cotton mills, and the increasing popularity of the automobile. At the same time the biggest obstacles to China's industrial development are specified as follows:

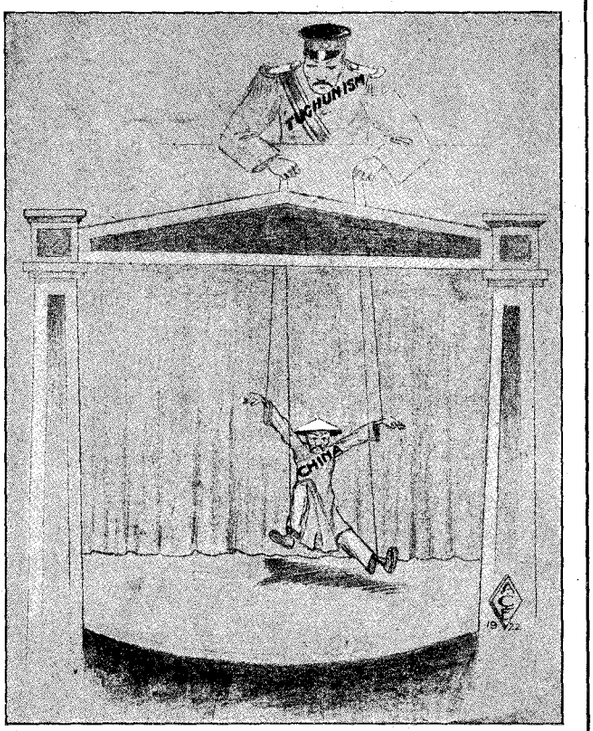
"(1) Lack of sympathetic cooperation between government and people.

"(2) Absence of organization method and scientific knowledge.

"(3) Inequitable taxation.

"(4) Deficiency of capital and a cumbersome currency system.

"(5) Defective communication."



CHINA AS JAPAN'S MARIONETTE.

—*The China Illustrated Review* (Shanghai)

Nevertheless, we are assured that the effect of modern education among the masses is to do away with these retarding factors, and this informant believes that the thousands of students yearly sent to the Western world for education must have a great influence for good on the welfare of China. These young Chinese, trained in modern business and industrial methods, return home and impart their knowledge to their compatriots. Meanwhile defective railway communication as an impediment to industrial progress is shown to us as follows:

"China, with a population of 400,000,000, occupying an area of 4,250,000 square miles, has only 6,836 miles of railway, while the United States has 265,000 miles. There are only 638 locomotives, 1332 passenger cars, and 10,594 freight cars with a carrying capacity of 240,000 tons. A number of single railway systems in the United States each has far greater equipment. But this defective communication will be greatly improved when the railways now under construction are completed; not only by reason of the railways themselves, but by the improvement of the roads which will be created as feeders of each railway center. For famine relief, the Red Cross built 500 miles of highway in Shantung, and missionaries built 500 miles in Honan. Shansi has already built 700 miles of broad track way. Good road plans are now projected in Shanghai. In the meantime China's excellent river system and canals are a good compensation for the absence of other means of communication."

In the matter of industrial resources this contributor to the *China Review* reminds us that there are three great divisions of resource in every country, the first of which is man-power, the second, agricultural land, and the third mineral products. We are told that Chinese workmen are "sober, industrious, and economical" and tho they have much to learn from American laborers, yet the Hanyang iron workers "compare favorably in efficiency with the Pittsburgh workers in the same industry." The writer then turns to China's mineral resources:

"Of mineral resources China has plenty. Of all mineral resources, coal and iron are the most important. Expert authorities have estimated that coal resources in China are larger than those of Europe, and sufficient to cover the present world consumption for a thousand years. Iron is found almost in every province, but in only a few districts are the mines worked on any extensive scale. The annual production of pig-iron in Shansi, Mukden and other provinces is 160,000 tons, while the total production of Hupeh alone is more than 160,000 tons. A factor that will be of wonderful help in developing her latent resources is her available water-power. From Ichang to Chungking along the great Yangtse river, a distance of 400 miles, there is the tremendous total fall of 476 feet. Some engineers estimate that from seven locations along the same river 31,000,000 H.P. can be developed if proper means are used. Again if scientific means of afforestation is applied thousands of barren hills will be turned into productive forests which will not only furnish the people with a large supply of timber, but will also tend to regulate the rainfall and hold back the water so as to prevent the washing away of the soil and to furnish moisture for a longer period."

A somber note is struck with the writer's remark that practically the whole population of China, excepting the farming class, is in "constant danger of unemployment"; and the country's agricultural resources may be gaged by the fact that "for thousands of years the land alone has been made to support an ever-growing population." We read then:

"China is 750,000 square miles larger than the United States with Alaska; but so far only 650,000 square miles or 15 per cent. of her land are under cultivation. Over 85 per cent. of the most virgin soil to be found in China awaits development. When this available land is cultivated, the needs of China will be more than satisfied, and a great deal will be left over for world-wide use and consumption. China is thus destined to play an important part in the world's trade. If the cotton growers can be induced to take advantage of modern knowledge as to fertilization and nurture; if the silk cultivators will scientifically control the breeding, feeding and curing; if ceramic engineers are employed to improve porcelain; the trade of China in cotton, silk, tea and porcelain can play an enormous part in the world's traffic in these articles. During the last three years sixty new cotton mills were established in China. . . .

"China is a very large market for manufactured goods. Her imports for 1917 were $412,000,000; for 1918, $416,000,000; for 1919, $485,000,000 (based on present rate of exchange). During July, 1921, United States sent to China goods amounting to $5,700,000 and bought from China materials amounting to $10,000,000. American exports to China now total $8,900,000, an increase of $3,200,000 over that of July. Imports from China increased $1,900,000, making a total of $12,000,000."

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SCIENCE - AND - INVENTION

MINING THE AIR

THE GASEOUS ORE of many useful substances surrounds the earth in practically illimitable quantity. Its contents are not chemically combined, as are those of so many solid ores, and they may be separated by physical processes. Since the discovery of a method for liquefying air by extreme cold, it has been found possible also to separate its constituents in this way, since they are only mixed mechanically and have different vaporizing points. They may be therefore distilled off one by one as alcohol is separated from water, John Walker Harrington, who writes on this subject in *Drug and Chemical Markets* (New York) ascribes the phrase used in our title to Sir William Crookes, the English chemist. It has been realized, he says, to the extent that the making and marketing of atmospheric products is now on a recognized business basis. He goes on:

"A survey of the American branch of the industry, made in facts and figures, without touch of fancy nor tinge of romance, reveals the results of a remarkable development. The raw material is costless and boundless. Every inhabitant of this earth stands up under the pressure of about fourteen tons of it, as the pressure of the atmosphere under ordinary conditions of the barometer is 14.73 pounds to the square inch. Considering the air as a mechanical mixture of certain gases, the making of products from it becomes merely a process of elimination. The air which we take into our lungs consists of 78 per cent. of nitrogen, and 21 per cent. of oxygen by volume, and 1 per cent. of various other gases and vapors. This 1 per cent. consists mainly of argon, with small fractions of neon, krypton, xenon, four hundredths of 1 per cent. of carbon dioxide, traces of hydrogen and helium, and a little water vapor. Such is the composition of the thirteen trillions of tons of raw material available, equal in weight to about one-one million, two hundred thousandth part of the globe.

"The element which has been withdrawn or eliminated with the best commercial success thus far is oxygen. The annual output of oxygen in this country is now one billion cubic feet. The price varies from $1.30 to $1.40 a hundred cubic feet. Thus the value of this air product per annum is from $13,000,000 to $14,000,000. The bulk of it is used in the mechanical arts and therefore the price is becoming more or less stabilized. Hardly a day passes that the public does not see workmen in the streets cutting street-car rails or iron bars by the oxy-acetylene process. Oxygen is also used extensively in lead-burning operations, and somewhat in the removal of carbon from the cylinders of automobile engines. Furnace workers, instead of freeing a mass of cast-metal of gates and risers by the laborious pounding of sledges in the hands of husky workmen, give a few deft touches of the oxy-acetylene flame, and the work is done.

"Whenever a prominent man is near death, and his scant breath is reinforced by the use of oxygen, the lay press dwells so upon the fact that the general public gains an exaggerated idea of the employment of this elemental gas for medicinal purposes. It is estimated that the scientific consumers of oxygen such as workers in laboratories and mines and hospitals and the physicians who need it in their practise, use only one per cent. of the present output.

"Oxygen is marketed in steel cylinders. The two most practical sizes contain 110 and 120 cubic feet of the gas respectively. The usual practise is to charge these stout steel containers at a pressure of two thousand pounds to the square inch at seventy degrees Fahrenheit. The containers remain the property of the producers always, and as they are rather expensive the consumer gets good service at a far more moderate cost than he would have were he buying his own.

"After the oxygen has been removed from the air, the companies see what they can do in the marketing of the residue. It is the practise, with some variations, first to condense the air until it is liquefied and then to distil off the gases as they are required.

"Among the residual gases, for instance, is that rare element, neon, which within the last few weeks has come into extensive use for the testing of the ignition in automobiles. A small glass tube of neon is applied to the spark plug and the state of the current is recorded by the depth of the rose colored light which appears at once in the tiny cylinder, provided that there is anything to test. It was only a few years ago that neon was a laboratory curiosity. Now this once rare gas is sold on the market at about $1 a litre, prices subject to change without notice. A litre of the vapor, that is, a little more than a quart of it, will fill a hundred or so of the small pocket tubes. The making of the tiny containers themselves, so as to have them hermetically sealed against the entrance of the air, is the main item in the cost of manufacture.

"Altho helium is also present in the residue, the quantities are so infinitesimal that it is not practical to take this gas from the atmosphere.

"Next to oxygen, argon is considered the most valuable of gases taken from the air, because of its use in the filling of the bulbs of incandescent electric lamps. A cubic foot of 90 per cent. pure argon costing approximately eighty cents, will fill from two to three hundred of the ordinary electric light bulbs.

"Nitrogen can also be obtained by the distillation of the air, merely by stopping off at a certain point, and as such it is largely used in the practically pure state for the filling of the so-called nitrogen lamps. It is quoted in the neighborhood of the same price as oxygen, that is from $1.25 to $1.50 a hundred feet. Nitrogen in tanks is also employed for the putting out of oil fires, a use which is now increasing."

ONE-CROP COUNTIES ARE POOR

THE RICHEST SECTIONS of the country are not those that depend on a single crop, such as wheat or cotton. Specialized crops, such as fruit, tobacco, or even potatoes, and the dairy and poultry industries, figure very largely in the counties where agricultural wealth is highest. Census figures, on which these statements are based, bear out the wisdom of campaigns to bring out diversified agriculture, according to Andrew L. Bostwick, statistician of the Liberty Central Trust Co., of St. Louis, in an analysis printed in *The Globe-Democrat*, (St. Louis). Says Mr. Bostwick:

"Of the leading ten counties seven are in the Pacific States (California and Washington), one is in the Middle West and two are in the East. Los Angeles County, Cal., with a total of nearly $72,000,000, comes first, and Fresno County, in the same State, is second. Fruit, of course, is largely responsible for the enormous agricultural values in these regions.

"Third on the list comes Aroostook County, Me. In value of crops alone this county ranks second in the United States, and by far the greatest part of the value represents potatoes. Lancaster County, Pa., the other Eastern county in the first ten, comes fifth; tobacco, in addition to hay and grain crops, is responsible for the high rank. Dane County, Wis., is the highest Middle West county on the list, being tenth. Dairying is very important; in value of crops alone this county ranks not tenth, but twenty-fifth.

"The richest Illinois county is McLean, the eleventh. The richest one-crop county, and also the richest county in the cotton belt proper, is Bolivar, Miss., in the famous 'delta' section.

"It is interesting to note that of the fifty leaders scarcely more than a dozen belong to the cotton belt. If crops alone were considered, without live-stock products, the result would probably be more favorable to the South.

"In a number of instances the dairy industry has raised individual counties to high standing in value of farm products.

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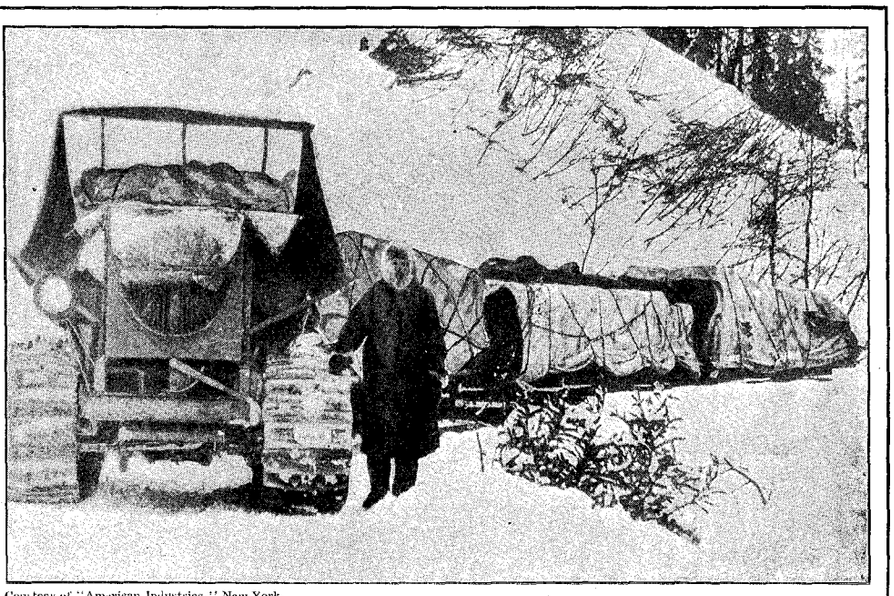
St. Lawrence County, N. Y., ranks 108th in value of crops alone, but in the crop and live-stock products list it stands fourteenth. The poultry and egg industry of Sonoma County, near San Francisco, is the cause of that county's rank of eighth in the final list; in value of crops alone it stands forty-second.

"On the whole, the statistics as given present a rather strong argument for a diversified agriculture, with attention to dairying and to such specialized crops as the land and climate may permit."

ARCTIC TRACTOR SLEDGES

WHAT THE CATERPILLAR TRACTOR has done in the Arctic toward the improvement of transportation is told in an article contributed to *Export American Industries* (New York). Motor-driven vehicles, we are informed, are supplanting dog-sledges with remarkable results in speed, efficiency and load-carrying facilities. That there are great possibilities in Alaska is undisputed, says the writer. Financiers, promoters and business executives have for years scrutinized every possible source of information covering its commercial and economic developments. The greatest obstacle to progress has been the natural barriers, a result of climatic conditions. To overcome these, it has been necessary to introduce equipment and machinery of the necessary staying qualities to enable it to stand up under continuous hard usage. To quote directly:



Courtesy of "American Industries," New York.

"WHAT WILL THE POOR DOGS DO NOW?"

Caterpillar tractor in Alaska hauling 15 tons of freight on sleds.

"It is now generally admitted that no section of the Northern Hemisphere has evidenced such marked progress in the introduction of modern machinery and appliances as has Alaska. The pioneers who have endeavored to gain a commercial foothold in this region have been forced to do their own experimenting; very little assistance has been given them.

"Freight rates in the interior of Alaska have been approximately $350 a ton, but it is estimated that they will soon be reduced to the nominal figures of $25 per ton, as a result of the completion of the new government railroad. The new rate will be effective, it is believed, just as soon as the road is completed, and the road will then extend from the tide-water to the interior. Increased activities will result and mining machinery can soon be shipped to Fairbanks, Nenana, Fort Gibbon, Ruby and other interior points. At present most of the freight to these places is sent by dog-teams or 'mush' over trails from the seaport towns of Valdez and Cordova.

"It is interesting to note what means has made it possible to construct the 'iron trail' across the frozen region heretofore only accessible to dog-teams. The answer is the ingenuity and resourcefulness of the Yankee engineer. It was agreed that the construction of the road was feasible, but the question of supplying material during the construction was the great stumbling block which confronted all consulting engineers. The loads were too heavy for the dog-teams, and besides the delivery was too uncertain by this means. Hundreds of men in construction camps isolated in the interior could not humanly be expected to be dependent upon the ability of dog-teams to bring them subsistence in the face of a falling temperature and blinding blizzard. Motor trucks, of course, were out of the question, and the undertaking seemed hopeless until the introduction of Caterpillar tractors.

"These rugged, sturdy, power units are in reality a cross-country locomotive, in as much as they lay their own track and pick it up after them. Snow, ice, mud, sand, swamp or marsh are all alike to the operator of this tractor. The broad, flat, endless tread with the flexible articulating roller frame which permits the tractor to conform evenly to any obstacle in its path and deliver adequate traction regardless of the unevenness of the surface, enables the Caterpillar tractor to operate under these conditions."

The tractor train is now operating in this region, we are told, on a sixty-mile haul, and is delivering approximately fifty tons of perishable foodstuff, engineering supplies and construction material over the snow and ice. These tractors are similar to those supplied during the war to the Allied Governments, but a frost-pan has been added which covers the radiator, protects the motor, and enables it to operate at fifty degrees below zero. To quote further:

"The mining industry in Alaska, seeing these tractors operating for the railroad construction crew, quickly realized the adaptability of this equipment for their own purposes, and were not long in seizing upon the advantages and incorporated them in their own works.

"Two five-ton tractors have been delivered to the Premier Gold Mining Company, Hyder, Alaska, for use in hauling ore between the mill and the tide-water. The Hyder *Alaska Miner* said: 'With the arrival of the tractor for the Premier Gold Mining Company, it is anticipated that all transportation problems will be greatly simplified, and that but little difficulty will be experienced this winter in bringing to the wharf the full amount of ore it is intended to ship, said to be at least 3,000 tons. Two five-ton tractors of the most modern design are now here and will be used between the wharf and Nine Mile. They are expected to make a round trip each day and bring a minimum load of 20 tons.'

"A recent letter which has come to the writer's attention from the operator of one of these tractors is extremely interesting and is quoted:

"'I am still on the job and going strong, but it is some battle. I am going to claim the world's record for operating tractors in the cold. A great many men up here have asked me how the Caterpillar will work in the cold weather. You can tell 'em for me that it don't get too cold for any Caterpillar. I know. On the 15th, I traveled ten miles, and it was somewhere between 45 and 50 below zero. There were a lot of different reports on the weather. Just a little north of here they claimed 60 below. I keep the tractor hot, altho the gasoline would occasionally freeze up.

"'I am now on my way north with a light load and am breaking out the trail after a heavy snowfall of about thirty inches. I have been battling a 40 below gale to-day, one of the worst blizzards of the season.

"'I have hauled a great deal of horse feed to Mile 319. Dog-teams have been hauling it from there further north, and in the language of the dog 'mushers'—"if it were not for the Caterpillars the men, dog and horses would starve to death."'"

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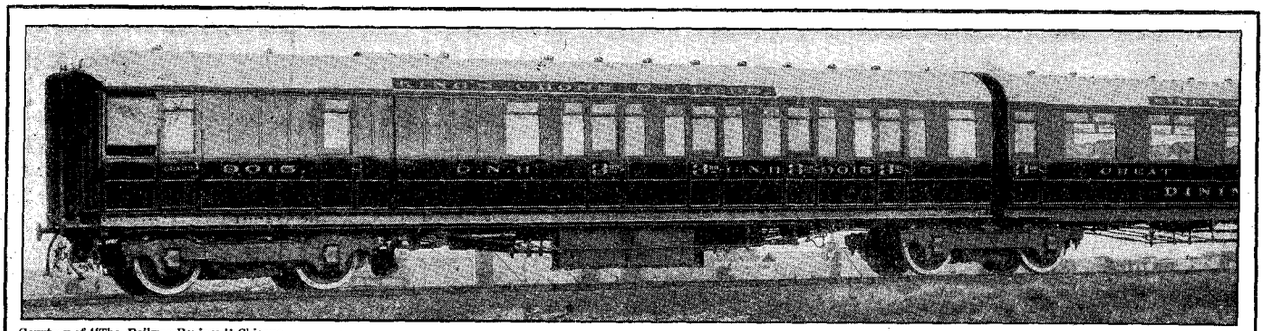

Courtesy of "The Railway Review," Chicago.

"A TRAIN CONSISTING OF WHAT IS PRACTICALLY A SINGLE CAR WITH JOINTS,

A JOINTED PASSENGER-TRAIN

A TRAIN CONSISTING of what is practically a single car with joints or articulations is the latest thing on English railroads. Such a train, we are told by a contributor to *The Railway Review* (Chicago), has been running on the Great Northern road for years. The number of trucks necessary to proper support of the train is greatly reduced, and the whole arrangement makes for economy, it is claimed. The writer notes that the post-war cost of railway operation in England has increased to such an extent that every possible economy based on practical experience is receiving the most thoughtful consideration. Any considerable reduction in the dead weight of passenger-cars is regarded as of the utmost importance. Progress in this direction, however, can not be effected without due regard for safety, which implies strength and riding qualities. We read:

"To meet the demand for a reduction in the dead weight in passenger equipment without sacrificing strength or improved riding qualities, the Leeds Forge Company, of Leeds, England, has undertaken the construction of articulated passenger-car trains under their own patents. In this construction, two or more cars are permanently connected together, as shown in the accompanying illustration. Each group forms a unit, the trucks of which are so disposed that their centers are all equidistant. Trucks are placed under the outer ends of each unit, leaving a space of about eight feet from the truck center to the end sill. The other trucks are placed under adjacent ends of each of the car-bodies comprising the articulated train. Thus, under a two-bodied set, there are three trucks; under a three-bodied set, four; under a four-bodied set, five; under a five-bodied set, six trucks; and so on, altho, up to the present, no sets comprising more than five car-bodies have been built.

"Articulated cars in sets consisting of five bodies on six trucks have been running for some years on the Great Northern Railway of England and at the present time there are more than 200 sets of articulated passenger-cars in service on that railway, where their performance has proved very successful and their use is being extended. Equipment of this description is very well adapted to suburban service, particularly where this service is electrified.

"Among the advantages claimed for articulated passenger equipment in England is lower initial cost and reduced weight in proportion to the capacity. These claims are based on fact; the trucks and wheels represent the most expensive part of the car, both from a structural and a maintenance point of view. The reduction in weight depends upon the number of car-bodies forming the unit. The reduction for four-wheeled truck equipment ranges from 10 to 14 per cent. and for combinations of six-wheeled truck equipment, the reduction in dead weight may amount to more than 20 per cent. Due to the reduced weight and decreased train resistance with articulated equipment, the cost of operating this equipment is less in proportion to the number of passengers carried than with the usual equipment. The reduction in expenses resulting from the operation of articulated equipment is most marked in the case of electrically operated equipment, where the consumption of electric current is practically proportionate to the dead weight of the cars comprising the train. For this reason, it is believed that there are excellent possibilities for the wider adoption of articulated passenger-cars on electrically operated railroads.

"Improved riding is another quality attributed to articulated cars in comparison with the usual four or even six-wheel truck equipment. This is due to the elimination of all overhang of the car-body beyond the truck centers. The most comfortable part of the ordinary car is that situated midway between the trucks and, as is well known in this country, experienced travelers invariably prefer a berth near the center of the Pullman car for this reason.

"Another reason for this is that the greatest lateral movement on ordinary cars is felt at the ends of the car overhanging the trucks. The minimum amount of lateral movement when entering curves and passing over crossings is in the center of the car and with articulated equipment there is no overhang beyond the trucks except at either end of the unit. This equipment follows the true center line of the track in rounding curves and the construction of the connection between adjoining bodies of each unit, as illustrated, is such that any tendency toward lateral or rolling movements between these car-bodies is effectively prevented, altho each body is perfectly free to adapt itself to any curvature. This connection also eliminates the spring buffers used between all European cars and thus further reduces the train resistance in passing around curves on which these spring buffers must ordinarily be comprest.

"Altho articulated passenger-cars are not a new development, as already noted, the first dining-car set has but recently been placed in service on the Great Northern Railway between London and Leeds.

"This articulated train consists of five cars and is carried on six four-wheel trucks as shown in the accompanying illustration. Compared with a four-car train of the usual type, the articulated train shows a considerable saving in dead weight per passenger carried and a reduction in weight per running foot.

"The articulated dining-car train on the Great Northern Railway is vestibuled throughout and the connections between the cars differ from the usual type in England on account of the shorter distance between each car. This makes it possible to have a permanent connection which is weatherproof and draughtproof. Also, owing to the absence of the usual coupling arrangement, there is no noise and clatter from this source.

"The seating arrangement permits of serving meals to as many as 78 passengers at one time. The kitchen car, which is located in the center of the train, is 37 feet 6 inches in length, and is fully equipped for this service with electrical cooking apparatus. This is the first dining-car abroad and, so far as *The Railway Review* is informed, it is the first in this country in which all of the cooking is done by electricity.

"In the kitchen the main cooking range is fitted across one end, and on the left there is a roasting-oven, with steaming-oven, grill and hot-water tank superimposed. On the right is placed the boiler range with four hot plates for frying, boiling or heating sauces, and two boiling-pans for cooking vegetables. On one side of the kitchen, between the serving hatches, the hot cupboard is fitted; this has sufficient capacity for heating all of the plates required for service, and the top forms a table. A separate fish-fryer is provided for use when required. A two-gallon urn and two six-pint kettles are available for boiled water for teas, and to supplement the supply from the boiler on the top of the oven range.

"The provision of adequate supplies of boiling water and hot water for washing up and other purposes constitute a continuous demand on the available electrical energy. There is a 40-gallon tank for warm water fitted in the roof of the corridor alongside the kitchen, and heating elements are clamped to the underside of this tank. The boiler on top of the oven range and the hot-water urn are supplied from warm water in this tank."

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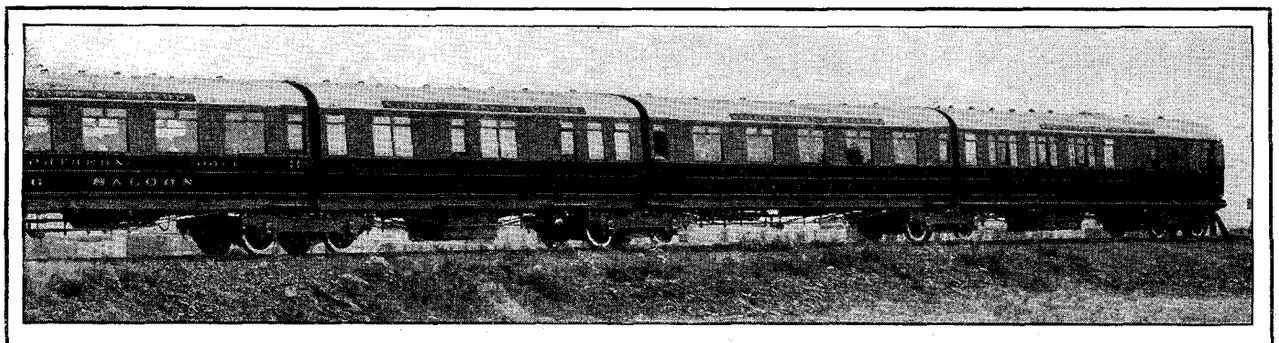

OR ARTICULATIONS, IS THE LATEST THING ON ENGLISH RAILROADS."

HOW TO KEEP VITAMINS

THE three allied substances known as "vitamins," absolutely essential to life, are as unstable as life itself. They are so easily "killed" that it is difficult to preserve them in any form. *The British Medical Journal* (London) bids us beware of preparations "made from substances rich in vitamins." The vitamins may have been there at the start, but that by no means proves that the product still contains them. Easily procured fresh foods have them in far greater measure than any manufactured product. The problem of the prevention of scurvy on shipboard, familiar to sailors for more than a century, is now seen to be merely that of the preservation of the antiscorbutic substance, "Vitamin C." Butter is a valuable source of "Vitamin A," yet cod-liver oil is about 240 times richer in it, so that the "fattening power" of this old family standby seems to be the least of its virtues. The uncooked food fad, also, is not entirely a fad, for cooking destroys part of the vitamins, and excessive cooking may absolutely eliminate them. Says the paper named above, in a comprehensive editorial article:

"An abundant supply of vitamins exists in all fresh vegetable foods, and considerable quantities occur in milk and in meat from animals fed on fresh foods. A normal adult living on an ordinary diet is, therefore, certain of obtaining a plentiful supply. Unfortunately, these indispensable food constituents are very readily destroyed. All three vitamins are rapidly destroyed by heating in the presence of air or oxygen. The destruction of vitamins depends largely upon the length of time for which they are heated in the presence of air. Hess, for instance, showed that little destruction of vitamin C occurred when tomatoes were heated to 100° C. for fifteen minutes, but that four-fifths of the vitamin was destroyed when the tomatoes were heated to 100° C. for an hour. Similarly, it has been shown that a greater destruction of the vitamin C present in fresh milk occurs when it is heated to 60° C. for half an hour than when it is boiled for a minute. The reaction of the fluid containing the vitamin is also of importance, for vitamins are much more readily destroyed in an alkaline than in an acid fluid.

"A fair proportion of all three vitamins in fresh vegetables appears to survive ordinary cooking, but prolonged boiling, such as occurs in making stews, destroys nearly the whole of vitamin C, and probably most of vitamin A and B. The vitamins in milk are unfortunately very unstable; ordinary pasteurization destroys practically the whole of vitamin C, and a considerable amount of vitamin A.

"The extraordinary difficulty of retaining vitamins in preserved foods is in large measure due to the fact that vitamins slowly oxidize on keeping. Vitamin A is the easiest to preserve, for it appears to be fairly stable when dissolved in oil, and it can be kept in cod-liver oil for months and probably for years; it also survives for many months in tinned meat. Vitamin B can be preserved in the dry state, and wholemeal flour and unpolished rice retain their content of this vitamin for long periods. The preservation of vitamin C, the antiscorbutic vitamin, is by far the most difficult problem. This is well known; efforts have been made for the last hundred and fifty years to find some satisfactory way of obtaining a concentrated, portable, and stable preparation of the antiscorbutic element in fresh fruits or vegetables."

The problem is of the greatest importance to the navy, and to explorers; in special circumstances, the writer notes, it may be of first-rate importance to the army also. A stable preparation of vitamin C is essential for the prevention of scurvy when fresh vegetables and fruits are not obtainable. Lemon-juice was introduced in the eighteenth century, and its use reduced mortality enormously, as it is very rich in vitamin C, and the acid preserves the vitamin. Unfortunately, in the nineteenth century lemon-juice was discarded for lime-juice, which has only one-quarter the vitamin content of the former. We read further:

"Harden and Robison found that dried lemon-juice kept in a desiccator for fifteen months at room temperature only lost 50 per cent. of its activity. Hess ascertained that tinned tomatoes retained their vitamin C content with little loss for three years. He also found that if perfectly fresh milk was dried by a suitable process, and stored in sealed tins, its vitamin C content was preserved for many months. The simplest way of transporting vitamin C is by the use of dried peas; they contain little of the vitamin when dry, but produce large quantities when allowed to germinate; by the use of germinating peas an abundant supply of vitamins can be obtained by explorers or troops in sterile countries. It is important to realize that altho dozens of different methods of food preservation are known, yet the few examples mentioned above are practically the only methods by which vitamin C can be preserved for any length of time.

"Individuals living under normal conditions may suffer from vitamin lack, owing to an improper diet from which all vitamin-containing foods have been eliminated. All that is needed in such cases is the addition of such foods to the diet. The following foods are particularly rich in vitamins: Cod-liver oil contains about 240 times as much vitamin A as butter, yeast is the richest source of vitamin B, and fruit juices contain a large amount of vitamin C. Germinating seeds contain large amounts of both vitamin B and C, while green vegetables and tomatoes contain large quantities of all three vitamins. An abundant supply of all the vitamins can therefore be obtained simply by the addition to the diet of cod-liver oil and the fresh vegetables mentioned.

"Certain workers claim to have produced concentrated preparations of vitamin B, but no methods are known by which either vitamin A or vitamin C can be obtained in concentrated form. Any attempt at chemical treatment produces a rapid destruction of the vitamins.

"In spite of the fact that ordinary fresh foods are the simplest, cheapest, and richest sources of vitamins, the public apparently demands to be supplied with vitamins in the form of medicinal products. A large number of preparations are on the market which claim to contain vitamins. Some of these preparations are so far satisfactory that the prepared article has been proved to contain vitamins, altho even in these cases a few ounces of green vegetables would probably contain more vitamins than large quantities of the preparation. In the case of certain manufactured products, however, it is simply stated that the preparation is made from substances very rich in vitamins. This statement means nothing, for, from the facts mentioned in this article, it is obvious that even if a preparation is made from a raw material rich in vitamins, it does not follow that the finished article will contain any vitamin at all when it reaches the patient.

"We have endeavored to state the known facts as plainly and directly as possible, and invite manufacturers to take note of them. They may be unwelcome, but they are, we believe, incontrovertible."

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MISREPRESENTING NEW YORK IN FICTION

WILL FUTURE GENERATIONS, seeking information about American life and customs of the present era, find in our modern fiction all that we who study the past find in the great English novelists of the nineteenth century? Mr. James L. Ford doubts it. Particularly does he question the verity of writers who deal with New York. While

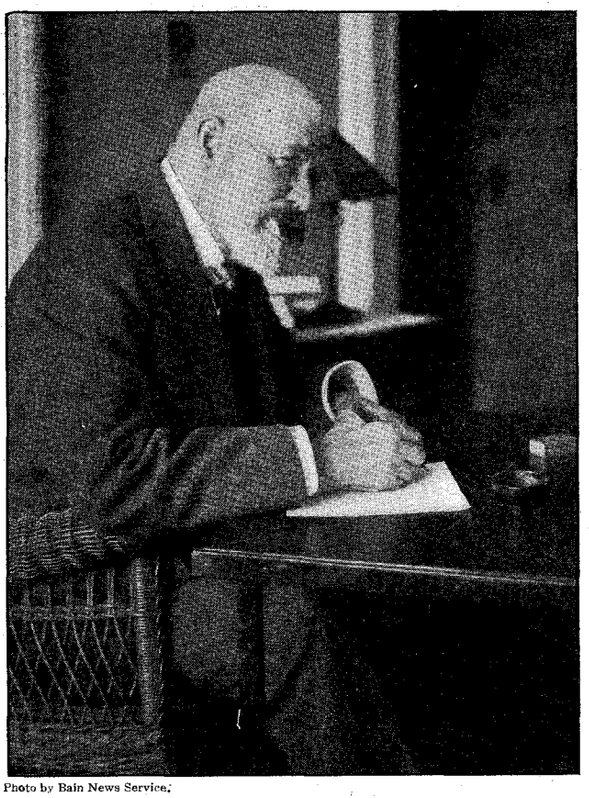

Photo by Bain News Service.

JAMES L. FORD.

Who charges our novelists with being "bit" writers, who will give posterity "an inadequate idea of the social structure of our country."

he puts the matter as a question, he implies the negative answer about writers "whose work from the point of view of authenticity" might challenge comparison with "the pictures of ordinary well-to-do Americans to be found in the earlier works of W. D. Howells and Henry James." One wonders if with all our much vaunted modern fiction Mr. Ford is jolting our complacency when he asks: "Have we a single novelist capable of conveying to the mind of that intelligent foreigner whose judgment is reputed to be that of posterity an adequate idea of the social structure of our country and the manners, customs, virtues and foibles of its inhabitants?" Here are some new chips from "the Literary Shop" which Mr. Ford is letting fly in the New York *Tribune:*

"Most of our 'best selling' authors—it was a black day for literary art when that term gained its ascendency—resemble the 'bit actor' who attracts attention by the careful delineation of a minor rôle, but fails as the central figure in a play. Of undoubted cleverness in describing a small section of the American nation, they seem lacking in the perspective necessary for the survey of a broader field."

Nearly all of our writers have failed to present convincing pictures of New York, says Mr. Ford; and at once his words will bring a challenge to defend one's own particular favorite. The number of those who essay it, he points out, is greater than those who have busied themselves with other parts of the country:

"It is true that our town is cosmopolitan and that an enormous element in its population is of alien birth, but there is, nevertheless, a real New York composed of many different classes and united in a brotherhood that did not altogether go out of existence with the Volunteer Fire Department.

"Once in a while I come across the work of some minor writer who seems aware of this kinship—it found admirable expression in H. C. Bunner's stories—but there are altogether too many who seek their inspiration in the chance episodes that feed the sensational press and in the many myths to which constant repetition has given the semblance of truth.

"Some years ago it was reported that a pet monkey had been entertained at dinner in Newport, and the event was seized upon so avidly by writers hungry for sensation that the simian continued to bob up in magazine stories until I wished that he had never been allowed to escape from his cage. Nor did the denial by many persons well qualified to speak on the subject that such a banquet had ever taken place serve to stay the efforts of imaginative pens, and I have no doubt that future generations will believe that monkeys were constant guests in fashionable homes during the early years of this century.

"A favorite theme with New York novelists is politics as practised in what they call the East Side, meaning anywhere below Fourteenth Street, and there is a sameness in this class of fiction that no habitual reader can fail to notice. A course of such reading leaves on the innocent mind the impression that brutal saloon politicians, virtuous district attorneys and beautiful settlement workers form the major part of the population. The politician rules through fear, the settlement worker through sweetness and light, and the district attorney by his persistent opposition to all forms of iniquity. The latter generally begins his career as a reformer, who establishes himself in one of the lower wards in order to 'clean up the district.' Of course, he falls in love with the settlement girl—as I do myself when I read about her—and the subsequent discovery that this paragon's father is engaged in nefarious operations leaves him torn between love and duty, than which the hero of a best-selling novel of New York life can find himself in no more enviable position.

"If there is in existence a single novel that portrays in a manner even distantly resembling the truth the conditions that actually prevail in the life that so many have misrepresented, I should like to have my attention called to it. Has any writer shown the district leader as one who gains and holds his power by conferring favors, helping his constituents in moments of stress and supplying work to those in need of it? Has any one related the history of the various fakers, who by 'going down to live among the poor' have found the path that led them through the gates of matrimony to permanent quarters among the rich? Has any one described the simple diversions of the poor, such as the Saturday night mixed ale party, the summer night's picnic of the district leader, the ball of the local social club, the dancing in the tenement house parlor to the music of the mechanical contrivance that has of late years supplanted the mouth organ? Has any one reproduced on paper the cheerful spirit of the working girl who once said to me: 'We have lots of fun down at our house pretty near every night; papa isn't working this winter, but he's fearful funny'?"

Mr. Ford names three writers who have a high reputation, but in estimating their work he does not rank them above what he calls "bit" writers:

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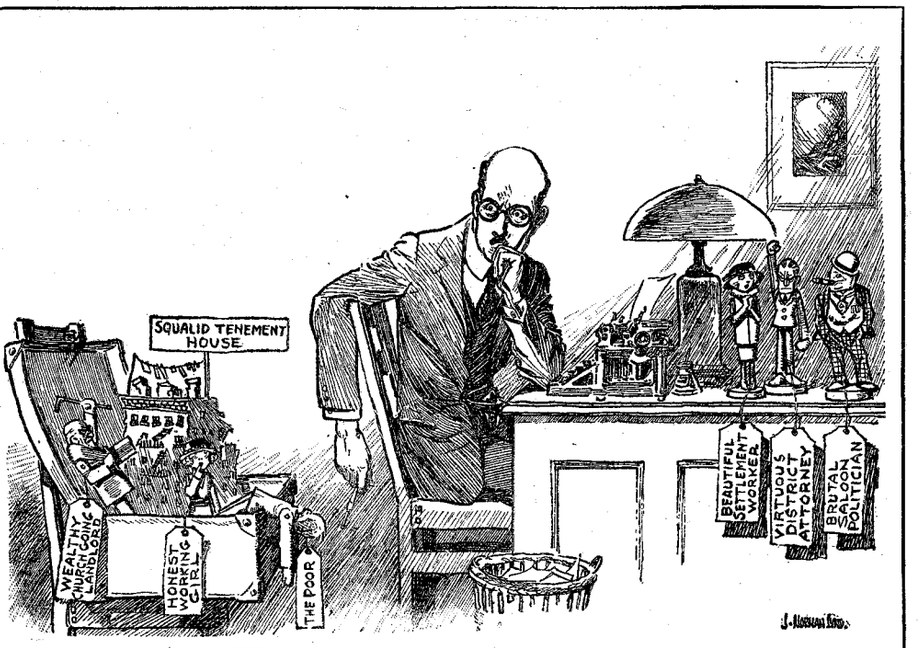
"The greatest is Mrs. Edith Wharton, who deserves the highest praise for many qualities apart from the skill with which she has portrayed one or two small corners of the many strata of which the town's social structure is composed. She has done her work with a pen at once analytical, conscientious, painstaking and ironical. And 'The House of Mirth' is an example of what an accomplished writer can do in a field that is small, and by no means the most interesting one in our cosmopolitan town. The verisimilitude of her story and its characters is amply attested by the number of persons who thought they knew from whom *Lily Bart* was drawn.

"A slight change in the social scale brings us to the class that might be described as 'small-flat people.' In the portrayal of this class the late O. Henry was without a peer. Altho not a native of New York, he seemed to have taken in its atmosphere and salient features, the customs of its inhabitants and their varied schemes for making a living, at a single glance, and what he saw he produced in short sketches and stories, many of which are deserving of preservation.

"Descending still further in the social scale, we come upon Miss Helen Green, whose work, tho lacking in the exquisite literary quality of Mrs. Wharton's, is equally authoritative and marked by fine satiric humor. She has confined herself to short stories and sketches and, so far as I know, has never attempted a novel. Her understanding of life is as keen as that of O. Henry, and the fields in which she labored are those closed to all other feminine pens, tho they appeal to those women of the higher class who are interested in lives other than their own. The variety actors' boarding-house, the opium joint, the race-track, the criminal haunts of the town, the gambling-house and the Great White Way have supplied her with materials, and she has fashioned her little stories so truthfully that even the classes she writes about never question their authenticity."



WORKSHOP OF THE MODERN NOVELIST.

As he is seen devising pictures of contemporary life for posterity.

—J. Norman Lynd in the New York *Tribune*.

HOUSECLEANING THE THEATER

ACTORS, AUTHORS AND MANAGERS are coming together at last on a scheme to eliminate the evil in plays about which more complaint has been heard this season than usual. Informal talks have been held between representatives of the stage, the city and the police, so that confidence is felt in harmonious action when the plan is matured. It provides for censorship of plays by semi-official volunteer juries, selected by lot from a panel of 500 representative men and women. Mr. Owen Davis, president of the American Dramatists, is quoted by the New York *Evening Post* on the subject of the merits of the plan:

"We are all very anxious that this plan should go through before the end of the season. There are many conflicting interests involved, but the main features of the plan appear to be acceptable to every one. It amounts to a contract obligation between actor, manager, and author to abide by the decision of a jury appointed by the city to pass on the merits of a play against which criticism has been made.

"There is only one string to the plan. We stand ready to accept the decision of the jury on condition that the city and the public do likewise. In other words, if a play has been criticized and the jury which reviews it finds it permissible, there should be no further interference either by the city or volunteer groups of reformers. We want it distinctly understood that we make this condition to the bargain.

"In return, we undertake to see to it that no producer or other person concerned with a given play shall go back on his word if the verdict is unfavorable. No doubt there is a legal difficulty involved. Under the Constitution every man is entitled to his day in court, and legally he may be free to protest against his rights being interfered with. However, it is understood that this is a gentlemen's agreement and that all parties are expected to live up to it.

"Mr. Davis said it was a mistake to suppose that the producers were the chief objectors to the censorship idea. No one was more reluctant than the playwrights themselves, he said.

"No author wants to have a warning hand held over him as he works. The jury plan has made headway only against the strongest kind of feeling. The majority of us now accept it only because some form of censorship seems necessary and inevitable, and the jury plan is considered far preferable to censorship by three paid politicians."

State censorship has been dreaded by the press, as well as the public. The New York *Evening Mail* asserts this while calling attention to the warnings issuing from the pulpit. Some sensational, and some grave and measured. It goes on:

"Dr. John Haynes Holmes says that nine out of thirty-nine plays now being presented on Broadway are 'indecent.' Evidently many other persons think like him, for the talk persists that a censorship is inevitable.

"Other countries have had State censorship, notably Great Britain. It has not only failed to prevent the presentation of indecent plays; it has actually banned plays which had a real intellectual interest and dramatic value. The experience of George Bernard Shaw with the muddle-headed bureaucrat who was Britain's censor in the years when Shaw was struggling for recognition is one of the worst indictments of state censorship possible to find. During those years when some of Shaw's plays were forbidden in London, the 'West End' theaters were given up to the silliest and most lascivious types of musical comedy.

"Dr. Holmes suggests to the theatrical profession, authors, producers, theater managers, actors, that they set out to clean their own house before the job of cleaning it is given to an artistically destructive censorship. That is very sound advice. The number of producers who want to cater to the worst tastes of the public is limited. Why should not the producers' organizations ostracize them?

"Of course the public is in the end to blame for the vogue of indecent plays. The producer would not give them if the public did not patronize them."

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AMERICAN IDEALISM EXCORIATED

WE HAVE ASSUMED our "idealism" without perhaps, examining it much. We have caught up the word and passed it on without a definite meaning. Now a European radical turns it inside out and shows us some things that may cause surprize. He says that he finds "love of truth obscured in America by commercialism of which pragmatism is the philosophical expression; and love of our neighbor kept in fetters by Puritan morality." Prof. Bertrand Russell, of Cambridge, whose views on the war caused his Government to keep him in England during the struggle, finds that "faults at least as bad as those of America exist in all countries; but America seems as yet somewhat more lacking than some other countries as regards a self-critical minority." Mr. Russell's occasion for speaking in *The Freeman* (New York) is his view of the nature of our future relations with China. With them we have nothing to do in this department, but Mr. Russell's comment on our "civilization" (a subject that keeps our younger "critical minority" awake nights) is pertinent to our field. Professor Russell reads us a lesson in view of "the new temptations to which America will henceforth be exposed":

"I know there is in America a great deal of what is called 'idealism.' But what are its manifestations? Prohibition certainly is due to 'idealism.' Now there are many arguments in favor of prohibition, and I am not myself prepared to oppose it, but no student of modern psychology will suppose that these arguments were what persuaded the nation. Apart from the interests of those who make non-alcoholic drinks, and the hopes of employers that their men would work harder, it must have been the case that there were more people who found pleasure in preventing others from drinking than people who found pleasure in drinking themselves. Take another exhibition of 'idealism': the treatment of Maxim Gorky in the United States. I know there were journalistic reasons for inflaming opinion against him, but these could not have operated unless opinion were ready to be inflamed. In America divorce is easy; in Tsarist Russia it was almost impossible. Consequently, the law had not sanctioned a union far more stable than many American marriages; therefore Gorky was 'immoral' and must be hounded out of the country. Again: the Bible says 'Thou shalt not steal,' but Socialists believe that civilization can only be preserved by confiscation of private property. Therefore they are immoral men, who must not be allowed to sit in a legislature to which they have been duly elected, and whose heads may be bashed in by loyal mobs who invade their houses. Sacco and Vanzetti are accused of a murder, and there is no conclusive evidence that they committed it; but their political opinions are undesirable, so that no one is interested in the mere question of the fact: Did they, or did they not, commit the murder? The moral reprobation of these men on account of their opinions is, no doubt, another case of 'idealism.'

"So far, 'idealism' may be identified with love of persecution. If I were concerned to analyze its unconscious psychological sources, I should say that this form of it results from a conflict between the Christian duty of loving one's neighbor and the natural man's impulse to torture him. A reconciliation is effected by the theory that one's neighbor is a 'sinner,' who must be punished in order to be purified. People cling to the conception of 'sin,' because otherwise they would have no moral justification for inflicting pain. 'Idealism,' in this form, is moral reprobation as a pretext for torture."

We are not left in sole possession of "idealism." "All belligerents were full of it during the war, and it is still rampant everywhere"—but, here is the difference:

"It is only in America, and to a lesser extent in England, that it still deceives the people who are trying to think out the problem of creating a happier world. Is it not clear that a happier world will not be generated by hatred, even if the objects of hatred are 'sinners'? Do any Christians, I wonder, ever read the Gospels?

"'Idealism' has, however, a wider scope than persecution. It may be defined generically as the practise of proclaiming moral motives for our actions. After America's entry into the war, President Wilson became idealistic in our former sense; before that, when he was 'too proud to fight,' he was idealistic in a wider sense. The objection to proclaiming moral motives for one's actions is two-fold: first, that no one else believes what one says; and secondly, that one does believe it oneself. I have no doubt that many Americans believe in the unselfishness of America's motives, first for neutrality and then for belligerency. People who are not Americans, however, can not be persuaded to adopt this view. They think that America intervened at the exact moment most favorable for American interests, and that America would not have become either so rich or so powerful as she is if she had intervened sooner or had remained neutral to the end. They do not blame America for this, but they are somewhat irritated when they find that Americans will not admit it, but claim to be made of nobler stuff than the rest of humanity.

"I suppose few things have done more to disgust Americans with the Old World than the secret treaties. I am not, of course, a defender of the secret treaties, but I think it is worth while to understand how a man like Lord Grey came to agree to them. I took and still take the view that the issues in the war were unimportant, that it did not matter which side won—tho a draw would have been best—and that the most important thing was that the war should end quickly. This was not the view of the belligerents. The British Government took the view—to which America was converted in the end—that the defeat of Germany was vital. We could not defeat Germany without the help of nations having no direct interest in the struggle, and we could not get their help without buying it. By the time America came in, we had built up such a strong alliance that America's strength turned the scale; but it must be admitted that America profited by our sins. Our people did not know of the secret treaties; the sins were only those of the Government; and when President Wilson declared in the Senate that he did not know of the secret treaties, the American Government showed that it shared the guilt."

GENIUS DEFEATED BY RACE

THERE WAS A TRAGEDY in Bert Williams's career. The negro comedian who has just died at less than fifty achieved a high position on the American stage, but not the position he craved, nor the one he felt his talents best fitted him to fill. By reason of the "taboo of color" among us he could not in his earlier years mount to a position in higher comedy. By the time Eugene O'Neill had written a play that brought Charles Gilpin to the legitimate stage, it was too late for Williams. "His ambition and his talents both had waned." So Mr. Percy Hammond states in the New York *Tribune*, and the point receives considerable attention in other papers now that death makes the tragedy seem keener. The New York *Evening Post* tries to find another reason for Williams's defeat in "the upswell of the tide of jazz in these later years." His "admirable art was not for the orgiastic jazz, but for that plaintive humor of the 'blues' that is now coming to the front." Mr. Hammond writes of him:

"A reticent fellow, Mr. Williams seldom talked of himself save in modest reference to his work as a comedian. Yet he was the repository of a secret sorrow.

"There he was, unquestionably, once a comic artist of the first rank, doomed for the rest of his career to an environment of songs and dances, with the doors of advancement closed against him, as they were not to Mr. Warfield and others. He could not, with success, aspire to make his genius an instrument of characterization in the more eminent realms of the theater, to fix his fame in the more permanent foundation of the drama. He humbly proceeded along his antic pathway, exciting the ephemeral admiration of the knowing, and remaining, in the delicate and not descriptive phraseology of the press agent, a 'distinguished colored comedian.' . . .

"It was intimated above that Mr. Williams nursed this distressful circumstance as a private wo and was mute concerning it. While he did not give expression to his thwarted esthetic yearnings, he did at times hint his mild resentment at what he termed 'an American phase.' You may be surprized to hear that Mr. Williams described the frontier between him and his audience as 'an American phase.' Yet those are the words he employed one evening in a somewhat reluctant exposition of his emotions in the matter. He talked well. Said he: 'This may

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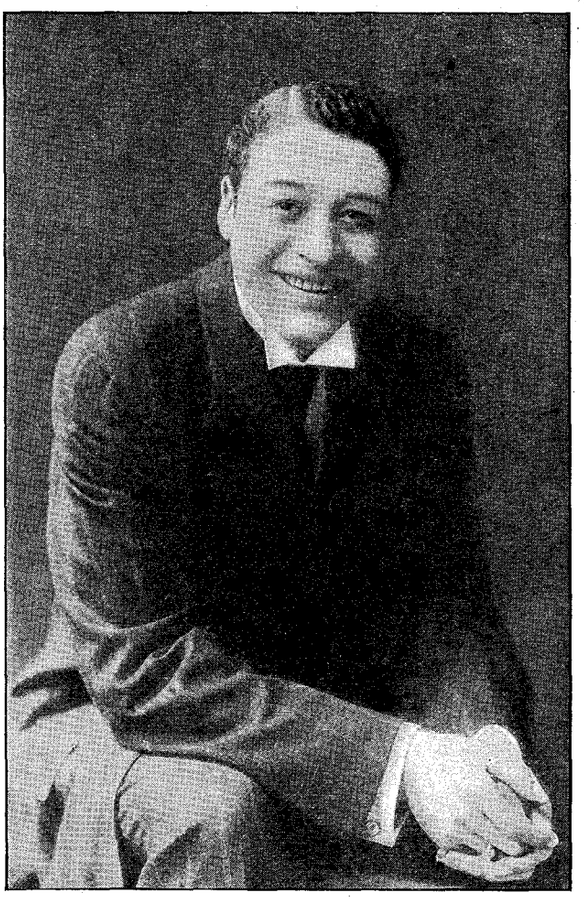
sound snobbish, tho it isn't; I'm not a native of the United States, but a West Indian, and I must take solace from my philosophy so long as I earn my livelihood in this country. The rebellion is all out of me; for I know that it is up to me, and that this is the only civilization in all the world where a man's color makes a difference, other matters being regarded as equal, and you must admit that there's food for thought, not necessarily bitter, in the fact that in London I may sit in open lodge with a premier of Great Britain, and be entertained in the home of a distinguished novelist, while here in the United States, which fought four years for a certain principle, I am often treated with an air of personal and social condescension by the gentleman who sweeps out my dressing-room or the gentleman whose duty it is to turn the spotlight on me if the stage directions call upon him to do so.'"



BERT WILLIAMS,

Who "found prosperity and success in the theater, but whose high talents were largely wasted."

Williams was born in Nassau of the British Bahamas; his grandfather, who was white, married a quadroon, so the negro blood in him was less than the white. He was brought to the United States when quite young and educated in California. When he went on the stage minstrelsy was the only career open to him. In the *Tribune's* notice we read:

"In 1903, when the Williams and Walker company played at the Shaftesbury Theater, in London, Williams was invited to attend a lawn party at Buckingham Palace to entertain guests at the birthday celebration of the Prince of Wales. His demeanor so delighted royalty that he remained until his death a favorite with Londoners.

"Booker T. Washington once wrote of Williams:

"'Bert Williams is a tremendous asset of the negro race. The fact of his success aids the negro many times more than he could have helped the race by merely contenting himself to whine about racial difficulties. The fact is the American people are ready to honor any man who does something worth while, irrespective of his color.'

"At the time of his death Williams was appearing in 'Under the Bamboo Tree.' Some of the most successful productions in which Williams and Walker appeared as a team were 'Two Real Coons,' 'The Gold Bug,' 'Senegambian Carnival,' 'Sons of Ham,' and 'In Dahomey.' It was with the last-named production that they appeared so successfully in London. George Walker died in 1907, and Williams was featured alone in 'A Load of Coal.' In 1911 he made a Ziegfeld contract under which he appeared in 'The Follies' for ten years."

An interesting homily is preached, and an interesting story is told in *The World* by Mr. Heywood Broun:

"Bert Williams found prosperity and success in the theater, but his high talents were largely wasted. His death merely marked the end of the tragedy. Color was a factor, but not the only one in the circumstances which led to his downfall. There was much more white blood than black in Williams, but the Caucasian of America is customarily modest in such cases, and by some illogical process has decided that any discernible strain, however slight, of negro blood extraction outweighs all other lines. And so Bert Williams was a negro.

"It would not be quite fair to say that the theater discriminated against him on this account. Audiences applauded him generously and laughed hard the moment he came before the footlights. There was only one restriction which limited him. Since he was a negro, he must be a funny man. It did not seem to us that Williams was a great comedian, and certainly he was not a great clown, but that was the rôle to which he was assigned season after season. Every round of laughter bound him more securely to his estate as a merrymaker. Even indifferent work during the last few seasons was of no aid in freeing him from the thrall. Somehow or other laughing at Bert Williams came to be tied up in people's minds with liberalism, charity and the Thirteenth Amendment.

"To our mind Williams did have a gift in which he was supreme, but it was not exactly comic. No man in the theater of our day could tell a story as well. He had in his repertoire at one time a tale about a negro parson and a haunted house. This was the story built about the refrain, 'We can't do nothin' till Martin comes.' You may remember that it was said by the first cat which came out of the fireplace and paused to eat the live coals. It was a little, friendly cat. The next cat was the size of a St. Bernard dog, and after it had dined and spit out the sparks, it asked: 'When are we gwine to begin?' 'We can't do nothin' till Martin comes,' was the reply of the first cat.

"The next one was as big as a Shetland pony, and like the others it ate fire and inquired plaintively: 'When are we gwine begin?' and the answer came chorally, 'We can't do nothin' till Martin comes.'

"It was at this point that the negro preacher rose (in the story as we remember it he was the father of Bert Williams) and said, 'When Martin comes you tell him I was here, but I'se gone.'

"For all the humorous fantasy of incident and the whip-like finish, Bert Williams did not tell the story as a comic anecdote. By voice and pantomime he lifted it to the stature of a true ghost story. We could see the old negro feverishly turning the pages of the Bible. The cats from the fireplace took form before our eyes. Sparks dript from their jaws and wind howled outside the cabin. All this was built for us by a tall man, his face clownishly blackened with burnt cork, who stood still in the center of the stage and used no gesture which traveled more than six inches.

"The memory of the happening remains with us so vividly that sleeping in a haunted house is one of the all too numerous things which we are afraid to do. Of course, we laughed at the message which was left for Martin, but it was more or less defensive laughter, because we knew in our heart that the preacher of the story had outstayed us by at least one cat."

Mr. H. D. Renton, an expert on minstrelsy, writes to the New York *Herald:*

"Your editorial article on the stage art of Bert Williams voices the general opinion exactly and the concluding sentence is true indeed: 'The task of carrying on the work of the blackface funny man will hereafter be the white comedian's burden.'

"But with due regard for the talents of genuine negroes like Sam Lucas, Bob McIntyre and Billy Kersands, the idol of the negroes of the South, the white comedian has always been the best delineator of Senegambian humor. Luke Schoolcraft was the superior of any genuine negro in his characterizations. So were John Mulligan and Billy Manning of a past generation."

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RELIGION-AND-SOCIAL-SERVICE

FORGETTING THE HYMN OF HATE

AS A VERITABLE FEAST of reconciliation, the Passion Play at Oberammergau this year will have a deeper significance than at any time since its inauguration in 1634 as a festival of thanksgiving for immunity from famine and pestilence, hopes Anton Lang, so long familiar as the *Christus* of the historic pageant. This hope may be realized, for present indications are said to point to a keener revival of interest in the play this year than could have possibly been foreseen at the close of the war. The last performance was held in 1910, the play not being repeated in 1920 because of the reactions of the war. But determination to maintain the centuries-old tradition and firm faith in a merciful future fills all minds with courage to resume the performance again after a twelve years' pause, writes Caroline V. Kerr in the New York *Herald*, and the Bavarian villagers are already hard at work in making ready for the occasion. The festival is to extend from May 14 to September 24, and thousands from all parts of the world, we are told, have booked reservations. Carpenters, masons, road makers, scene painters, and costumers are making their preparations, and their efforts must be redoubled because of the ravages of time and weather on the grounds and equipment. Indeed, we are told, it was with some trepidation that the villagers decided to embark on what may be a problematical enterprise considered in terms of the fluctuating German mark. Not only has the theater itself—heretofore only partly covered—been at the mercy of winter snows and storms, but the scenery has depreciated, the stage properties been injured, and a tremendous expenditure of money and labor will be required to put the houses and high roads in condition after seven years filled with "a devastating war and a still more devastating peace." However, the great moral significance of the festival is being chiefly considered, and Anton Lang exprest to the *Herald* writer his hope that "not only our friends but some of our enemies as well will come to Oberammergau to witness the most stirring tragedy the world has ever known—the fundamental thought of which is brotherly love and Christian forgiveness. It seems to me that no one can fail to be moved by the thought of Christ's symbolical return to a world abandoned for years to the forces of evil, for there must be many persons in all countries who will agree with me in thinking that the war represented the triumph of evil over good, of darkness over light."

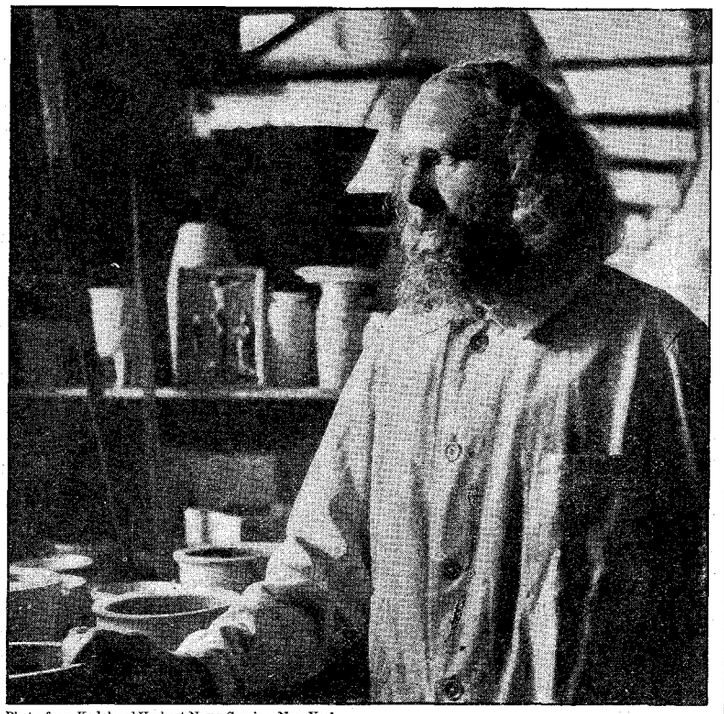

Photo from Kadel and Herbert News Service, New York.

OBERAMMERGAU'S FAMILIAR "CHRISTUS."

Anton Lang, who looks forward to a feast of reconciliation when the historic Passion Play is revived this year. These photographs have just arrived in this country.

A wealthy American offered some years ago to send the Bavarian player to the Holy Land, and the offer was accepted until Lang discovered, we are told, that he was to be used as an advertisement for some American enterprise. However, he was thereafter filled with the thought of making this journey and visiting the scenes he had so long visualized for others, and a year before the war he and his wife made the trip at their own expense. What this visit meant to him, according to the writer, is best exprest in his own language: "My entire conception of the Passion of Christ was deepened and spiritualized, and the words of the Christ which I have to speak have become a matter of inner soul experience."

Even the untenanted theater, says the writer, creates a deep impression:

"Spread out upon the seats lie the gigantic sketches for the new background and wings, a task which has been intrusted to a young Oberammergauer by the name of George Lang, as it has always been the policy of the committee to employ only the villagers for every phase of the work.

"The stage, which is in the historic triptych form with the eternal hills as a background, is probably the largest in the world. From this vantage point one gains the best impression of the size of the auditorium, the acoustic of which is so perfect that a whispered word carries to the very back row.

"To the right of the stage lay the cross, weighing 150 pounds, which must be carried for fifteen minutes on the way to Gethsemane, and that in a bowed position. Only a man whose muscles had been hardened by incessant work under winter snows, summer suns and mountain winds would be capable of so strenuous a task.

"This brought us to the question of the Crucifixion scene, about which there has been so much discussion in years gone by. The *Christ* must remain fastened to the Cross for twenty minutes, during which time the blood can not circulate freely. There is imminent danger of heart failure each time an actor essays this scene, and one single false movement during the impressive Descent from the Cross, whereby the blood would rush to the head too suddenly, would cost him his life.

"Zwinck, who in his well-known rôle of *Judas Iscariot* had the reputation of being an incarnate traitor, whereas in reality he was the soul of amiability, will not be in the cast this year. He is now seventy years old, fifty of which have been identified with the Passion Play—twice as *John*, the beloved disciple, and three times as *Judas*.

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"Zwinck's daughter, who was the *Mary* of the 1910 festival, has since married, and as, according to Oberammergau traditions, all of the women's rôles must be taken by virgins, is no longer eligible for the rôle.

"One of the village tragedies occurred when *Mary Magdalene* realized her rôle in private life by giving birth to a child and was barred from participation in the festival.

"Any one who has taken the trouble to search the minds of these peasants can not fail to be imprest by their sincerity and genuine piety, and can only echo the wish that the 'Christus Drama'—the name the Oberammergauers give to the Passion Play—may this year be a veritable Feast of Reconciliation!"

A PRAYER FOR LANDLORDS

RAPACITY AMONG CERTAIN LANDLORDS is not limited to modern times, for, if we are to believe report, it was once so flagrant that suffering tenants had recourse to a prayer especially incorporated in the Anglican prayer-book beseeching that the hearts of the landlords be softened to the extent that they would be content with only a fair and reasonable profit. Whether because the prayers were answered and the burdens relieved, or because the landlords gained the ears of the bishops our informant doesn't know, but, at any rate, the prayer was long since discarded. Not so, it is complained, the profiteering. Looking over old newspaper clippings, he writes to the Montreal *Gazette*, Richard D. Harlan stumbled on one containing a copy of the "Prayer for Landlords," reputed to have been taken from the "Prayer Book of Edward VI," and to have been found among "Sundry Godly Prayers for Divers Purposes." While the prayer has disappeared from the modern

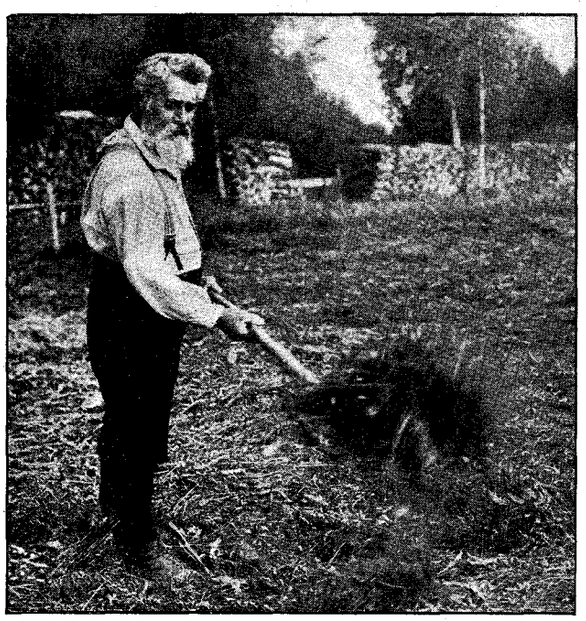

Photo from Kadel and Herbert News Service, New York.

BAVARIA'S MODERN ST. PETER.

Andreas Lang, who in the coming Passion Play will reenact the part played by the wavering disciple.

liturgies, the *Gazette's* correspondent thinks that it is as modern in its application as it is evidently ancient in origin, and hopefully presents its text:

"We heartily pray Thee to send Thy Holy Spirit into the hearts of them that possess the grounds and pastures of the earth, that they, remembering themselves to be Thy tenants, may not rack or stretch out the rents of their houses or lands, nor yet take unreasonable fines or moneys, after the manner of covetous worldlings, but may so let them out that the inhabitants thereof may be able to pay the rents and to live, and nourish their families and remember the poor.

"Give them grace also to consider that they, too, are but strangers and pilgrims in this world, having here no dwelling-place, but seeking one to come; that they, remembering the short

Photo from Kadel and Herbert News Service, New York.

ONE OF THE TWELVE IN NATIVE SETTING.

Alfred Bierling, who will soon be playing the part of St. John.

continuance of this life, may be content with that which is sufficient, and not join house to house and land to land, to the impoverishment of others, but may so behave themselves in letting their tenements, lands and pastures, that after this life they may be received into everlasting habitations. Amen."

What a poignant prayer for our own times! exclaims Mr. Harlan, himself a sufferer from the evil of which he complains. It is true, he says, that the law of "Supply and Demand" is generally referred to as inexorable. And yet it is not, or should not be, the only law governing the fixing of such a matter as rents. Moral rules, the writer holds, prescribe a duty which is not defined in law:

"With certain commodities, such as the luxuries one can do without, it may be proper for an owner or vendor to charge as much as he can get, in the interaction of supply and demand. But, in the case of the necessities of life, the law of 'Supply and Demand' ought surely to be modified by another standard, namely, 'What is a reasonable and fair return on one's investment?'

"Lands and houses are limited commodities; and a roof over one's head is one of the fundamental necessities of life. In these days of overcrowded cities and the shortage of houses, for a landlord to force the rent up to the maximum of what he can squeeze out of a tenant—far beyond the amount that is necessary to meet the taxes, insurance and repairs, and to leave a reasonable net income on the landlord's investment—is a wicked and wanton denial of that demand for 'Social Justice,' which, more and more, is coming to be one of the outstanding features and standards of that new civilization, for which the patriotic citizens of every free country are working."

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STAGE STARS AND MORAL STANDARDS

DESPITE ADMIRATION for talent and success, whether on the stage or in the less advertised walks of life, "the happy home is still the ideal of ninety-nine per cent. of all the people," observes the Vancouver *Sunday Sun*, remarking regretfully that this statement can not be said to be true of the entertaining profession. Notoriety has its day and its following,

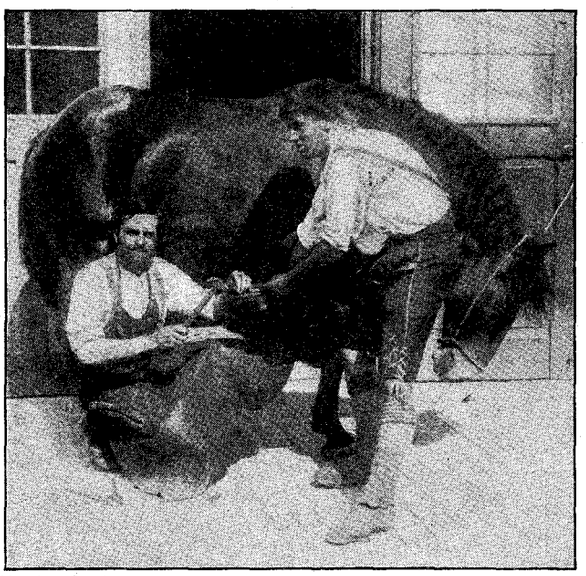

Photo by International.

HIS MASK OF TREASON DROPT.

Hugo Rutz, who takes the rôle of "Judas Iscariot" in the Oberammergau drama, is the village blacksmith in real life.

but, we are told, it is the great moral principles to which the majority of the people are anchored after all, and it is by them that the chief figures in public life, whatever their degree of fame, are judged and their worth to the community determined. "Any derogation from these standards is accepted only as a necessary compromise with undesirable conditions. Divorces are only tolerated; never approved." Caruso, we are reminded, held his kingdom until his death. Mme. Jeritza "has outclassed all the great singers of the present day. She has first the voice; second, the beautiful stage presence, and, third, no divorce record so far as she has gone." Yet there are people in position of great public attention who "do not realize the extent to which a hold on the public esteem and affection is lost by a divorce suit, with its wealth of depressing and unromantic detail," that "the belief that marriage holds the married pair until death shall part them is still the fundamental belief of the English-speaking peoples." Therefore, says this Western paper, "to an actress, and to an actor, a good name in all matters of morality and of domestic fidelity is better than riches." Then after naming a grand opera star who "lost her hold on the public by announcing domestic troubles," and mentioning a screen star who "has been cast out of her Movie Throne by her unfortunate trifling with marriage laws," the writer proceeds:

"But the great value of unimpeachable moral and domestic standing is not realized in the entertaining professions. They allow a few to remain in leading positions who believe it possible to succeed by talent alone; arrogating to themselves a freedom akin to license in their private lives. The results are suicidal.

"Talent without character is a broken reed. Most of the rank and file of the entertaining professions have character as well as talent; but as success comes there is a disregard of character.

"Domestic irregularities are insults to a home-loving public; and a public insulted is a public alienated; changed from a sympathetic into an unsympathetic audience.

"The most notable characteristic of stage people as a class is the fact that once they have attained the full height of success they risk the entire results of all their study, work and talent, by foolishly and needlessly insulting their public along lines of moral and domestic irregularities. Thus they involve the whole rank and file of the profession in public criticism.

"You can fight the public along any political or religious line and still hold respect and esteem; still be received back when your beliefs return to a conformity with those of the public mind.

"But a moral lapse, or a domestic lapse, on the part of a public character is never forgiven or forgotten. There is no coming back to a state of regained moral standard, because the public believes that a moral standard once lost is never regained."

DARWINISM IN THE SCHOOLS

DARWIN'S FAMILY TREE is being severely tossed about by the winds of theological controversy, and in Kentucky the other day it came very near to being uprooted altogether when a bill to bar the teaching of the theory of evolution in any of the tax-supported institutions of that State failed of passage in the Legislature by the narrow margin of only one vote. Tho the fight against the much discust theory is apparently lost in the Blue Grass State, it is not relinquished elsewhere, and in New York, according to newspaper report, the Rev. John Roach Straton, a prominent Baptist pastor, has announced that as a member of the executive committee of the Fundamentalist Movement he will seek to bar the Darwinian theory from New York's school curriculum.

Chief among the opponents of the theory of evolution is William Jennings Bryan, who, from the public platform and the printed forum, has attacked it as being no more than a worthless guess and has dilated extensively on the dangers to religion and morals he believes will follow if it is taught in school and college. On the other hand, scholars, preachers and public men throughout the country have called the attempt thus to oust Darwinism from the schools archaic and freakish, dishonoring to God, un-American, and intellectual suicide; and have declared, according to the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, that the passage of the bill would mark Kentucky as a community of reactionaries and make the State the laughing stock of the world. It is said to be bad enough that Wilbur Glenn Voliva, successor of the late John Alexander Dowie as overseer of Zion City, Illinois, and head of the Christian Apostolic Church, has issued orders that the Zion City school children must be taught that the earth is flat. According to Overseer Voliva's theory, the sky is a dome of solid material whose edges "rest on the wall of ice which surrounds the flat world to keep foolhardy mariners from tumbling over the edge." As for the stars, they are "points of light, that is all. They are not worlds, they are not suns. So-called science is a lot of silly rot, and so is so-called medical science and all the rest of their so-called sciences."

The attempt to run Darwin out of Kentucky schools was brought to a head when Mr. Bryan toured the State and then appeared before its Legislature with a prepared attack against the theory of evolution. A bill was introduced making it illegal to teach in any tax-supported schools "Darwinism, atheism, agnosticism, or the theory of evolution in so far as it pertains to the origin of man." Supporters of the bill—eventually defeated by a vote of 42 to 41—maintained that instruction in "Darwinism" could lead only to the destruction of faith in God, tho true religion, says the Indianapolis *News*, has nothing to fear from free investigation of the processes of life. "By such investigation it will be discovered that religion itself is a scientific fact and that the Founder of Christianity has stood and can stand the most searching light of criticism. Instead of removing God from the universe, evolution shows Him to be now and always in the universe."

Mr. Bryan argues, however, that the theory of evolution "naturally leads to agnosticism, and, if continued, finally to

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atheism." The theory is only a "guess," he maintains in an article in the New York *Times*, because "it has not one syllable in the Bible to support it," because "neither Darwin nor his supporters have been able to find a fact in the universe to support their hypothesis," and because it "is not only without foundation, but it compels its believers to resort to explanations that are more absurd than anything found in the 'Arabian Nights.'" The real question, insists Mr. Bryan, is, "Did God use evolution as His plan? If it could be shown that man, instead of being made in the image of God, is a development of beasts, we would have to accept it, regardless of its effect, for truth is truth and must prevail. But when there is no proof, we have a right to consider the effect of the acceptance of an unsupported hypothesis." The Bible has been excluded from the schools in many places on the ground that religion should not be taught by those paid by public taxation, observes Mr. Bryan; and if this doctrine is sound, he argues, "what right have the enemies of religion to teach irreligion in the public schools? If the Bible can not be taught, why should Christian taxpayers permit the teaching of guesses that make the Bible a lie? A teacher might just as well write over the door of his room, 'Leave Christianity behind you, all ye who enter here,' as to ask his students to accept an hypothesis directly and irreconcilably antagonistic to the Bible." Moreover:

"Our opponents are not fair. When we find fault with the teaching of Darwin's unsupported hypothesis, they talk about Copernicus and Galileo and ask whether we shall exclude science and return to the Dark Ages. Their evasion is a confession of weakness. We do not ask for the exclusion of any scientific truth, but we do protest against an atheist teacher being allowed to blow his guesses in the face of the student. The Christians who want to teach religion in their schools furnish the money for denominational institutions. If atheists want to teach atheism, why do they not build their own schools and employ their own teachers? If a man really believes that he has brute blood in him, he can teach that to his children at home or he can send them to atheistic schools, where his children will not be in danger of losing their brute philosophy, but why should he be allowed to deal with other people's children as if they were little monkeys?

"We stamp upon our coins 'In God We Trust'; we administer to witnesses an oath in which God's name appears; our President takes his oath of office upon the Bible. Is it fanatical to suggest that public taxes should not be employed for the purpose of undermining the nation's God? When we defend the Mosaic account of man's creation and contend that man has no brute blood in him, but was made in God's image by separate act and placed on earth to carry out a divine decree, we are defending the God of the Jews as well as the God of the Gentiles; the God of the Catholics as well as the God of the Protestants. We believe that faith in a Supreme Being is essential to civilization as well as to religion and that abandonment of God means ruin to the world and chaos to society.

"Let these believers in 'the tree man' come down out of the trees and meet the issue. Let them defend the teaching of agnosticism or atheism if they dare. If they deny that the natural tendency of Darwinism is to lead many to a denial of God, let them frankly point out the portions of the Bible which they regard as consistent with Darwinism, or evolution applied to man. They weaken faith in God, discourage prayer, raise doubt as to a future life, reduce Christ to the stature of a man, and make the Bible a 'scrap of paper.' As religion is the only basis of morals, it is time for Christians to protect religion from its most insidious enemy."

Educators and religious leaders all over the country were up in arms immediately when the proposed Kentucky anti-evolution bill was noised abroad, and numerous telegrams were sent to President Frank L. McVey, of the University of Kentucky, in response to his request for opinions on the proposed measure. Such an act, wrote Dr. Lyman Abbott, editor of *The Outlook* (New York), "would be fatal to the best interests of pupils in any school in which it could be enforced. Evolution is correctly defined by John Fiske as God's way of doing things. Practically all scientists hold it and most colleges teach it in some form." "To prohibit the scientific teaching of the facts of evolution would involve adopting the intellectual attitude of the twelfth century," declared Dr. James R. Angell, president of Yale University. "It is a proposition which could not be seriously entertained by any really intelligent person." Prohibiting the teaching of evolution, said President A. Lawrence Lowell, of Harvard University, "is antediluvian folly," and Dr. Charles S. McFarland, General Secretary of the Federal Council of

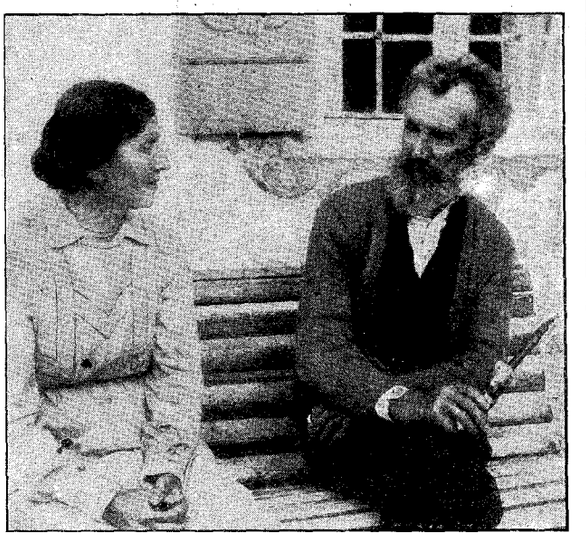

Photo by International.

EX-JUDAS, "THE SOUL OF AMIABILITY."

Johann Zwinck, once "Judas Iscariot," and his daughter, who is married, and thus ineligible to resume her rôle of 1910 as "Mary."

Churches of Christ in America, declared that "any attempt to impose legislative restrictions on the teachers of science is contrary to all the principles on which the American Republic has been founded." Mr. Bryan, for whose "intense religious spirit" it has "the highest respect, is one of those persons," says the *Rocky Mountain News*, "who are trying to turn back the clock in the domain of religious thought." "If children be taught that religious faith is necessarily tied to theories of verbal inspiration of the Scriptures and the special creation by Divine fiat of each of the many species of life on this planet, it will not be surprizing if shipwreck be made of their faith when they begin to face the facts of history and science. . . . Science has not shaken the fact of Christ. Scholarship has only helped to make it stand out more clearly. As the years pass and the complexities of living multiply, with increasing sense of common responsibility for the welfare of mankind, the conviction deepens in the souls of men that if we would be saved we must seek and find the way of God, and that in Jesus Christ we have the only certain leader in that way." The truth is, says the *Western Christian Advocate* (Methodist), that Christian thinkers have taken over the theory of evolution "and adopted it as one of the greatest doctrines used to-day in support of the Christian theory." But the *Catholic Standard and Times* (Philadelphia) thinks that the scientific doctrine has not been proven and that, therefore, it would be unfair to use it in a course of instruction. "Fit matter for teaching in schools is the certainly established truth and nothing else. The school can not be made the playground for scientific controversies. These must be confined to the circles that are able to appreciate the nice distinction between a mere hypothesis and a firmly ascertained truth. For that reason Darwinism has no place in our schools. The specific form of evolution which it teaches has been entirely discredited."

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CURRENT POETRY

Unsolicited contributions to this department cannot be returned.

THE Lyric West (Los Angeles) celebrates its first year with the March number. We have found poems to quote in several numbers, and take the two following from the March issue. Here are two views of women of the West, the first is more naturally a man's view; the second is by the winner of the *Nation* prize, whose poem we quoted a few weeks ago.

THE GIRL OF THE LONELINESS

By Elliott C. Lincoln

Far from the traveled roads of men our dim trails wind away;
Through the cold, thin silence of hills we go, we watch the shimmering desert flow,
By the nameless streams our campfires glow when the evening mists rise gray.

And we, the wanderers, journey alone as the months and the years drift by.
Sons of old Ishmael, unafraid, pledged men sworn to the love of a maid,
To the Girl of the Loneliness we have paid the vows that hold till we die.

To me she comes in a silver song of jingling bit and spur;
Through sunny weather, and cold star-shine, and *pitch-black nights when storm winds whine,*
I have felt the touch of her knee on mine, as I rode the trail with her.

And her low sweet laughter gladdens me like the sound of a stream in spring,
And the silken folds of her kerchief float caressingly at her warm white throat,
And the light in her grave eyes echoes the note of *her lips' soft welcoming.*

Out *from the waste lands of the earth* we sunburned men come back
With never a word of her winsome face, and tarry awhile, and then retrace
Our eager ways to a trysting-place far off from the trodden track.
She is older than history, younger than dawn; she is loyal, and brave and gay.
She has brightened the trail for a million men, the stern, unshaven, homeless men,
Those rugged, useless, wandering men who travel the lonely way.

MONTANA WIVES

Horizons

By Gwendolen Haste

I had to laugh,
For when she said it we were sitting by the door,
And straight down was the Fork
Twisting and turning and gleaming in the sun.
And then your eyes carried across to the purple bench beyond the river
With the Beartooth Mountains fairly screaming with light and blue and snow,
And fold and turn of rimrock and prairie as far as your eye could go.
And she says: "Dear Laura, sometimes I feel so sorry for you,
Shut away *from everything*—eating out your heart with loneliness.
When I think of my own full life I wish that you could share it.
Just pray for happier days to come and bear it."

She goes back to Billings to her white stucco house,
And looks through net curtains at another white stucco house,
And a brick house,
And a yellow frame house,
And six trimmed poplar trees,
And little squares of shaved grass.

Oh, dear, she stared at me like I was daft.
I couldn't help it! I just laughed and laughed!

The China Review (New York) prints this with apparent approval, tho the spokesman for modern China is not a native son. There is none of the quietism of old China, but something that might be taken for the alertness of Young China.

CATHAY TODAY

By Thomas Grant Springer

Over the dying Dragon drifts ancestral dust,
Stifling the ghosts that haunt the Sons of Han.
Our ancient swords are brittle now with rust,
The swords that once opposed great Kublai Khan.

The West that came into the dream-bound East
Returns to us the unknown gifts we gave,
And now, of languorous lethargy relieved,
An infant rises from the giant's grave.

Even as "China's Sorrow" eats away
The yellow soil of our denuded hills,
In a fierce torrent naught can dam or stay;
The flood is rising of our combined wills.

Look to your problems, nations of the West,
Our own were marshalled lately at Nankin.
Where once the Manchu brooded and oppressed
There did our real awakening begin.

Perhaps again will fierce Taipings arise,
Beware to interfere with our own strife.
On Flanders Field your unsolved problem lies.
The East is slowly stirring with new life.

We take your gifts and mould them to our need,
We ask but peace for our Celestial land.
Your Christ preached peace and banishment of greed,
And our Great Sage gave us the same command.

It may have been a confessional poem of Rupert Brooke that set this writer off on a similar vein; but the analogy stops there and we have a thought more compact and homogeneous than his. This is in the March *Atlantic:*

CLEARNESS

By Fannie Stearns Gifford

I have loved clearness. Sea-tide over shoal—
Sky before sunrise, purer than its star—
Green light of ferns—a spring's steep silvery bowl—
Blue halo of a candle-flame—the far
White emptiness round midnight moons.

All these
I have loved, hoarding. And clear simple minds—
Children with thoughts they do not know are dreams—
Men with straight eyes that no bad shadow blinds—
Women whose laughter has no barb. It seems
Such are most precious of Life's largesses.

Only the blurred and tangled things I fear.
O Death, I shall not care how strange you seem—
How far from Life—if you are only clear:
Not the sick crowded darkness of a dream,
But clear—clear—clear—like dawn's cold verities!

Not a sparrow falleth but some notice is aroused, this one has the added grace of a benediction from St. Francis. We find it in Chesterton's paper *The New Witness* (London).

ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI

By Amy Clarke

He lingered by a sparrow dead
Outside the city gate;
"Commend me to our Sister Death
And say she tarries late."

"Ah, gentle brother! when her hand
Was kindly on thee laid"—
He strewed the red leaves once and twice—
"Perchance thou wast afraid."

He kneeled and signed the cross above
The body where it lay;
"Christ keep thee safe, as He has kept
His servant to this day!

"The birds that haunt with music round
Our Mother Mary's throne,
While I go still on pilgrimage,
Receive thee as their own."

He sighed and passed upon his way
With weary feet unshod;
"Thou fliest before me, little soul,
Already winged, to God."

Three poems published in *The Liberator* (New York) are described as "by Class War Prisoners" and their source as Leavenworth Prison. Whether the writers are still confined there or not is not stated. But they seem to have a remarkable quality:

FREEDOM

By Ralph Chaplin

Up on the lookout, in the wind and sleet;
Out in the woods of tamarack and pine;
Down in the hot slopes of the dripping mine,
We dreamed of you, and oh, the dream was sweet!
And now you bless the felon food we eat,
And make each iron cell a sacred shrine;
For when your love thrills in the blood like wine,
The very stones grow holy to our feet!

We shall be faithful, though we march with death,
And singing storm the battlements of wrong:
One's life is such a little thing to give:
So we shall fight as long as we have breath,—
Love in our hearts, and on our lips a song:
Without you it were better not to live!

TAPS

By Ralph Chaplin

The day is ended! Ghostly shadows creep
Along each dim-lit wall and corridor.
The bugle sounds as from some fairy shore,
Silvered with sadness, somnolent and deep.
Darkness and bars! God! Shall we curse or weep?
A last, lone pipe is tapped upon the floor;
A guard slams shut the heavy iron doors;
The day is ended—go to sleep—to sleep!

Three times it sounds—weird lullaby of doom—
Quivers and dies,—while fecund Night gives birth
To other days like this day that is done.
Does Morning really live, beyond the gloom—
This deep black pall that hangs upon the earth?
He fears the dark who dares to doubt the sun!

VESPERS

By Charles Ashleigh

The sun goes down, and on the grass
With silent feet the shadows pass.
The trees stand still in fragrant prayer:
Cool as a pearl is the twilight air;
Cool as God's breath, at the close of day,
On my heated soul the mild winds play.
And I go to my iron-walled cell,
At the stroke of a tyrant bell.
"What have you hidden beneath your shirt?"
Suspiciously, my captors blurt.
My joy they can not understand.
"Oh, it's nothing that's contraband!"
All I have is a flower-washed heart,
Good medicine for my prison-smart—
A child-like heart that was born to-night
Just as the sun swam out of sight.
And all the night it will speak to me
Of a flower, a cloud and a flame-edged tree.

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES

O. HENRY AS LETTER-WRITER AND SKETCH-ARTIST

THERE ARE TWO WAYS OF ENCOUNTERING GENIUS away from the limelight—by handshake or by a letter. The handshake and exchange of words may be "eternally impressive," but they haven't the negotiable quality of letters, which can be passed on to others. A new series of letters by that effervescent genius who wrote under the name of O. Henry is introduced, with the foregoing genial generality, by their receiver, Mabel Wagnalls, who publishes them through Doubleday Page and Company. Her account of how the letters came to be written is given thus in the preface to her little volume:

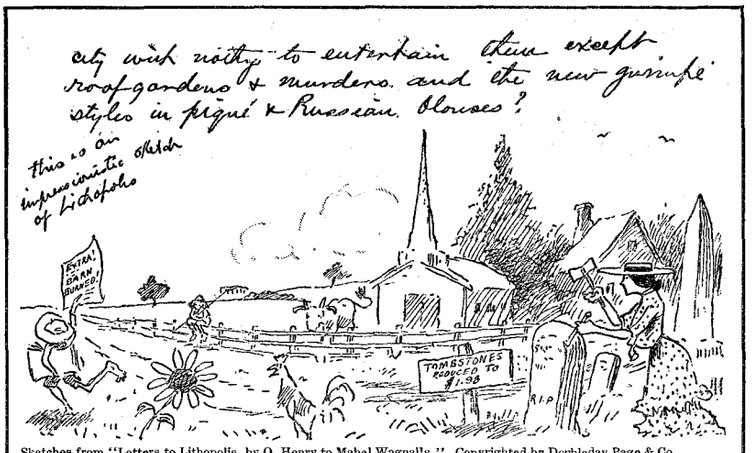
Some months before, I had read a story that greatly imprest me; it was "The Roads of Destiny." Not only was I imprest by the originality of the idea and style, but also by the originality of the author's name. Just "Henry" with an exclamation before it. I wondered how a writer could hope to be remembered with such a casual tagmark. What superb indifference to fame! Then, on second thought, I considered it a clever bid for fame—a name so coy as to be conspicuous. Then, on third thought, that Henry name began to stir up activities in other crevices of my brain. I had a great grandmother named Henry. Our family tree I had long since discovered to be sadly lacking in decorations. No stars or coronets hung on its boughs, nor even a horse-thief to vary the respectable monotony. Perhaps here was an offshoot I had missed—a Henry branch that might prove illustrious. I searched in "Who's Who?" and asked literary friends, but "O. Henry" was on no list of celebrities I could find. So I scribbled a few lines to his publisher, told who I was—or rather who my father was—and, as one publisher to another, so to speak, I begged to know whether O. Henry was man, woman, or wraith.

I mailed the missive—and forgot it.

Time—but why be prosaic? "The days," to quote from my favorite author, "with Sundays at their head, formed into hebdomadal squads, and the weeks, captained by the full moon, closed ranks into menstrual companies carrying Tempus Fugit on their banners."

By the time Thirty-fourth Street was displaying sport suits and parasols and the trunk stores were announcing instant removals, my mother and I made our annual visit to my grandmother's home in Lithopolis. You have possibly never heard of this town. Don't look for it on the map: it isn't there. And don't look for it from any railroad train window: it isn't there, either. Lithopolis stands alone—faithfully guarding an ancient stone quarry so long disused that no one knows when it last was drilled or blasted. Again let me say that Lithopolis stands alone, maintaining an aloofness, an exclusiveness, that is unmatched, I believe, by any other cluster of frame houses radiating around a one-block trading area of single-story shops. Not even the famous walled-in town of Rothenburg is so difficult to enter and so difficult to get out of after you're in. The daily mail-wagon was, at the time of our visits there, the sole public means of transit thither and thence; and likewise the one excitement of the day.

There are three hundred and fifty inhabitants in Lithopolis—never more, never less. The two hundred and eight houses it contains are kept in repair, and even rebuilt, but a new house is never added. Rather than do this people leave the town—or die. It is cheaper. . . . There is a millinery shop that cuddles close to the post-office, and just beyond the second lane sounds a blacksmith's shop. The hardware store plies a good trade in plows—and also deals in coffins. There are four churches to say prayers over the coffins when they are filled, and on the other street (there are only two) is the shop of a tombstone-maker (her name is Alta Jungkurth). And opposite to this shop stands the house and surrounding trees, the little garden and chicken corral of my eighty-year-old grandmother, whose mother had been born a Henry.


city with nothing to entertain them except roof gardens & murders. and the new grippe styles in frigid & Russian blouses?
this is an impressionistic sketch of Lithopolis
EXTRA! BARN BURNED!
TOMBSTONES TO REDUCED $1.98
R.I.P.

Sketches from "Letters to Lithopolis, by O. Henry to Mabel Wagnalls." Copyrighted by Doubleday Page & Co.

O. HENRY'S SKETCH OF A BUSY DAY IN LITHOPOLIS.

The lady tombstone maker and the boy carrying the extra about the burned barn, as well as the character shown in the cow, the church and the man with the hay-rake, may remind art critics of the similar sketches of John T. McCutcheon.

It was here that Miss Wagnalls received the first of a number of characteristic letters from the man whose fame was later to cross the country, and the seven seas beyond. He wrote:

NEW YORK,
June 9th, 1903.

MY DEAR MADAM:

The *Cosmopolitan Magazine* forwarded to me *yesterday* the little note you wrote on May 9th, in regard to some of the short stories I have been perpetrating upon the public. I do not know why they held your letter so long unless they thought it was a ms. submitted for publication, and finally decided to reject it—in which case I think they showed very poor taste and judgment.

I'm glad to be able to tell you that I am a man, and neither a woman nor a wraith. Still I couldn't exactly tell you why I'm glad, for there isn't anything nicer than a woman; and I have often thought, on certain occasions, that to be a wraith would be exceedingly jolly and convenient.

When you were looking for "O Henry" between the red covers of "Who's Who," I was probably between two gray saddle blankets on a Texas prairie listening to the moonlight sonata of the coyotes.

Since you have been so good as to speak nicely of my poor wares, I will set down my autobiography. Here goes!

Texas cowboy. Lazy. Thought writing stories might be easier than "busting" broncos. Came to New York one year ago to earn bread, butter, jam, and possibly asparagus that way. Last week loaned an editor $20.

Please pardon the intrusion of finances, but I regard the transaction as an imperishable bay. Very few story-writers have done that. Not many of them have the money. By the time they get it, they know better.

I think that is all that is of interest. I don't like to talk about literature. Did you notice that teentsy-weentsy little "I"? That's the way I spell it. I have much more respect for a man who brands cattle than for one who writes pieces for the printer. Don't you? It doesn't seem quite like a man's work. But then, it's quite often a man's work to collect a cheque from some publications.

I was very glad to get your letter, even tho it comes as to a wraith or an impersonality. Why? Well, down in Texas we are sort of friendly, you know, and when we see a man five miles off, we holler at him "Hello, Bill!" In New York the folks—well—(I wish I could show you right here how the Mexicans shrug one shoulder). Your letter seemed to read like a faint

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voice out of the chaparral calling: "Hello, Bill, you old flop-eared wraith, how're they comin'?" In Texas the folks freeze to you; in New York they freeze you. Sabe?

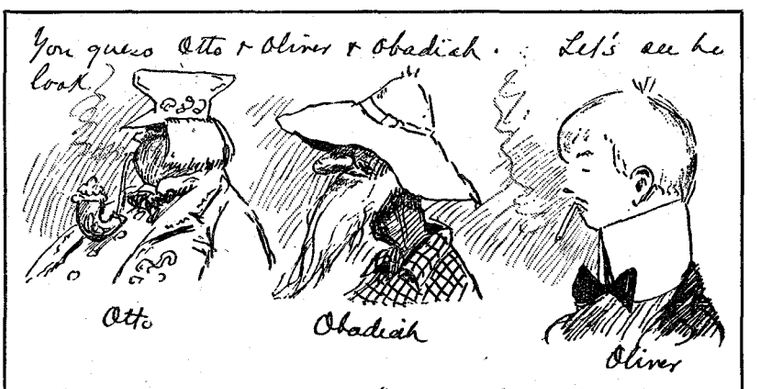
But I do not consider this a fault in New York. After one gets acquainted with the people they prove to be very agreeable and friendly. I have made a number of friends among the magazine men, whom I like very much.

What a pity it is that a downtrodden scribbler can't manage to claim kinship with a publisher's family! 'Way down in Louisiana is where my "Henry" name came from. Can't you dig up an ancestor among the old Southern aristocracy so we can be cousins?

Do you know, Miss Wagnalls, what would be the proper procedure on this occasion if this happened to be Texas? *I'll* tell you. I'd get on my bronco and ride over to 15th Street and holler "Hello, folkses!" And your pa would come out and say: "Light and hitch, stranger"; and you would kill a chicken for supper, and we would all talk about literature and the price of cattle.

But as this is New York and not Texas I will only say I hope you will overlook the nonsense, and believe that I much appreciate your cheering letter. There are one or two stories that I think you have not seen that I would like to have your opinion of if you would let me submit them to you some time. I think the judgment of a normal, intelligent woman is superior to that of an editor in a great many instances.

Sincerely yours,
O. HENRY.
47 West 24th Street.



PEN-AND-INK CHARACTERS BY A WORD-PAINTER.

These are O. Henry's response to Miss Wagnalls's suggestion that the mysterious "O" in his name might stand for "Otto," "Obadiah," or "Oliver."

Later, assisted by Miss Wagnalls's bits of epistolary description, O. Henry drew the "impersonistic sketch of Lithopolis" reproduced herewith. His sketching, it might be observed, has something of the quality, at once racy, humorous, romantic and naturalistic, of his writing. Quite as lively is the series of character portraits, inspired by Miss Wagnalls's guess at what the "O." in his name might stand for.

While he sat in his garret "nibbling at my crust (softened by a little dry Sauterne) and battling with the wolf at the door—(he's trying to get out—don't like it inside)," he wrote of Lithopolis:

Lemme see! Fairfield County—that's over across the "crick," isn't it, just this side of the woods? And Lithopolis—wait a minute—b'lieve I've heard of—— No, it wasn't the town—I guess it was a new $3 shoe or a trotting horse I was thinking of. (The whole paragraph was inspired by envy. I know it's peaceful & lovely & rural and restful out there. "Lost in Lithopolis; or Lolling among the Lotuses—not to mention the Lima Beans." 'Twould make a summer drama that would snow "The Old Homestead" under—paper snow, of course.) . . .

I think Fate has been unjustly kind to you in the bestowal of favors. You are revelling in rural felicity and eggs and country air and scenery. That should be enough to satisfy any one. And yet with all those blessings heaped at your feet you are accorded the additional privilege of having witnessed the thrilling destruction of Bart Kramer's barn by the fire demon. It is not fair. Isn't a holiday enough for you without your demanding holocausts, too? Tho denied the spectacle myself, I can imagine the exciting scene—the lurid flames lighting up the lurid heavens with their lurid glare, and Bart rarin' and chargin' around trying to rescue the buggy harness and the settin'-hen. In such supreme moments do you never give a thought to the unfortunates cooped up in the city with nothing to entertain them except roof gardens & murders and the new guimpe styles in piqué & Russian blouses?

I'm awfully obliged for the nice things you said about my little old stories. I don't think very much of 'em myself, but it sounds kind of friendly, anyway. The only line in which I am convinced that I am truly great is in Art. This you can see for yourself. I once illustrated a book for a Texas writer. When he saw the pictures he tore up his MS. and threw it into the Colorado River. That's a fact.

I suppose this nonsense of mine is getting to be a nuisance by this time. But I really am not able to take things solemnly. The whole business—life, literature, operas, philosophy & shirt-waists—is a kind of a joke, isn't it? I reckon that riding around on a pony on the Texas prairies thinking about the beans and barbecued beef we're going to have for supper is about as good as anything. When the illusions go the best thing to do is to take it good-humoredly. So, there's some philosophy for you. It isn't solid enough to keep you awake after the frogs begin to croak in Lithopolis.

In another letter he suggests that he would like to hear more of Lithopolis, and inquires: "How are the Domineck chickens getting along, and has your grandmother had the fence painted this spring?" However, New York, at this time was not treating him badly. He was beginning to attract attention. "Sometimes I get tired of New York," he admits—

And want to be where I can holler "Hello, Aunt Emily!" to the mayor's wife, and go back of the counter in the post-office with a sort of Lithopolitan insouciance and freedom. The other night I went up to the Madison Square post-office and sat on the steps for two hours. Do you know, that postmaster never even came out and said "how's tricks," much less joining in for a social chat. Everybody is so stiff in New York. But I hardly think I'll leave this year. I've got the editor men chasing me for stuff now, and I want to work 'em a while longer.

There are many other letters, all of them rich in whimsies, philosophy, and genial human nature, in this little volume of "Letters to Lithopolis, from O. Henry to Mabel Wagnalls." They are rounded with Miss Wagnalls's poignant description of the author's funeral. "We went to O. Henry's funeral, my mother and I," she writes:

We had read in the papers of his passing, and had noted the hour and the place; a fitting place it was—the Little Church Around the Corner—the Church of the Strangers, as it sometimes is called. We supposed there would be a large crowd; probably cards of admission would be required. We had none, but we went, intending to stand on the curb, if need be, to pay our last deference to one of America's Immortals. But no crowd edged the curb; we saw a few carriages and a small group at the door that somehow was far from funereal in appearance. On entering the vestibule, we were accosted with a question. So certain were we it must be a request for a card that for a moment we were uncomprehending—and good reason there was for our dismay. We had heard the strangest question ever worded, I believe, at chancel door since the cross of Christ stood over it:

"Have you come for the wedding or the funeral?"

Somehow it was a phrase that stabbed to the heart, tho we soon understood, of course, that a mistake had been made in the time set for the two ceremonies. The wedding-party was already there, but it was decided to hold the funeral first. So a few of us—astonishingly few, unbelievably few—sat forward in the dim nave—while a brief—a very brief—little service was read over the still form of one whose tireless hand had penned pages of truth, humor, and philosophy that will live as long as the foundation-stones of our Hall of Fame endure.

One felt a hurried pulse through all the service, and as the cortège passed out a flower or two fell from the casket and we knew that soon the bridal train would be brushing them aside.

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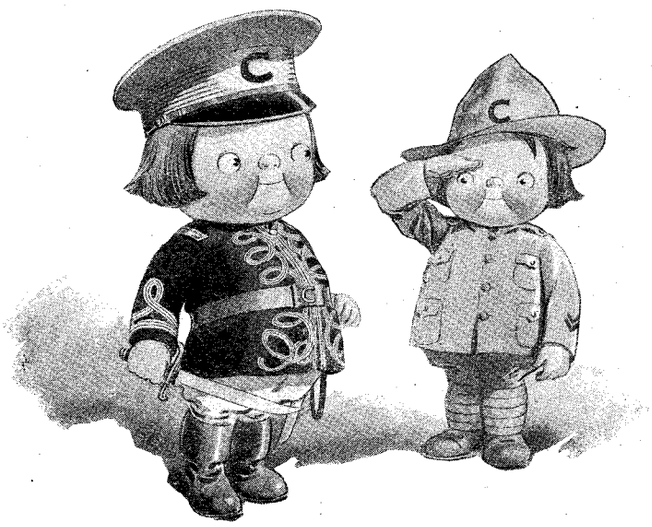
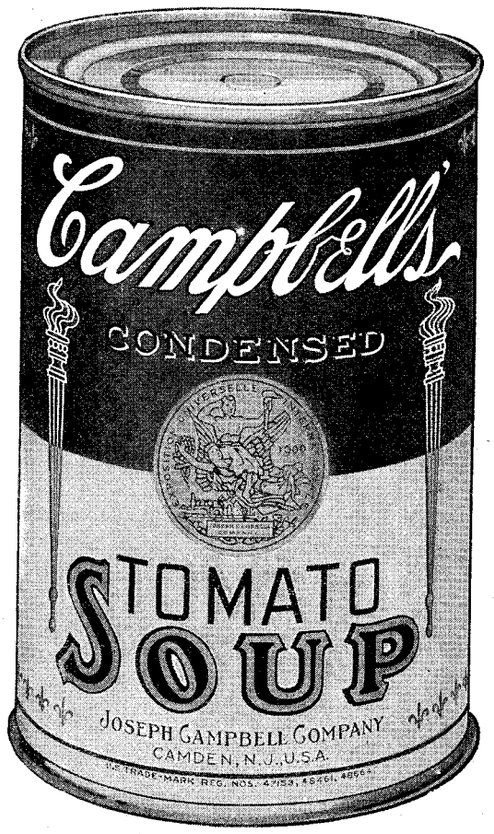
We'll limit our arms, build cities and farms,
And flourish in strength and vigor.
For our greatest wealth is our jolly good health—
It's the nation's best bet to grow bigger.





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A GENTLEMAN UNAFRAID—NAME UNKNOWN

THE WIRELESS OPERATOR OF THE *GRONTOFT*, a little Norwegian freighter that sank without trace on March 2, left the record of his heroism in "a series of Homeric pleasantries which may still be dimpling the ether of interstellar space with their ripples." He was doomed, and he knew it, but he met death with a smile on his lips. His last wireless call to the ship that was floundering through the raging storm, helpless to reach the sinking *Grontoft* in time to be of service, was the Norwegian toast, "Skoal!" This indication that he was of the old Viking breed followed a series of jests that have an American tang. None of the journalists who paid him a last tribute knows where he hailed from, no one knows even his name, and yet he will be remembered. To quote from an appreciative account in the New York *Tribune:*

Until 10 A. M. March 2, he was an undistinguished member of that adventurous company of youths who perch on heaving hurricane decks the world around with receivers clamped to their heads, while their jests and gossip ride the ether waves. His body, with those of the nineteen others aboard the *Grontoft*, has an unmarked grave about 700 miles off Cape Race, but while the wireless bears tidings of tragedy and heroism across the seas, his fame will be remembered by the craft and the manner of his death.

One of the fiercest gales of a ferocious winter was lashing the Atlantic, burying mighty liners beneath mountains of water. The *Esthonia* was laboring westward toward Cape Race, still 700 miles away. At 10 A. M. Edward Hanson, braced at his table in the wireless operator's quarters, caught an S. O. S.

It was from the *Grontoft*, bound from Norfolk to Esbjerg, now unmanageable and at the mercy of the storm. The call for help was sent in stereotyped form and included, as regulations require, the position of the *Grontoft*, which was forty-eight miles northeast of the *Esthonia*, almost in the wind's eye.

When he reached the end of the form message the *Grontoft's* operator kept right on talking, however, starting a series of Homeric pleasantries which may still be dimpling the ether of interstellar space with their ripples.

"God pity the boys at sea such a night as this," quoth the dauntless operator of the floundering freighter. "The old man thinks it might breeze up by night."

He paused, and above the gale the ether pulsated to the swift response of Hanson that the message had been received. Hanson flung the receiver on the table and notified Captain Hans Jorgenson of the S. O. S. The Cunard-Anchor liner *Cameronia* also had picked it up, but the *Cameronia* was 200 miles away and had just been swept from bow to stern by the biggest wave its skipper, Captain Blakie, had seen in thirty-five years at sea. He said, when his ship got in yesterday, that it was forty feet high and about 300 feet from slope to slope.

It was up to the *Esthonia*, and Captain Jorgenson did not hesitate, altho it seemed a sheer impossibility to come about in such a storm. The vessel trembled at the shock of the waves which caught it broadside on, rolled sickeningly in the trough and edged into the teeth of the wind, shivering to the racing of the screw as a huge comber that had seemed about to slip over the rail, heaved at the keel instead.

"Tell him that we are on the way to help him," said Captain Jorgenson to Hanson.

The operator did so. At the rate the *Esthonia* had been traveling, it should reach the vicinity of the *Grontoft* about four P. M., but four miles was all the staggering steamship could make in the first hour on the new course. The engines were driving ahead under forced draft, but the wind and waves exerted tremendous pressure and at intervals the screw was hoisted clear of the water while the vessel trembled and lost headway.

Another S. O. S. was received from the *Grontoft* at eleven o'clock. When he had sent it, the freighter's wireless operator remarked to the universe:

"Well, the steward is making sandwiches for the lifeboats. Looks like we were going on a picnic."

This in the face of a storm in which no small boat could survive five minutes, even if it reached the water right side up!

The *Esthonia* drove on at a better pace now and Hanson sent an encouraging message to the operator of the *Grontoft*. At 11:30 the skipper of that doomed vessel having other things than the wireless to occupy his mind, his operator took up the conversation on his own hook.

"The old wagon has a list like a rundown heel," he confided to Hanson with the utmost cheerfulness. "This is no weather to be out without an umbrella."

"Hold on; we'll be alongside soon," was the rejoinder of Hanson, who was unable to view the situation with the equanimity of his confrère.

Silence settled down in the ether except for occasional mutterings from far-off operators, who gave astounding statistics as to the height and breadth of waves they had observed and wanted Hanson to tell them what his square-headed skipper thought he could do in such a sea if he did find the *Grontoft*.

Hanson was in no mood for such comments, and made no answer. He was waiting for the next message from the blithe lad on the upper deck of the *Grontoft*. It came at 12:10 dictated by the captain of the freighter.

"We are sinking stern first," it ran. "The decks are awash. The boats are smashed. Can't hold out any longer."

The man who sent it seemed to feel that it was slightly out of tune. He wished to make it clear that it was the skipper's message, not his.

"The skipper dictated that," said he to Hanson. "He ought to know.

"Where did I put my hat? Sorry we couldn't wait for you. Pressing business elsewhere. Skoal!"

That was the end. The operator, alone in his deckhouse, and his fellows, clinging to the rails or the derrick mast, at the wheel or fleeing from the flooded depths of the engine-room, went to the pressing business—elsewhere. Not so much as a bit of wreckage was visible in the turmoil of waters when the *Esthonia* reached the spot at 4:10 P. M.

MR. ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR "FALLS" FOR A TITLE

"OH, WHAT A FALL WAS THERE, MY COUNTRYMEN!" fairly sums up, in so far as may be judged by the reports that have reached this country, British feelings aroused by the popular Mr. Balfour's acceptance of the Order of the Garter, which includes a title. As with Cæsar, the decoration had thrice been offered to him before, and he had thrice refused. So sure were his friends and acquaintances in the diplomatic world of his continued refusal that almost coincidentally with the announcement of his acceptance, Cunliffe-Owen, veteran English journalist and diplomat, published a long article in the New York *Times*, explaining why Mr. Balfour would feel it incumbent on himself to continue a plain "Mister." There is thus presented, to the gaze of titleless America, the spectacle of a British public, where titles are supposedly held in esteem, shaken with regret because one of the leading statesmen of the age should so have lowered himself as to become a "Sir." "Acceptance of the Order of the Garter by Arthur J. Balfour," reports the *Tribune's* London Bureau, "is lamented by the British press because it forces this popular statesman to assume knighthood." From other sources it appears that knighthood has become so generally looked upon as the payment for a sizeable campaign contribution that it is no longer respected as much as formerly. At any rate, reports the London correspondent of the New York *Tribune:*

So fond are the British people of thinking of their chief delegate at the Washington Armament Limitation Conference as the "Great Commoner" that they almost regret this honor. It is almost a parallel to the case of Benjamin Disraeli.

"It will take us a long time to get accustomed to Mr. Balfour in the strange guise of Sir Arthur," remarks *The Star*. "Frankly, we grieve at the honor of knighthood conferred on him because in our view the title of Mister, in its simplicity and its dignity, becomes the great man better. We congratulate him sadly."

"It is a little strange, to call 'A. J.' Sir Arthur," says *The Evening Standard*.

"We will lose in Sir Arthur something of that honorable plainness which makes Mr. Balfour distinguished," says *The Pall Mall Gazette*.

"It will be a strange experience for the House of Commons to find a veteran statesman among the ranks of its various knights," says *The Evening News*.

However, intimates a special cable to the New York *Times*, Sir Arthur will struggle along under his new honor, especially since—

The Order of the Garter is the highest honor in the gift of the British Sovereign. There have been few commoners appointed

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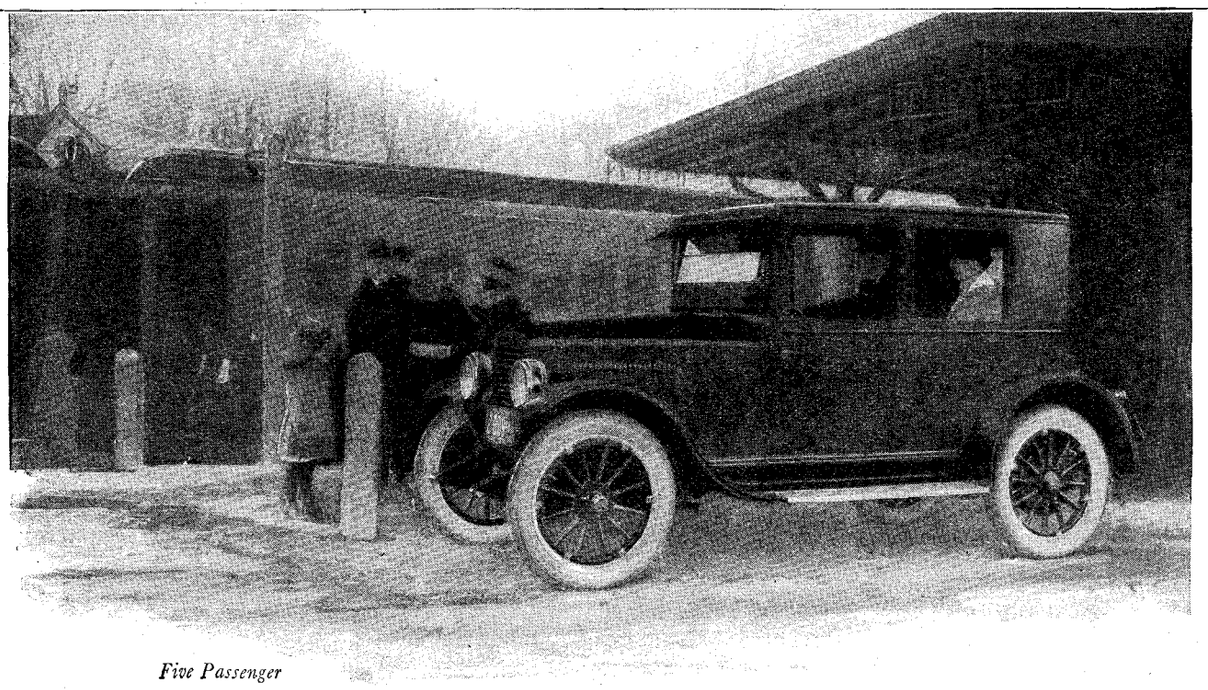

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to this order. They include Sir Robert Walpole in 1726, Sir Frederick North in 1772, Lord Castlereagh in 1814, Sir Edward Grey in 1912, and now Mr. Balfour, who receives it after a life spent in the service of the state, his most notable achievement being the representation of the interests of this country at Washington.

He has been to Englishmen always plain "Mr. Balfour," and there are many thousands who would not even be able to say right out what is his Christian name.

The admission of a Knight of the Garter is one of the most gorgeous ceremonials in the world, just as the order itself is the one that has imposed itself most deeply upon the British imagination. The ceremony will take place in the Garter Room at Windsor. On the same occasion other waiting members of the order will be invested, among them Lord Lascelles.

Mr. Cunliffe-Owen, C. B. E., writing just before Balfour's acceptance of the Garter and knighthood was cabled to this country, observed:

That the ex-Premier should have begged leave of his sovereign to decline these honors will surprize no one who recalls the fact that at the close of 1905, on the defeat of his Unionist Cabinet, he had manifested a similar disinclination to accept the Earldom then prest upon him by Edward VII. And it is said that the offer was repeated to him by his now reigning sovereign on his return home at the close of his first mission to the United States in 1917, after America's entry into the war.

Indeed, the only honor that Arthur Balfour has been willing to take from the Crown has been the Order of Merit, which carries with it no title, is limited to twelve particularly distinguished officers of the Army and Navy, and to twelve men who have "rendered exceptionally meritorious service to the advancement of art, literature and science." Balfour chose to consider the order in the light of a recognition of his scientific endeavors, rather than as an acknowledgment of his merits as a statesman, and as a political leader.

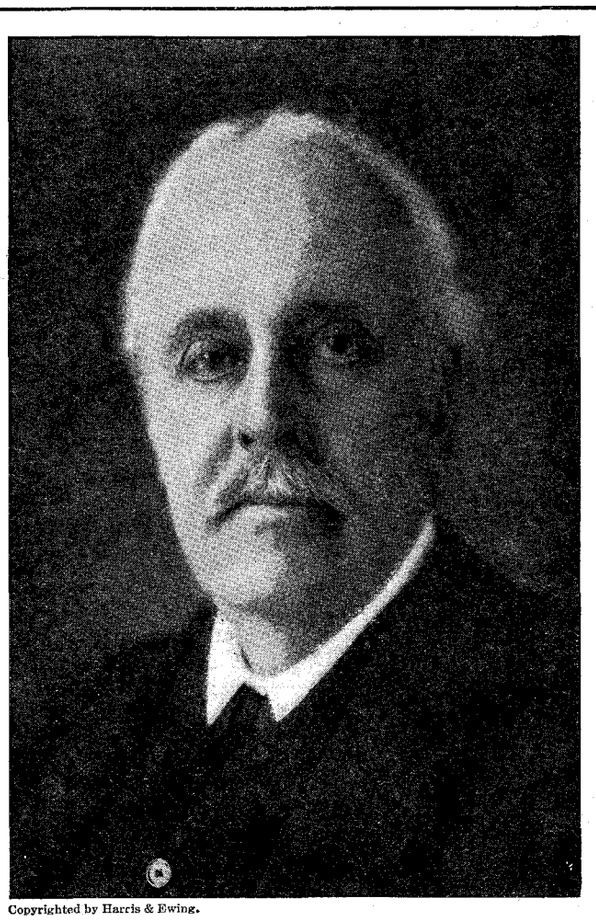
Arthur Balfour could not accept the Garter without the knighthood which is indispensable to membership in the order and which would entail to prefix "Sir" to his Christian name, and a Dukedom presented as little attraction to him as to his uncle, the late Marquis of Salisbury, who was offered one by both Queen Victoria and Edward VII. He prefers to figure in the history of the British Empire as plain "Mr." Balfour, that is to say, under the name and style by which he has been known throughout the last fifty years or more, both at home and abroad. Robert Walpole and Sir Edward Grey remain thus far on record as the only commoners who, within the last two centuries, at any rate, have been admitted to the Order of the Garter, and in each instance this distinction was followed not long afterward by elevation to the peerage, the one as the Earl of Oxford and the other as Viscount Grey of Falloden. But there seems to be but little prospect of their example in this respect being followed by Arthur Balfour.

What his reasons are for adopting this attitude are fairly well known. In the first place, he is a confirmed bachelor, and therefore indifferent to the hereditary value of honors. And then, too, he belongs to that class of Englishmen who, of ancient and illustrious lineage and of affluence, are impelled by a sense of patriotic obligation to serve the state to the very best of their endeavors, without any question of recognition or reward. They are devoid of all selfish ambition for place and power. They have only at heart the welfare of the nation, to which they are ever ready to sacrifice their personal convenience, their tastes and often their health.

The late Duke of Devonshire was an illustration of this particular type. Politics bored him stiff. He would yawn through sheer ennui, even in the midst of his own speeches in the House of Commons, and afterward in the House of Lords. He preferred horse-racing and other branches of sport, as well as country life. And yet from a sheer sense of duty, and with nothing to gain thereby, in the way of rank, emolument or popular acclaim, he may be said to have given up his entire existence to what he honestly believed to be his political obligations to the nation.

Nor was it from any motives of personal advantage that his nephew and successor, the present Duke, but with the sole object of doing his bit for the Empire, accepted during the war the Governor-Generalship of Canada, which entailed an absence from England for close upon five years, with the severance, during that time at any rate, of all his associations and his interests at home.

Of course, this sense of patriotic obligation to serve the state in an entirely disinterested fashion without any idea of personal advantage or reward is not restricted to Great Britain. It is not in any degree a monopoly of the English people. Illustrations thereof are to be found in many countries, notably on this side of the Atlantic. Thus, full of years and of honors, enjoying the well-earned reputation at home and abroad of being the master statesman of America, it is difficult to see what motive Elihu Root can have had in giving long and weary months of exhausting labor as one of the plenipotentiaries of his native land at the recent Disarmament Congress, unless it be a sense of patriotic obligation to serve the nation, such as that of which Arthur Balfour furnished such a notable illustration in the case of Great Britain.



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SIR ARTHUR, THE EX-"GREAT COMMONER."

After much urging, and several refusals, Arthur James Balfour has consented to accept the Order of the Garter and knighthood from his sovereign. Many British commentators think that he would have been more distinguished if he had remained a plain "Mister."

The real greatness of the man, shown especially during his recent work at the Washington Conference which won him his decoration and title, is brought out by an other appreciator, P. W. Wilson, who writes in the *Times:*

To those who have watched the career of Arthur Balfour, it seems strange that his success in the United States as a diplomatist should rival the achievements of James Bryce. Balfour's prospects, like his politics and his theology, always have been involved—to quote his own phrase—in philosophic doubt, but that he would mix well with Americans no one could have foreseen.

As Prince Charming Balfour was sent to Eton, the most exclusive of public schools in England. At Trinity College, Cambridge, his fastidious intellect tasted moral science, in which he worried only to take a second class, preferring doubtless that his higher and more numerous degrees should be honorary.

Balfour learned a dialect that split the finest hairs, and acquired a femininity which knows no expletive save "bother," even on a golf course. Slender and adorable, the gods evidently meant him to die young. No one expected that he would survive long enough for a presentation portrait by Sargent. In him were united the Scottish subtlety of his father and the Cecilian statecraft of his mother, who was Lord Salisbury's sister. He is a combine of Hegelian Haldane and Elizabethan Burghley, which is doubtless why, as a musician, he strums the simplicities of Handel.

There seemed no reason why Balfour should not enter Parliament. He needed occupation, and the merchants of Manchester needed an aristocrat. Balfour agreed to become their ornament in the House of Commons, where he reclined, watching the roof

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through his eyeglasses and occasionally glancing at Gladstone. Not having any need to be proud, he joined the Fourth Party, which became so famous in the early '80's. Its immense importance lay in the fact that it consisted only of four men: Balfour, Randolph Churchill, Drummond-Wolff and John Gorst. The party did not want to grow bigger. Churchill supplied the rhetoric, Drummond-Wolff the knowledge, Gorst the satire and Balfour the superiority. They seized Gladstone's job for Balfour's uncle, Salisbury, the marquis.

Naturally, Lord Salisbury, who was a chemist at Hatfield House, thought that Arthur showed promise and might, like the rest of the family, use his spare time in governing the British Empire. But, says the writer:

Balfour's health was a problem. He was unused either to work or to worry. So he was made Chief Secretary for Ireland with coercion as his latest toy.

On the treasury bench he still reclined, now salaried, and while his slender fingers held smelling-salts to his nostrils his slender feet displayed spats on the table which alone separated him from Gladstone. The Irish snorted; Balfour sniffed and sneered. His backbone might bend, but its flexibility was of steel. He traveled in Ireland unescorted. Nobody shot him. And Balfour carved out the farms afresh, ignoring the rights of property with an indifference worthy of Lenine, and showing that while the right man may steal a horse, the wrong man must not look over a hedge. Without disarranging a hair (which would have been a great pity) he would put Nationalist M. Ps. into prison, and when they came out again none was more anxious than he to know whether they had been made entirely comfortable as his guests.

From the New York "Times."

AN ARISTOCRAT BOWS TO "JUST FOLKS."

Mr. Balfour's success at the Washington Disarmament Conference is attributed largely to his newly found ability to bend to the will of the majority, a gesture which has been called "the most significant obeisance since an Emperor went to Canossa."

At last Balfour wearied of conservative intrigues and dissensions. While retaining his seat in the Commons he resigned his leadership. To succeed him Andrew Bonar Law was chosen, and Balfour would come to debates and watch his former lieutenant with a curious and detached smile as one watches an intelligent animal at the zoo—this person who had the incredible impertinence to be preferred to Arthur Balfour!

Then there began to develop the Balfour whom America has so shrewdly discovered. His indifference now extended to himself and his own career. He played golf and tennis. He wrote. He lectured. But for office, for party, he cared nothing. Even a peerage would not tempt him. To become a duke merely would have obscured Arthur Balfour, who as prime minister could have created dukes. The true hereditary principle is, after all, to be one's self as born. He looked at life from his own distance, unmoved now by controversies which before had enraged him. Asquith was his opponent, but Asquith was, as he could see, harmless, and, anyway, he liked him.

But Balfour's favorite enemy was Lloyd George. It was partly because Lloyd George always treated him as a big man. This, after all, is grateful and comforting. But it was also because in Lloyd George the keen eye of Balfour discovered an opportunist after his own heart, a real ruler, one who could put even Parliament in its place, who at court was no courtier but a comrade of the most exalted. In Balfour and Lloyd George like called to like. In the war neither minded what office he filled; neither minded which party won elections; to both, mankind alone mattered.

Balfour, therefore, agreed to serve under both Asquith and Lloyd George, nor did he worry where he served. It might be the Admiralty. It might be the Foreign Office. It might be Versailles, Geneva, Washington. But it was, none the less, hard, continuous work. For years, Balfour has been practically homeless. For months and months he has never seen England at all, much less his library, his real friends. With uncomplaining patience, he has endured the drudgery of diplomatic legislation, of listening to long and formal speeches, oft translated, which added nothing to history or happiness; of infinite argument with "comma hounds," whose contentions were meticulous nothings.

At Paris, Balfour, like Clemenceau, frankly slept; it will ever be among the more recondite glories of Washington that it has kept Balfour awake. In the United States Balfour has found intellectual peace. After the trials of Toryism he has accepted American democracy as Voltaire ultimately accepted the Catholic faith. His storm-tossed career has ended in the haven of authoritarianism—the supreme will of the majority. Balfour is now a Liberal, orthodox, devout and reverent to the mass mind. His bow to President Harding, when the Conference opened, was the most significant obeisance since an Emperor went to Canossa. It was the Cecil admitting that the turn of the people had come at last.

With the imperturbable clarity of decision, Balfour decided within himself that it was his duty at Washington to be urbane, friendly, approachable. In Secretary Hughes he saw a Baptist who was also a great statesman. He learned that schools, when applied fearlessly to a nation, produce a mind among the many as well as a mind among the few. In fact, he likes Americans. He enjoys the unusual with which sometimes this country startles her guests. In a friendly way he sees the humor of it all. He has become a real international.

In estimating his services, it must be confessed that at Washington Balfour had all the luck. If Lloyd George had attended the Conference, one would have heard less of Balfour. Instead, he had among his colleagues Lord Lee, who is efficient and loyal, but, of course, younger, and in no sense a competitor for the honors of the occasion; and Sir Auckland Geddes, the British Ambassador, who had established the friendliest relations with official personages at Washington.

In America, Balfour was dined, motored, highly entertained. And about society in Washington there is that which few can resist. It is warm-hearted, tactful, spontaneous—a delightful relief after some European capitals. Mr. Balfour likes bright talk, bright faces, the genial if subdued glow of the supper table. He has his domestic side. There was a day, long, long ago, when he looked forward to having a home of his own like that. Those early days were not all of them spent in persiflage. In every life, perhaps, there is sorrow; certainly in this one.

Declinations of the Order of the Garter, perhaps the most ancient and illustrious in Europe, are relatively rare, writes Frederick Cunliffe-Owen, partly because the vacancies are so infrequent in the number of knights, which is limited to twenty-five. It is to this illustrious company that Sir Arthur now belongs. As for declinations of peerages, which are much more numerous, says the writer:

Among the cases thereof which occur to me at the present moment is that of the late Joseph Chamberlain, the organizer of what may be described as the system of federation which unites King George's oversea dominions into one vast empire. On at least two occasions earldoms were prest upon him by his grateful sovereign, with the cordial approval of his countrymen. But on each occasion he refused the proffered honor, preferring to die as he had lived, under the name of Joseph Chamberlain; a name which is still a household word in all various parts of the world subject to King George's sway.

When he passed away, his American widow (daughter of

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THE STRANGER AT THE GATE

In the feudal days of old, when cities were armed camps, when the stranger was an enemy until he proved himself a friend, the merchant who came from one city to another was challenged at the gate.

Today, by thousands, to every city in the land, come the salesmen of manufacturers in distant places. There are no walls of stone to bar their entrance; no city gates where sentries challenge. But there are other gates within the city; there are other walls than walls of stone.

What salesman does not know the little gate that leads the way—or bars it—to the inner office of the buyer? What salesman does not know that important moment when his card goes in—and he waits the word? And if his product is unknown—how often he is halted at the gate!

Then the gates of the homes—the millions of homes—in cities and towns and villages, and on the farms, where dwell the people. Of these there are so many that the manufacturer cannot send his salesmen to them; yet the success or failure of his product hangs upon its reception at these gates. And here again, the unknown product is challenged, while the gates swing wide for the known.

In the old days there were certain illustrious persons upon whom was conferred a key to the city, symbolizing the good-will of the inhabitants and betokening that all places were open to them. Today, in the world of industry, there are those who hold a similar key. They are the ones who know the power of advertising.

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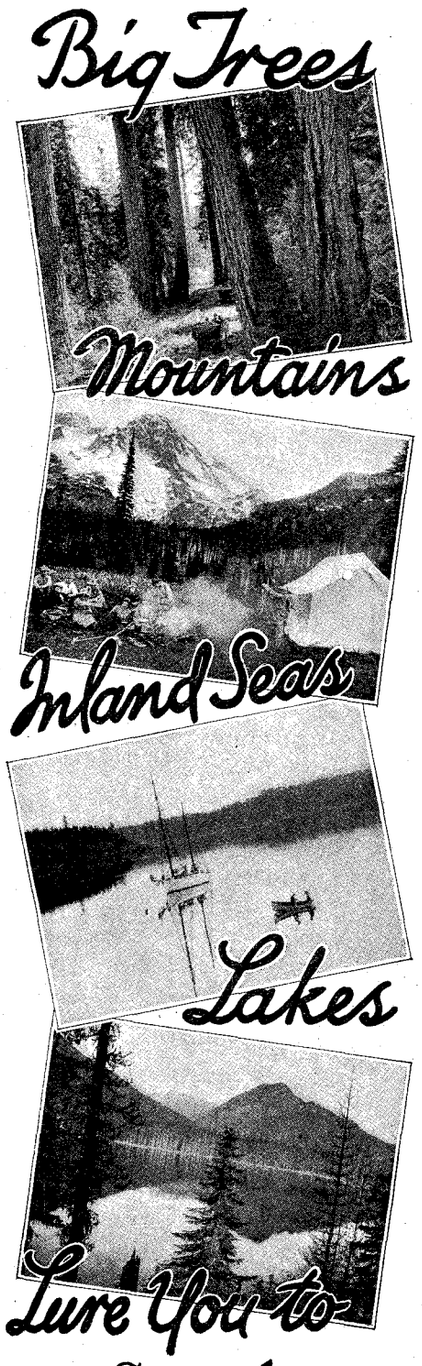

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

Judge Endicott of Salem, Mass., Secretary of the Navy in the first Cleveland Administration), was urged by King George to accept an earldom in her own right, in recognition of the great services of her lamented husband—in recognition, too, of the touching care with which she had nursed him throughout his closing years, after he had been overtaken by infirmities that rendered him as helpless as a child, but which left his brain clear, and his mind of a master statesman unclouded. That she thus prolonged his life for the service of the nation, and lightened the eventide of his days by her unvarying cheerfulness and sunny disposition, won for her the gratitude of all his friends and admirers, including that of the King and Queen.

But she declined the proffered earldom—the only one ever offered to a woman of American birth by the British Crown—pleading that since "fighting Joe" had not seen fit to accept the peerages offered to him in turn by three British sovereigns, she, as his widow, felt that she would be deferring to his views, by adopting a similar course, and by following his example.

A "DON OF DREAMS"—AND OTHER TROUBLES

TOO much imagination was one of the several difficulties against which Herman Heinze had to contend. Herman, as explained by William J. Flynn, former chief of the United States Secret Service, dreamed of various important inventions and artistic attainments. He felt sure, for instance, that he could put on the market a helicopter that would render all present flying-machines obsolete, given only a small amount of money to finance his invention. His imagination thus was more or less directly responsible for his manufacture of American half-dollars from Mexican silver dollars, and his artistic ability enabled him to produce a coin almost as good as the United States Mint's best product. A long, hard chase by government agents finally wound up in his capture in the Ramapo Hills of New Jersey, and in a prison term, which he accepted like an artist, a philosopher and a gentleman. He is one of the several cases which Chief Flynn tells about in a series of stories running in the New York *Herald*. Herman is now out of jail, and such a large amount of assorted imagination is carried around in his head that, writes the former Secret Service Chief—

There is a meager possibility that one of these nights the Metropolitan Opera Company will produce an opera unlike anything it has ever sung. I say that the possibility is a meager one, but I've come across such amazing things while hunting crooks that I'm prepared for the shock, no matter whence it comes.

I can see the announcements of the new opera—the "Fall of Jericho" or "Daniel and the Lions," score and libretto by none other than Herman Heinze. Four or five acts of it, with lots of tenors and magnificent orchestral effects. Probably Herman would have a band in the pit instead of an orchestra. It is not improbable that Herman would sing all the parts himself. Herman would try anything any number of times if not restrained.

Wonder what has become of Herman since he left Sing Sing? We had a fearful time getting him in there. Possibly it will not be an opera that will announce Herman Heinze's return. It may be a portable bridge made of aluminum and long enough and strong enough to take all the traffic that crosses the East River. Herman was rather keen about portable bridges. As I recall it he had a bridge that would even span the Hudson. This bridge could be moved up and down the river to suit traffic. If there was great call for it at Fourteenth Street at noon, let's say, it would simply move to Fourteenth Street and mechanically extend itself or shorten itself to span the river at that point. At two o'clock the traffic at Chambers Street might be enormous. Simple. Merely pull a lever and throw in a switch or so and the Heinze bridge would plow down to Chambers Street and connect the two shores.

Herman was a thinker, a poet, a romanticist. It was too much, all this, for one man. It got him into no end of trouble.

It was Herman's airship that fetched his downfall. The opera and the bridge, as much as he cherished them as dreams, could wait. After all, there was a limited audience for opera; and a bridge, by the same token, was a bridge—a common enough thing. Later on there would be time for bridges. Let the world struggle along with its clumsy steel spans. Good enough for it, at that.

It is true that Herman tried to sell his opera, but the music-loving public was at that time balking at the ultra-modern school. Strauss was yet to come, but folks were preparing for him. One thing at a time. The public would never stand for Strauss and Heinze simultaneously. Fancy the first singing of "Elektra" with the "Fall of Jericho" being produced in a neighboring theater at the same hour, and New York's police force numbering only 10,000, as it did at the time!

So the world has never heard Herman Heinze orchestrated and warbled.

It may be Herman Heinze's patent airship on which he will ride to fame once more. As I have said, it was this very airship that accomplished his ultimate collapse. Somewhere in the archives of the Treasury Department they may have the plans of Heinze's Homemade Helicopter. He told us it antedated Orville Wright's by ten years, and that the only reason monuments were not being erected to him instead of Mr. Wright was that Mr. Wright was a business man who knew how to induce capital to finance him, whereas he, Herman Heinze, was an artist miserably futile at commerce.

It is fair enough to say that whatever else Heinze's flying-machine lacked, it was guiltless of lack of originality. Nothing quite like it has been seen. I never saw it fly, in as much as my acquaintance with it was limited to the plans and its picture, drawn, of course, by its inventor.

As far as I was able to discern it performed on the principle of all helicopters—a flying-machine sustained and propelled by one or more air screws on vertical axes. Herman's had four screws. The pilot sat on a high seat manipulating two levers. There was nothing of the machine over his head. There was nothing immediately in front of him, nor in back of him, nor on either side of him. It was as tho he was

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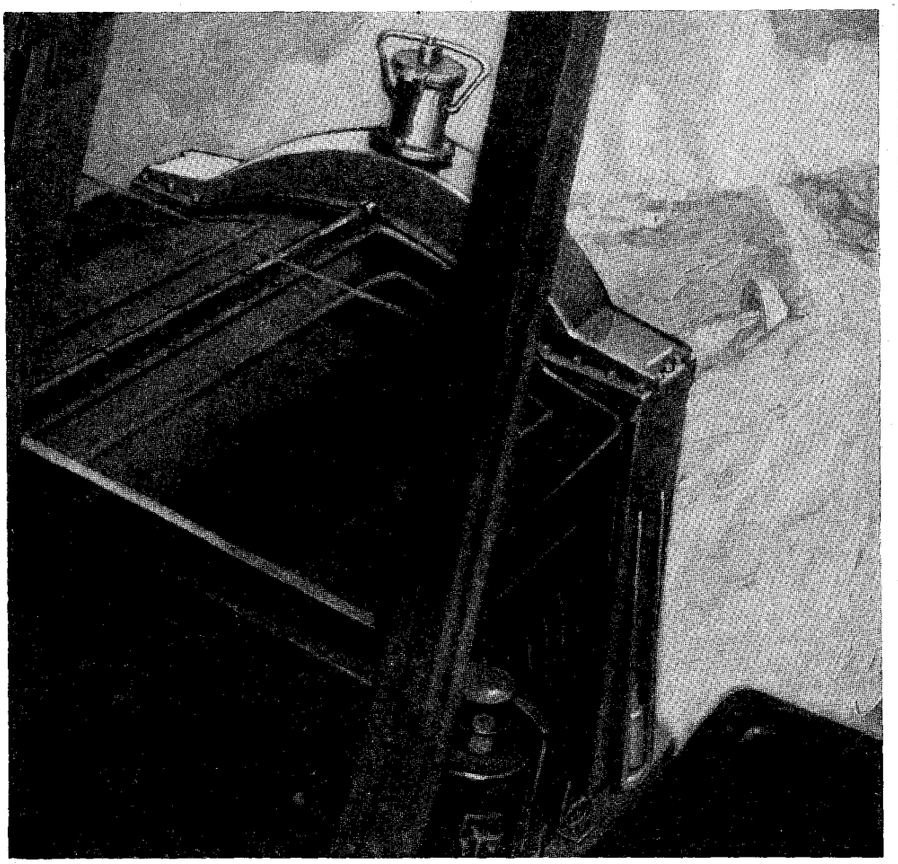

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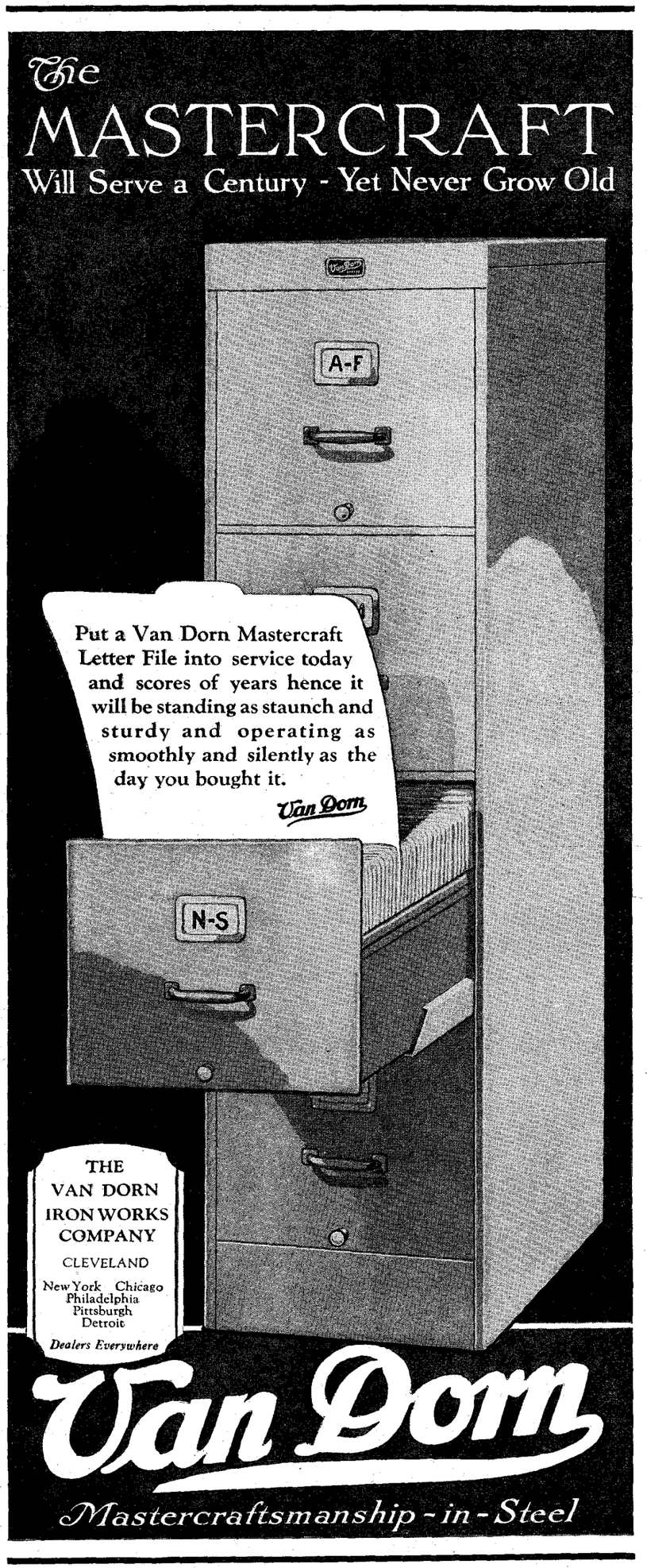
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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

sitting on top of a flagpole viewing grandeur. All the driving and sustaining apparatus was beneath him.

The picture suggested a blithe, bewhiskered citizen riding through space on a collection of furnace pipe. A male Valkyr taking in the clouds on a bunch of oversize stovepipe.

Do not misunderstand me. Herman was no nut. He had a little too much imagination, perhaps, and it is likely his fancies governed him. But there was no crack in his brain that shouldn't have been there. He was as sane as a bookkeeper.

However, his flying-machine failed of success like his opera and his aluminum portable bridge. He failed to interest moneyed folk and therefore lacked the money to build the machine-shop and hangars necessary to the building and experimenting. As you will see in a moment, Herman lacked nothing but money.

It was along about September, 1906, that word was received that the Pacific coast was being showered by half-dollars that never saw a United States mint. "Agent Burke went out to make preliminary investigation," says Chief Flynn:

He came back with a very remarkable reproduction of a fifty-cent silver coin. Its weight was correct. The silver was genuine. As bullion it was worth as much as the legitimate coin. If you looked at it casually, or even carefully, if you were not on your guard or were not more or less of an expert in such matters, you would pronounce it perfectly good. It had the ring, the sharpness of milling and stamping—in fact, everything.

I say everything. That's somewhat too broad a statement. If you were to take a glass and scrutinize the lettering you would become imprest with the fact that there was something queer about it—the lettering I mean. You would be justified in concluding that some other lettering had been on that coin or that something had been all but obliterated. And quite right, too.

We looked at that coin until our eyes began playing tricks upon us. We took it to banks and to collectors of coins. We had it inspected by men whom the Treasury Department employs to solve queer riddles such as this one was. They said the same thing we had; that there was something wrong about the coin.

With the coin in our hands we went to San Francisco. Much time was wasted thereby. We not only learned nothing except that the supply of the coins had ceased. The coins had passed out of general circulation, but we were entirely in the dark concerning the manufacturer thereof.

We hung around the Pacific coast for a month or so. As I have indicated, all the information we amassed might have been written on the back of a postage stamp. Possibly we would have stayed longer had not we received word that the same queer half-dollars were appearing in New York and Boston. Our unidentified friend was leading us back and forth across the continent.

He was not inundating the East with the coins, but every day or so we would be called upon by some bank and handed a few more of them. I won't tire you with

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the routine of that search for this newcomer. There was much scampering up and down the coast and a thousand and one theories and tips—all of the latter quite false. We accounted for all known counterfeiters. Some were in jail and the others were able to produce a clean bill of health.

One day early in June, 1907, a man who lived in Suffern, N. Y., telephoned us to the effect that there had been a sudden gush of imitation half-dollars up his way. He was a grocer and, according to his telephone conversation, had received five or six of these bad coins.

"How do you know they're bad?" we asked him.

"Well," he replied. "I'm not altogether certain they are. There's something queer about them. Don't know just what it is. They ring all right and look as good as most half-dollars, but over at the bank they say there's something queer about 'em. I just thought you'd like to know."

We went to Suffern and there collected about fifty of the same sort of spurious coins we has seen on the Pacific coast. Moreover, they were the same as we had picked up in Boston and New York. One shopkeeper told us he had received one of them from a giant whose most distinctive feature was an enormous beard—a black beard almost as wide as his shoulders and reaching half way to his waist.

A druggist told us he had received one from a tall, thin man with no whiskers, but the bushiest eyebrows he had ever seen. You'd know those eyebrows anywhere. There never were such eyebrows. Sort of made you want to shake 'em and watch the rabbits run out.

A trolley-car conductor remembered the man well. He was a medium-sized man in corduroys—sort of stooped and a shuffle in his walk. Presently we began to suspect all the freaks who ever traveled with circuses were out circulating the stuff. One farmer had sold a dog to the man and the purchaser of that hound had paid the farmer two dollars—all in counterfeit half-dollars. We took heart when we heard that, for we suspected that the dog would appear and by shadowing the dog we might find his new owner. Shadow a dog? Believe me, a desperate detective will shadow a canary bird if he thinks it will get him anywhere.

But the man who purchased the farmer's dog was a little man, with a whining voice and a luxuriant mustache! And all this up in Suffern and thereabout. We walked the streets of Suffern and climbed all the Ramapo hills. As it turned out we failed to climb the right one.

Back they went to New York, in much chagrin, says the Chief. However:

From a man living at the foot of Ramapo Mountain, near Suffern, we received a telephone message telling us that the most mysterious of me was doing something or other on top of Ramapo. How did he know? Well, in the first place he had a habit of coming down of nights and stealing steel rails from the railroad near by. Gangs had been working on the road replacing rails. The mysterious stranger had been observed but two nights before carting two lengths of discarded rail up the mountain.

Moreover, this farmer's son, being an adventurous youth, had gone over the mountain to see what he could see. He came across the mysterious stranger working at a forge.

"What's that?" the boy had demanded, indicating the forge.

"That, my son," replied the man, "is an

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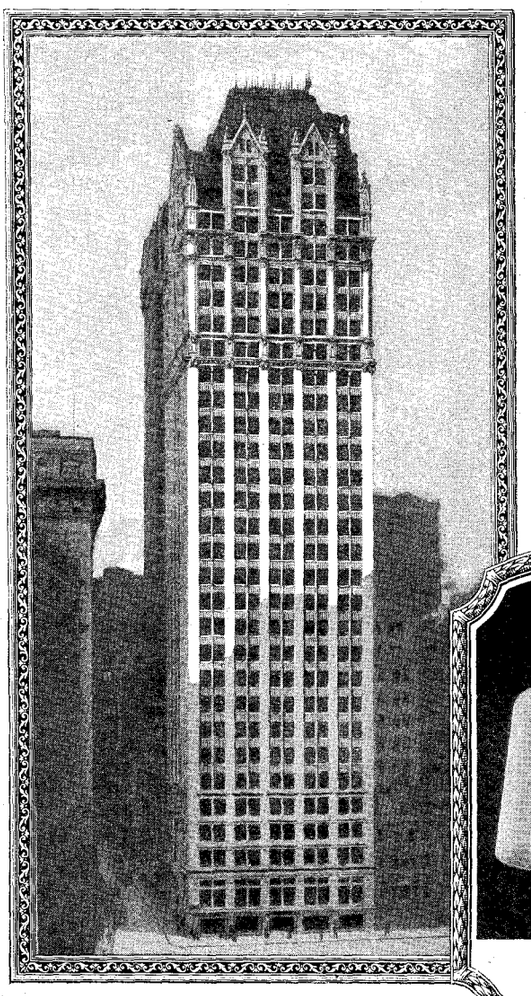

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Look for the trade-mark; it is registered in all important countries.

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St. Johns Church, Utica, N. Y.
Hahnemann Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.
United Retail Candy Stores (18 stores), New York City
New Howard Hotel, Baltimore, Md.
Union Medical College (Rockefeller Foundation), Pekin, China
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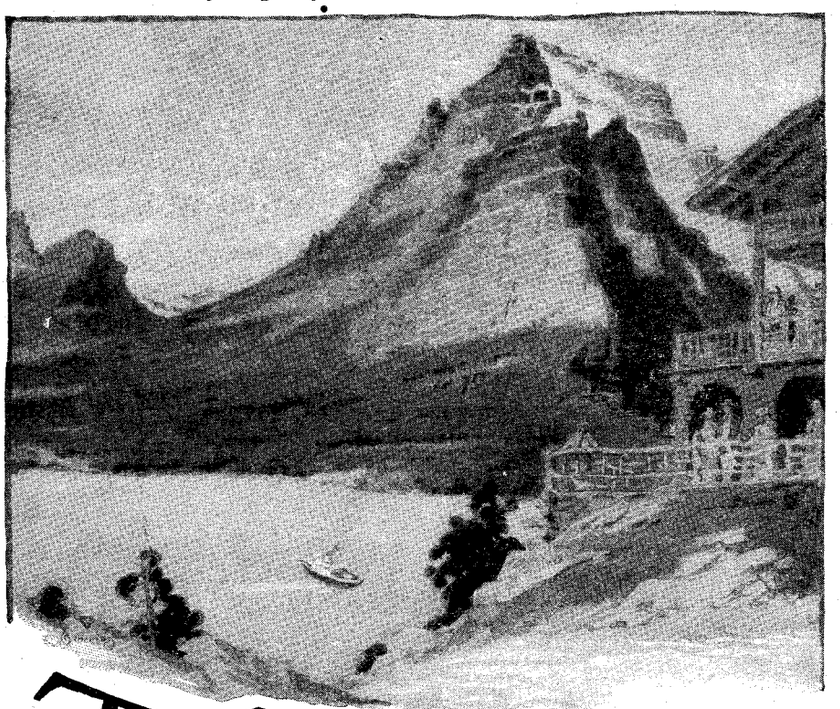

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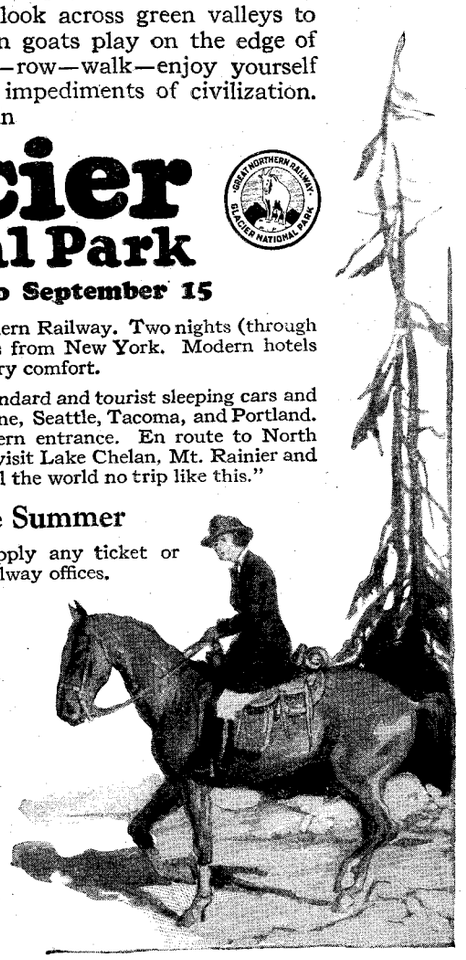

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

insect exterminator. I am a forester sent down by the State to kill the bugs that are killing the trees."

"How do you kill the bugs?" persisted the youth. "Burn them?"

"No, the fumes kill them. "Isn't that a good idea?"

The boy told his father that the stranger was a tall man with a kind face and a tremendous interest in his work. While the boy questioned him he kept on blowing his forge. He made no attempt to shoo the boy off. It was all right; no secret; nothing to hide.

The boy led us to the forge. It wasn't working, but the mysterious man was. He was at work on a drop-hammer press of simple and effective design. He had erected a framework of logs. Like the runners of an elevator car he had bolted the stolen rails to either side of the framework. On a concrete base at the bottom of the structure he had placed a steel plate, perhaps an inch thick. At the top of the framework and connected with the rails by common iron shoes was a 100-pound weight, suspended by a rope that ran over a pulley and fastened to a trigger, which, if pulled, released the rope and weight, which then descended to the steel base plate with a tremendous thump. Sort of a guillotine arrangement. Understand?

We had come as softly and as quietly as possible. The stranger was too absorbed in his work to notice small noises. At regular intervals the weight fell—whang! And each time he'd raise the weight and pick from the base plate something that gave him great pleasure. Once he flipped one of these things into the air and executed a little dance. Naturally we saw that the flipped object was a coin.

It was, of course, Herman Heinze. I never knew a man to be so chagrined by arrest. He was quite philosophical about it after we assured him that he might just as well take his medicine like a sport. He felt somewhat relieved when we told him how he had eluded us and how it was the farmer's boy who did it and not us.

"Well, if there's any reward," sighed Herman, "I hope they give it to that boy. He was a nice intelligent kid."

Herman had been stamping out half dollars all day and had a nail-keg full. He took us to New York and down into West Twenty-third street. The house was directly opposite Proctor's old theater. I have forgotten the address—not that it really matters after all. But in this house he had got together a machine shop for making dies. He made his dies there and, so far as we were able to see, he made nothing but half-dollar dies. I believe he had experimented with dollar dies, but for certain reasons had decided to stick to the halves.

You see, Herman did not go to the assay offices for his silver. There was too much of a risk there. No, every so often he'd make a trip to the Mexican border and there purchase Mexican dollars for forty-four cents or so—purchase them from mysterious folks who had no right to have them. He paid bullion rates for the stuff, altho the Mexican dollar contained the same amount of silver as the American, and the same grade, too. So far as bullion went, the Mexican dollar was quite as good as ours.

He'd place his Mexican dollars between

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steel rolls and these rolls would flatten out the coin until Herman had the material for two half-dollars.

But it happens that the Mexicans stamp their money deep. They have to. Give an enterprising Mexican who lacks wholehearted respect for his Government half a chance and he'll counterfeit anything from postage stamps to pardons. The Mexican stamping was so deep that there still were traces of the lettering after Heinze had rolled the dollar out. And even his neat stamp mill or drop-hammer press failed to quite obliterate the Mexican lettering.

And it was that mere suggestion of the old Mex lettering that gave the otherwise pure looking coins their suspicious appearance. It was that queer look that nobody had been able to analyze that made us hurry to the Pacific coast. It was the deep stamping of the jealous Mexican Government that ruined Herman Heinze's plans to give the world his home-made helicopter.

"Why did I counterfeit?" He repeated our question. "There is no mystery about that. I needed money. Without money there could be no helicopter. I needed money and decided to make my own."

"And where were you turning out the stuff on the Pacific coast, Heinze?"

"On the sublimest ledge on the top of Mount Tamalpais in San Francisco Bay. There I could work as an artist should work. I could turn and behold the city and watch it groan beneath its burdens. Turn again and behold the Golden Gate and the great Pacific beyond. One worked well in such a setting. Could one help it?"

"Probably not, Herman; probably not."

OLD AND NEW NEWSPAPERS IN JAPAN

JOURNALISM in the modern sense is little over fifty years old in Japan. It has existed in a primitive form, however, for three centuries and more. What Japan had was a sort of news-letter, issued occasionally, says the "Japan Year-Book, 1920–21" (Tokyo) "containing latest scandals in town and the happenings at the Shogun's Court." These sheets were popularly called "*Yomiuri*" meaning "sold by hawking about," and were printed from wooden blocks. We read further:

The first periodical publication which went under the name of a newspaper was the *Batavia Shimbun*, printed in Yedo toward the close of the fifties of the last century. Its contents were mostly translations from Dutch papers, published in Batavia. It was followed by *Shimbunshi* at Yokohama and the *Seiyo Zasshi*, *Chuggi Shimbun* and *Koko Shimbun*, in Tokyo. None of these, however, was printed more than once a week.

The first Japanese daily newspaper made its appearance at Yokohama in 1871. It was called the *Yokohama Mainichi Shimbun*, since transferred to Tokyo, where it is still in existence. It was followed in quick succession by the *Nichi Nichi* in 1872. *Hochi* in 1873, *Yomiuri* in 1874, and so on. The spread of education and the steady growth of wealth, combined with epoch-making events, like the wars with China and Russia, and the inauguration of a representative system of government, have led in recent years to a remarkable development of the press both in its influence and its circulation. There are now some that claim a daily circulation of over a quarter of a million copies.

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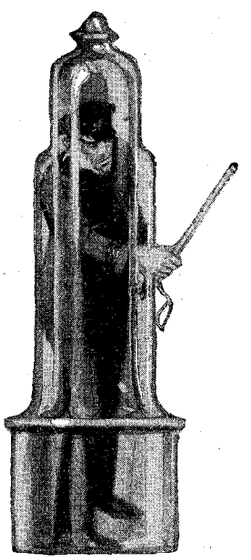

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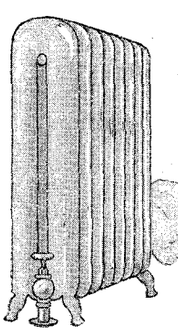

HOFFMAN VALVES

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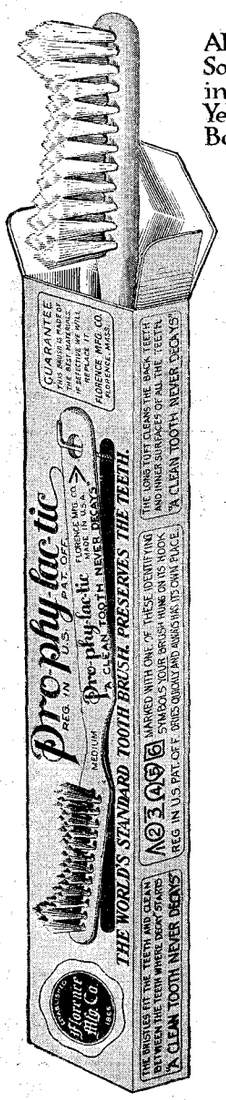
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REVIEWS ▾ OF ▾ CURRENT ▾ BOOKS

THE BOOKS OF 1921

THE most striking feature of the publication of books in the United States, as shown by the diagram for 1921, is the fact that next in order to Fiction which is the largest class, stands Science for the first time in the history of the American book trade. The number registered in this class 673, includes only books pertaining to physical and mathematical science. In addition to these there are 562 books in the class known as technical books, or useful arts which are more or less scientific, these two making a total of 1235 scientific books issued in 1921.

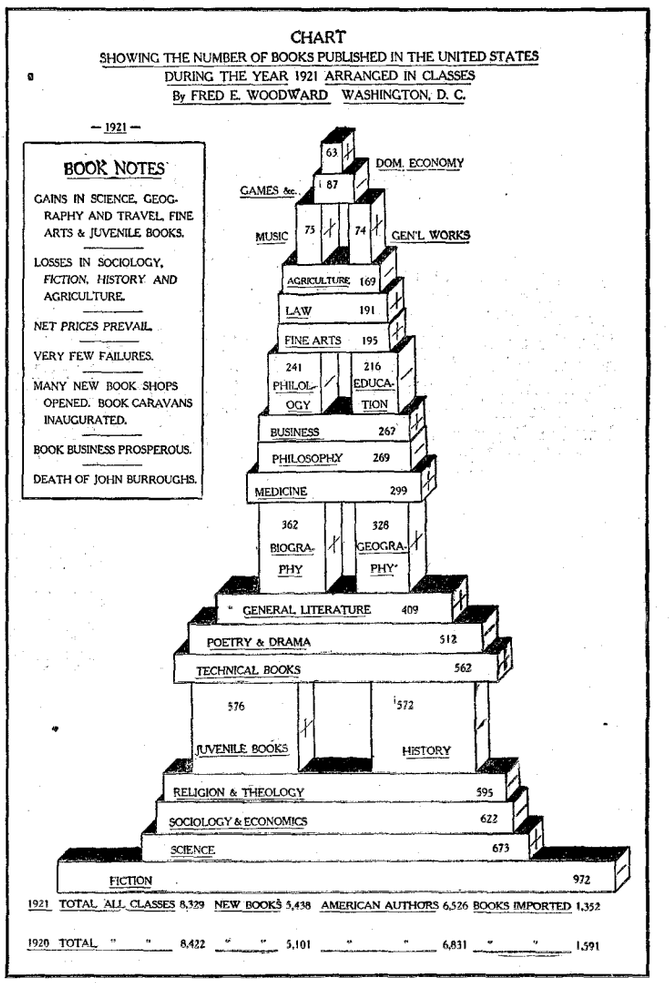
CHART
SHOWING THE NUMBER OF BOOKS PUBLISHED IN THE UNITED STATES
DURING THE YEAR 1921 ARRANGED IN CLASSES
By FRED E. WOODWARD WASHINGTON, D. C.
— 1921 —
BOOK NOTES
GAINS IN SCIENCE, GEOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL, FINE ARTS & JUVENILE BOOKS.
LOSSES IN SOCIOLOGY, FICTION, HISTORY AND AGRICULTURE.
NET PRICES PREVAIL.
VERY FEW FAILURES.
MANY NEW BOOK SHOPS OPENED. BOOK CARAVANS INAUGURATED.
BOOK BUSINESS PROSPEROUS.
DEATH OF JOHN BURROUGHS.
63 DOM. ECONOMY
87 GAMES &c.
MUSIC 75 74 GEN'L WORKS
AGRICULTURE 169
LAW 191
FINE ARTS 195
241 PHILOLOGY
216 EDUCATION
BUSINESS 267
PHILOSOPHY 269
MEDICINE 299
362 BIOGRAPHY
328 GEOGRAPHY
GENERAL LITERATURE 409
POETRY & DRAMA 512
TECHNICAL BOOKS 562
576 JUVENILE BOOKS
572 HISTORY
RELIGION & THEOLOGY 595
SOCIOLOGY & ECONOMICS 622
SCIENCE 673
FICTION 972
1921 TOTAL ALL CLASSES 8,329 NEW BOOKS 5,438 AMERICAN AUTHORS 6,526 BOOKS IMPORTED 1,352
1920 TOTAL " " 8,422 " " 5,101 " " 6,831 " " 1,591

Fiction

Taking the classes in numerical order, beginning with the largest, we find that Fiction with 972 entries shows a loss of 182 titles below the number for 1920 (1154).

In 1920 the percentage of Fiction to the whole number was 13.6% and in 1921 11.5%. This ratio was much greater during the earlier years of this century, being 27.4% in 1901, with an enrollment of 2234 out of a total of 8141.

With one notable exception, 1910, when it was displaced by General Literature, Fiction has always been the largest class.

In 1921 there were 683 new books, 277 new editions and 12 in pamphlet form. American authors numbered 765.

Science

Science, with 673, stands second in point of numbers to fiction, altho this figure does not represent the high-water mark, as a larger number was recorded in 1913, namely 790.

The number of scientific books by American authors in 1921 was 577.

Sociology and Economics, 622, shows a loss of 137 below the record of the previous year. This class containing, as it does, the vital books pertaining to our entire economic structure is and always has been a substantial part of the year's output of books. The largest year ever recorded was 1914, when 1038 were published, a number only 15 less than Fiction of the same year.

Religion and Theology, 595, is one of the classes which always ranks large, frequently occupying the second or third place. The banner year was in 1904, when 717 were issued. Our importations in this class in 1921 were an even one hundred, altho Great Britain published 775.

Juvenile Books, 576, shows a gain of 77 over 1920, of which number 482 were new books, and 476 were by American authors. Only 61 titles were imported.

The largest number ever recorded in this class was in 1910 when no less than 1010 books were entered. This class, however, has a large and consistent number each year, seldom falling below 500, in fact in 1901, twenty-one years ago, the number was 595.

History

History, 572, exhibits a decided drop from 1920, due to a variety of causes, possibly to increased overhead costs in printing and binding.

The largest number ever recorded was 922 in 1918, one of the war years. This class contributes the largest number of foreign authors, namely, 131.

Technical Books

Technical Books, 562, shows a slight increase (+27) over 1920, altho this number is far below the largest, which was 857 in 1910.

The growth of this class from 1906 (190)

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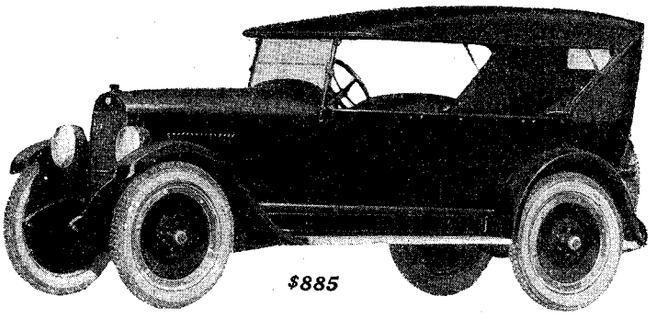

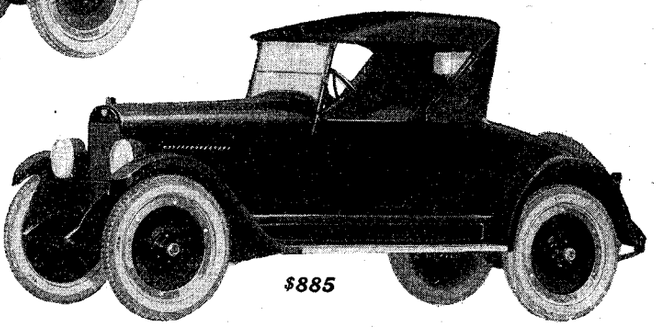

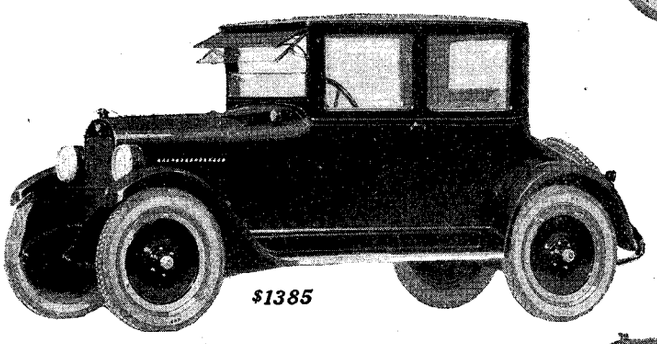

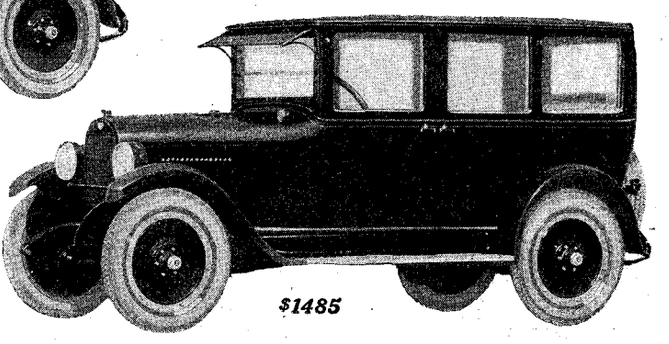

The value of the New Series of the good Maxwell is just as astonishing today as when these fine cars made their first appearance. The passage of time, and developments in the industry itself, only serve to emphasize their conspicuous position in today's market.

Along with its perfectly balanced motor—which is in itself a large element of driving comfort—the New Series of the good Maxwell is a remarkably easy car to drive. Steering, clutch, brakes, gear-shift, all operate with the minimum of physical effort. The nice adjustment of the exceptionally long springs to the weight of the chassis effects a riding ease that is decidedly unusual in a light car.

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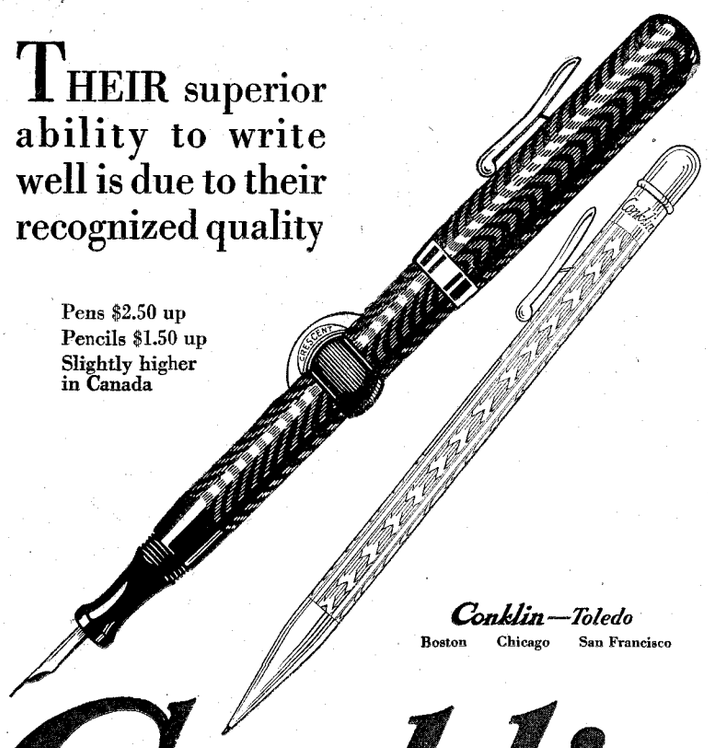

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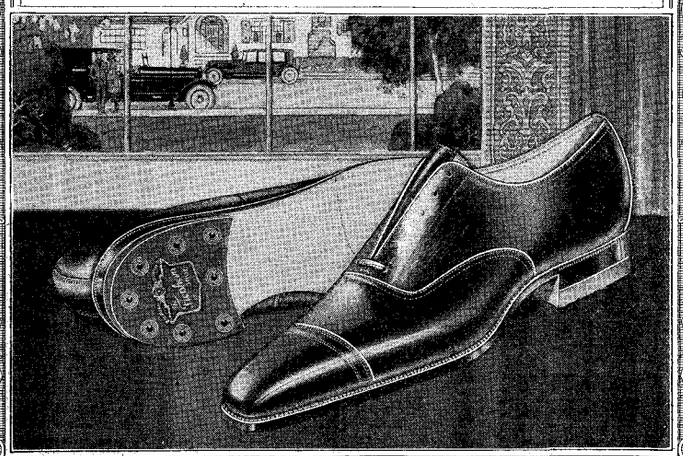

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FOR THE MAN The Florsheim SHOE WHO CARES

REVIEWS OF CURRENT BOOKS
Continued

to 1910 (857) is unequaled in the history of any class in any like period.

In Great Britain the number in 1921 was 743, and our importations were 109.

Poetry and Drama

Poetry and Drama, 512, shows a slight decline from 1920 of 46, and a decline generally since 1914, in which year the summit was reached with 902 entries. This class has always had a large average, and no doubt the decline noted is partly due to conditions arising out of the Great War.

In 1904 the number was 538, a larger number than last year. General Literature, Essays, Collected Works, etc., 409, exhibits a reduction of 58 from 1920. The fluctuations in this class are comparatively unimportant as they are apt to be regulated by the activities of publishers with works of standard authors. For instance, in 1895 there were 468, and in 1910 no less than 2234.

Biography and Memoirs, Genealogy, etc., 362, shows an increase of 48 over 1920. The number of foreign authors was 121.

The largest number ever issued in this class was in 1911 when 695 was recorded, and the smallest number since 1898 was 314 in 1920.

Geography, Description and Travel, 328, shows a decided gain of 106 over 1920, much of which can be traced to the increased facilities for travel in foreign lands, including interest in polar expeditions.

The largest recorded number in this class was 599, in 1910, and the smallest since 1895 was in 1919 (146).

Medicine and Hygiene, 299, shows a slight gain of 9 over 1920, and, as in the case of Law and Education, this class is far below the highest mark, which was 756 in 1909.

Philosophy, 269, shows a slight loss of 5 from 1920, but exhibits a substantial body of books, ranging from this year's number to 408 in 1914.

Business, 267, exhibits a slight gain of 21 over the year 1920, 243 of these being by American authors.

This class was opened in 1911 and has shown a strong and healthy growth, the largest year being 280 in 1917.

Philology, 241, a loss of 3 from 1920, presents a very substantial record for all of its ten years as a separate class. The largest year was 335, in 1913.

Education, 216, shows a drop of 18 from the previous year, and of this whole number 91 were pamphlets. The banner year in this class was 1900, when 628 were recorded.

In Great Britain the number in 1921 was 261, and our importations amounted to 27.

Fine Arts, 195, shows an increase of 65, or nearly 50 per cent. increase over 1920 (130). Of this number 54 were imported, and 3 by foreign authors, but made in the United States, leaving 138 by American authors.

The largest number recorded was 345, in 1910, altho in 1899 (22 years ago) 214 were issued including Music, which was not a separate class at that time.

Law, 191, exhibits a gain of 25 over 1920, but this slight gain does not offset the great loss in this class since 1912, when 862 were issued, the cause for so great a decline not being apparent.

Agriculture, 169, shows a decided drop of 121 from 1920.

American authors contributed 147 of

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these books. The largest number recorded in any year was in 1918 (one of the war years), when we issued 485 books in this class.

GAMES

Games, Amusements, etc., 87, shows a decided drop from the record of last year, 112, but the ups and downs of this class are of little importance, as they only serve to point out the prevailing tendency of our people toward amusements and sports.

GENERAL WORKS, REFERENCE BOOKS

General Works, Reference and Miscellaneous books, 74, show an increase of over one hundred per cent. above 1920, which was 35.

This class includes Miscellaneous books and books of Reference which refuse to be classified in the other 22 classes, and its gain or loss is of small importance.

The largest number recorded was 273 in 1908.

MUSIC

Music, 75, remains practically the same as in 1920, which was 72. In the eleven years since this was made a distinct class the average has been 88, the largest number being 113 in 1916.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY

Domestic Economy, 63, exhibits a gain of 14 over the record of the previous year. The greatest number recorded in this class was 332 in 1910.

SUMMARY

The total number of all books in all classes was 8,329, a number smaller by 93 than in 1920, of which number 5,438 were new books, 1,008 new editions, and 1,883 pamphlets.

American authors produced 6,526, while foreign authors were responsible for 1,803, of which number 1,352 were imported, and 451 were manufactured in the United States.

There appears to be thirteen classes which show a gain, the remaining ten classes showing a loss.

THE UNITED STATES AND GREAT BRITAIN

A hasty glance at the statistics of Great Britain shows that both nations show a gain in Science, Technology, Business, Fine Arts, Music, Literature, Geography, Description and Travel, Biography and General Works.

LOSSES

The following classes recorded a loss in both the United States and Great Britain: Philosophy, Sociology, Agriculture, Fiction, History and Games.

GAIN AND LOSS

The following show a gain in the United States and a loss in Great Britain: Law, Medicine, Juvenile books and Domestic Economy.

LOSS AND GAIN

The following represent a loss in the United States and a gain in Great Britain: Religion and Theology, Education and Poetry and Drama.

A. S. M. Hutchinson and Sinclair Lewis are reported to have met recently in London, and each had to confess that he had not read the other's novel, says the Boston *Transcript*. "Main Street," be it noted, has sold in this country 250,000 copies in a year and a half, while "If Winter Comes" has passed the mark in a little over six months. Mr. Hutchinson's novel is now in process of dramatization by Basil Macdonald Hastings.

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REVIEWS OF CURRENT BOOKS
Continued

IRELAND'S PART IN MAKING BRITAIN

LOVERS OF IRELAND and the Irish will rejoice in the volume which the scholarly Benedict Fitzpatrick has devoted to sing their ancient glories and assert the prowess that has too long been left in obscurity. For altho we have often heard it said that "God loves the Irish" we are not unaware of the general suppression of Irish studies, the continuous destruction of Irish MSS. in England since the sixteenth century, and the preoccupation with the tragedy of more recent years which has blinded the historical sense and resulted in "the high falsetto" with which Dr. Fitzpatrick accuses Green and his fellow English historians.

The assertion of a proud and ancient people of the glories of its past is always a refreshing spectacle; it denotes the survival of old qualities of health and strength, and the strong are always admirable. A race so long neglected by the general student, so mistrusted by a dominant government, at the same time so universally beloved in its children, which now, in a volume like "Ireland and the Making of Britain" (Funk and Wagnalls Company, New York. Price $4.00 net), opens its coffers to display the charters and investitures of primitive greatness, can look for a wide welcome and joyous reception in the world at large. The work is admittedly aggressive; it is a feature of Irish warfare or polemics to look for particular success in an onslaught rather than in defensive activities. Dr. Fitzpatrick has announced not a history of Ireland in her golden age, but an account of her performances, as testified by foreign authorities, and his subtitle, "The Making of England," is not altogether controversial, but descriptive, to distinguish his present book from another which will tell of Irish achievement on the continent of Europe. We will hold our breath while, with some Irish fire, the Doctor quotes the old dictum: "The Roman sowed; the Irishman watered; the Briton did nothing." A slightly calmer note might have added to the historical decorum to which the modern historian has accustomed us; but we can not forget that Dr. Fitzpatrick bears a grievance against such authors, has a sense of the wrongs and neglect that have been prepared and maintained so long upon his race, and is entitled to an open field and a choice of weapons as the offended party.

Dr. Fitzpatrick complains with justice of the outrage of certain professors who have written histories of the Middle Ages without so much as mentioning the name of Ireland, whose history at that time might be said to be the history of the entire civilized world. He admits the existence in England of great figures like Theodore and Adrian of Canterbury, Bede of Jarrow, and Alcuin of York, but he denies that there was any real continuity in their foundations and institutions such as characterized Armagh, Clonmacnois and a half dozen or more Irish centers that cultivated higher learning from the fifth, sixth and seventh centuries and endured, some of them, until the English devastations of the sixteenth century. He grows eloquent in speaking of the School of Armagh which was founded three centuries earlier than the schools of Bagdad, and under the High-King Rory of the O'Connor dynasty was in 1169 made a national university

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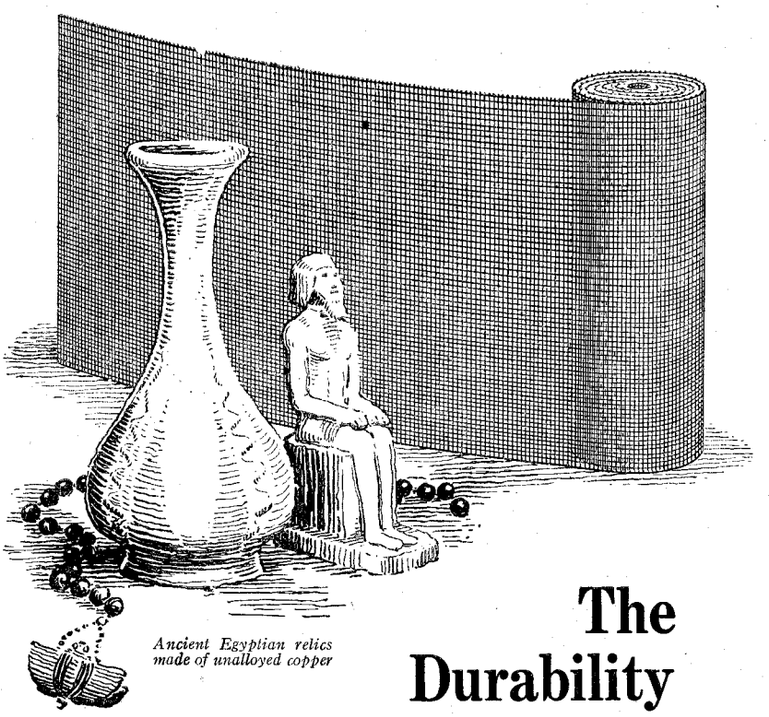
for all Ireland and Scotland. He explains that the ravages of English destroyers in the sixteenth century have forced him to illustrate the intellectual glories of Ireland in an indirect manner, pointing out that we should know nothing of a great scholar like Eriugena if he had not displayed his learning, not at home, but on the Continent. He shows how the manuscript relics of a great Gaelic literature have been collected in every country except Ireland, where it was the desire of the invader to blot out even the memory of an independent past. This will not make comfortable reading for the "Little" Englishman.

According to Dr. Fitzpatrick, the so-called invasion of Henry II was nothing more than a royal visit unattended by any conflict or battle. From the fall of the Roman Empire Ireland had known peace and prosperity while the rest of the world was swallowed up in rapine. Russia, Germany and Scandinavia were still barbarian and pagan, and England was overrun by northern savages like the Saxons, Angles and Jutes. Ireland, lying apart from all but commercial relations with the old Roman colonies, possest its little group of Christians to whom Pope Celestine sent his missionary Palladius, addressing them as "the Scots of Ireland" a year before the coming of Saint Patrick; and thence we trace a glorious line of progress, foundation in morals, literature, art and lawgiving that could not contain its bounds but, overflowing, instituted the revival of culture in an almost exclusive fashion through every land in Europe from England down to the southern reaches of Italy itself.

Dr. Fitzpatrick declares that the very "idea of conquering Ireland—and indeed Wales and Scotland as well—first took practical shape in the bloody-minded brain of Henry VIII, a crowned megalomaniac, brute and savage, the strangler, hangman, disemboweler, mutilator and burner amid unending shrieks to Heaven, of tens of thousands of the unresisting English, the first to assume the style of 'Your Majesty' and the title of King of Ireland, and the first English Imperialist whose diversion it was to set one-half of his panic-stricken subjects spying upon, torturing and killing the other half—the Irish and English had lived side by side for over a thousand years. Fortune up to that time had greatly favored the smaller island—and in the sixteenth century the difference in their population and resources, any more than area, was not great. Almost as many people spoke Irish as spoke English. In the opening calm of that century there was nothing to forecast the unparalleled tragedy that was to fall on the one, or the unparalleled territorial loot that was to fall to the other."

The Ireland of the great centuries was therefore a world as well as a state, and there is little disinclination shown by Dr. Fitzpatrick in asserting the claims of its influence upon the English people. Wherever real progress was evident, wherever books were written, wherever scholars of note appeared, wherever arts were cultivated, an Irishman was at the core of it. Up to the period of the so-called Norman Conquest, Anglo-Saxon manuscripts were written entirely in the Irish script. Irish architecture is the basic plan of the ancient English churches of Saxon times. Nearly all the monasteries of northern and central England had been founded and originally tenanted by Irish monks, and the Irish rule, with its divergences of rites and customs and its conformities in doctrine with Rome. It will interest Americans



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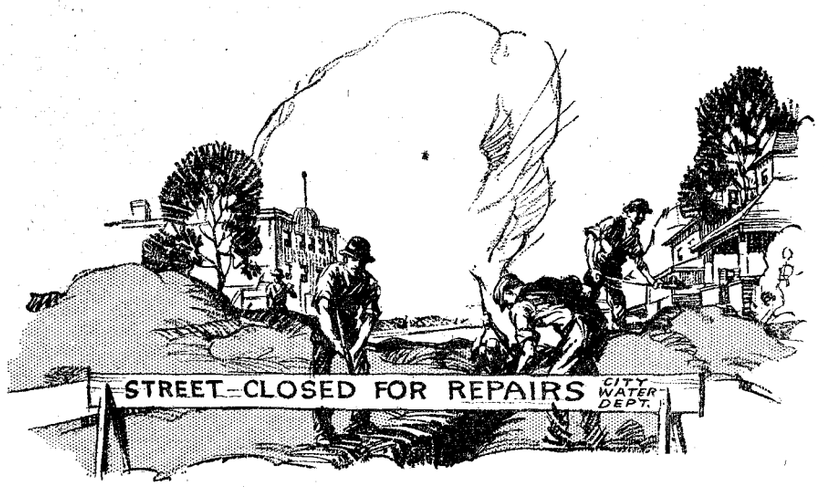

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REVIEWS OF CURRENT BOOKS
Continued

to read that "When Ceolwulf the King in the eighth century became a monk, license was given to the brethren to drink wine and beer; for down to that time water and milk alone had been permitted them, according to the rule of Saint Aidan of Ireland."

The barbarism of the English people was of too recent a period to permit an easy assimilation of these Irish and some Continental reforms and educational advances, therefore the missionary efforts won only partial success. Within two hundred years such disorders prevailed throughout England that thirty kings and queens cast away their crowns and took refuge in monasteries like Lindisfarne where Irish missionaries had established oases of peace. On the Continent, particularly in Germany, many of these missionaries met violent deaths; in England the sentiment of adoration which the people cherished for authoritative Irishmen who walked freely among them stayed their homicidal hands and quelled their savage yells even when thirsting for their fellow-kinsmen's blood. It was not until the so-called Norman Conquest that Irish culture yielded up its power to the brutal hands of the conquering French; Gaelic letters, art and customs surrendered almost immediately to the haughty half-culture that tore the ancient institutions of England to tatters, made the name of Englishmen synonymous with *churl* and *villein* and brought about a degradation under the Tudors lower than was ever reached by any other European people.

Here we have the general text of Dr. Fitzpatrick's volume, a relation of the intimate intercourse and ancient friendship of the Gaels and the pre-Norman peoples of England that dated from the shadowy reaches of antiquity down to the reign of terror under the despotism of Henry VIII. The reticences of modern English historians need no longer be observed, since with a reestablished Ireland and a study of its old records these dark and not altogether creditable periods may be brought into light alongside the prouder ages so close at present to the British heart. Such books as Dr. Fitzpatrick's, instead of creating friction, give warrant of a better understanding of the Anglo-Irish questions; a recognition of the ancient benefactions of the Gael would go far to heal the later grievances he bears against modern England; a brotherhood in the primitive arts and fundamental customs of both countries would be a welcome cementing of their free union. Dr. Fitzpatrick also makes short work of such scholars as follow Smollett in 1771, the first writer who calls the lowland Scots "Saxons," and even Sir Walter Scott, who lent himself to the racial difference advocates; he shows how from most ancient times there were no distinctions of race between the northern Highlander and the Lowlander; that their language, customs and culture were in common recognized as Gaelic or Irish, and that there was never a political reason for their separation except the barbarous one of the enemies of the Gael, to "divide and rule." On the other hand it is well-nigh impossible for such a program as that of Dr. Fitzpatrick to penetrate the consciousness of the average Englishman, indoctrinated as he is by historians who have not only ignored the authority of their greatest annalist, Bede, but would

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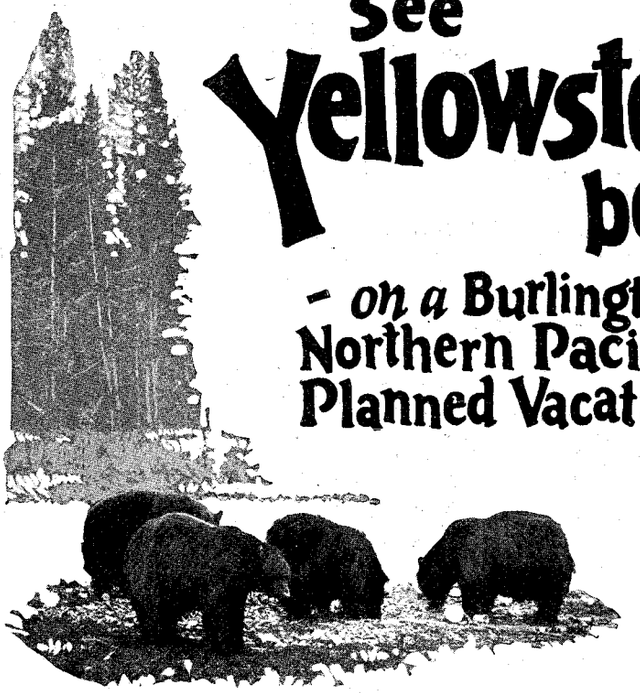
even propagate the notion that it was the English who brought civilization to Ireland, ignoring the universally recognized statements of Continental scholars and their own claims at the ancient councils to an antiquity based on their assuming of Irish foundations. He will be interested to know how a larger part of the outer world beyond his own circles is coming to interpret the questions of his ancient history which he has endeavored to settle to his own satisfaction. Americans accustomed to look at racial and national questions in a broader light will at least find much information of a very well-considered sort in this excellent and most timely volume.

ONE OF THE WAR'S NEW SOCIAL DOCTRINES

THAT extremely good anthologist, Mr. E. V. Lucas, has from time to time favored us with stories, delightful in style and character-drawing, but simple in construction and plot. In his last book "Rose and Rose" (Doran, $1.90) he has given us a tale, hardly to be called a novel, in which he deals with some of the problems and changes of opinion which have followed the war, and endeavors to treat them from a modern point of view.

The story is told by one Julius Greville, a country doctor who has succeeded to his father's practise and also to the general esteem in which that gentleman was held. His next door neighbors are an artist and his motherless little girl, with whom he is on such friendly terms that little Rose is almost as much at home in his house as in her father's. This is fortunate, for when Mr. Allinson dies suddenly abroad and his will is read, it is found that he has begged Greville to undertake the bringing up of his daughter, a bequest which the doctor accepts to the amazement of his friends and the indignation of the child's aunt, Mrs. Stratton. The plan works well, however, and the years go by happily and uneventfully. Rose's only playfellow of her own age is Ronnie Fergusson, the only child of some very rich people in the neighborhood, but she manages to be happy in the doctor's home and grows up into a beautiful, ardent and charming young woman. By this time Mrs. Stratton, whose mission in life seems to be that of a marplot, represents to the doctor that in living thus with his ward he is outraging propriety, and the upshot is that Rose goes to London for a time. The next development is her engagement to a London barrister who is everything he should be except interesting. One would think that the natural proceeding in love-making would be that the girl would be first drawn to the man by finding him an agreeable companion and would later discover either his virtues or his worthlessness. But the writers of fiction have decreed otherwise and Rose is following a time-honored precedent when she marries Eustace Holt and finds out inside of two years that she really can not stand him. Nor does the birth of a little daughter draw them together. Rose wanted a son and her little girl is not of much importance. When this latter is about five years old the two Roses come to make the doctor a visit. Ronnie Fergusson, invalided home from India, weak from fever and depressed in spirits, is staying with his parents, and he and Rose renew their old friendship. A few months later Rose leaves her husband and child, and she and Ronnie betake themselves to the Malay States where he grows rubber, having quitted the army.



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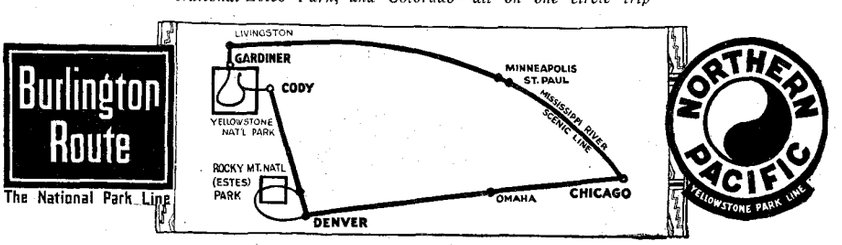

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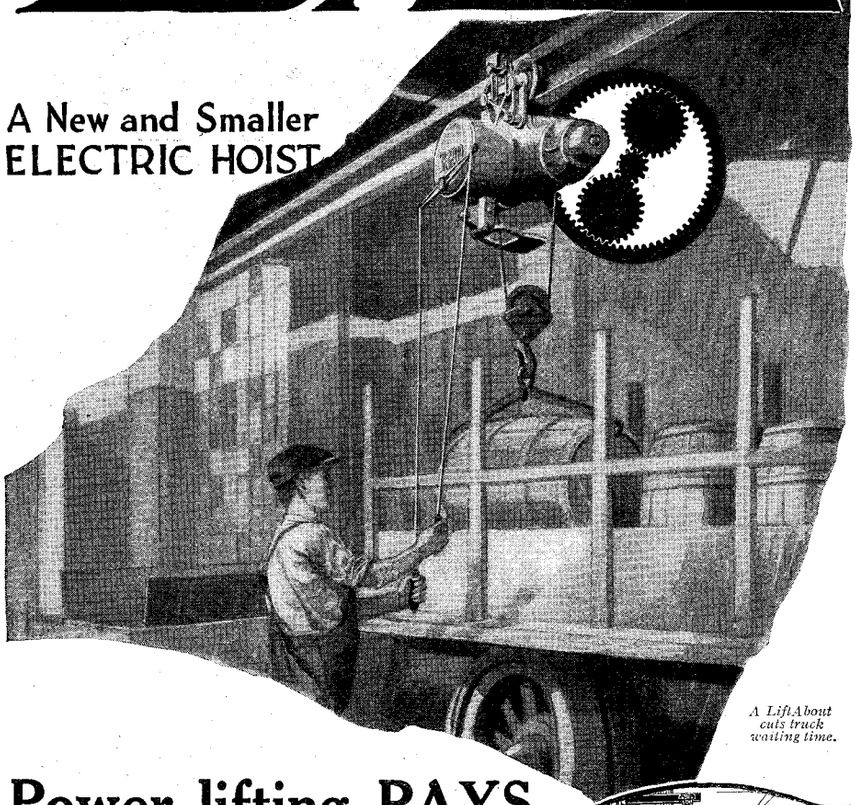

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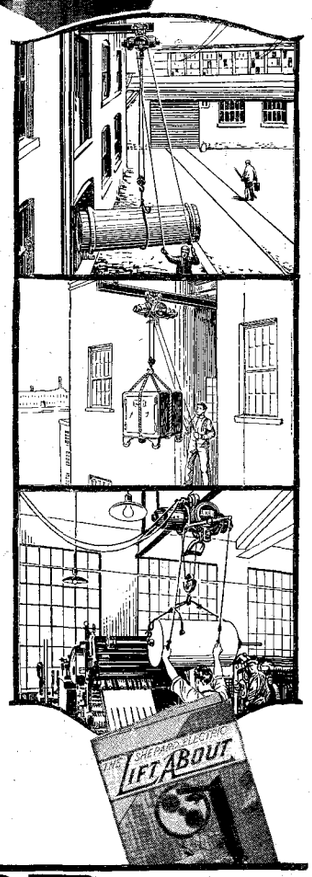

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REVIEWS OF CURRENT BOOKS
Continued

The rest of the story deals with the fortunes of the younger Rose and is of secondary importance. The author is mainly concerned with the opportunity given him to express his mind on certain topics of the day, which he does through the mouth of the doctor and also that of Mrs. O'Gorman, a delightful old Irishwoman, whose trenchant comments on people and events are generally witty and often wise. The inevitable gulf between two generations is a theme which engages Mr. Lucas's attention; the sudden break in social tradition which we owe to the unrest following the war is another, but it is the grave question of the unsuitable marriage to which he gives most thought, tho not every one will agree with his conclusions. When Rose leaves her child and goes away with Ronnie, he exonerates her by saying that she had never been fond of her daughter, while as to her lapse of duty as regards her husband, he only sees her courage in facing social condemnation, not for what was right, but for what she wanted to do. Had the date of the story permitted, Rose should have seen a performance of Maugham's play "The Circle," and listened to the truth, all the more forcible as coming from the lips of the hardened old worldling who herself had trodden that thorny path, that no matter with what sincere and ardent feeling such a course of action is begun, it contains within itself the germs of a severe retribution, all too likely to come to maturity.

NOT CONTENTED WITH LITTLE

CAN it be that we are returning to the old-fashioned story, devoid of sex-complications and psycho-analysis, and conveying a simple moral? It would seem so when Mr. W. B. Maxwell, who in his time has touched upon the above questions, writes a novel like "A Little More" (Dodd, Mead & Co., $2.00) in which he preaches the simple gospel of contentment and actually makes an interesting story of it.

The Welbys are a distinctly middle-class family. Mr. Welby has done so well in business that he is on the verge of retiring, his investments having reached the point where they yield him five hundred pounds a year. He has a good wife and three handsome children, Jack, Violet and Primrose, the two elder of whom are on the verge of engagements, Jack to Amabel Price, a young girl earning her living as a private secretary, and Violet to Mr. Carillon, the local curate. Into this contented household the serpent enters in the form of a rich relative who comes to end his days with them and who bequeathes them a good deal of money.

Before long everything is changed. Jack, whose tendency to extravagance has hitherto been curbed by the necessity for earning his living, released from the stringency of narrow means, plunges at once into all kinds of expensive amusements, while the natural fondness of the girls for social pleasures leads them to imitate the noisy and fashionable young people whom they meet. Mr. Carillon seems tame indeed beside the Honorable Adolphus Faring, an impassive young man of good birth and a keen eye to the main chance, while Jack is rapidly succumbing to the attentions of the rich Miss Quartz, the image of poor Amabel becoming daily more and more faint. The young people

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take very kindly to their new way of life but Mr. and Mrs. Welby have never thoroughly approved of many of the changes, and the climax is reached when Primrose arrays herself for a fancy ball in a water nymph's costume which consists largely of seaweed and a pair of tights. Mr. Welby's endurance gives out at the sight; he forbids his daughter's attendance in any such garments, and in the middle of the uproar which ensues the family solicitor arrives with the dismal tidings that the entire Welby fortune has been made away with in a manner familiar to novelists and not wholly unknown in real life.

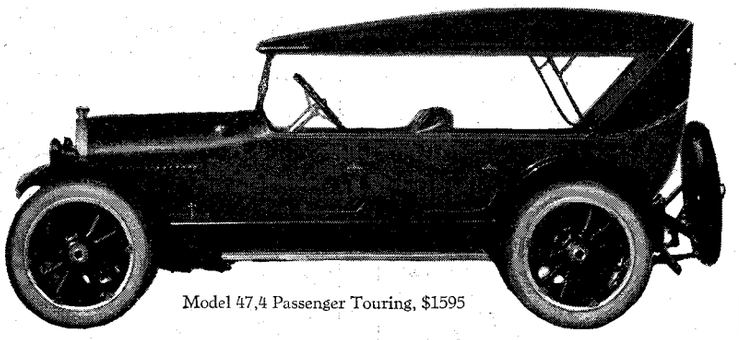
And now begins the third part of the book entitled "Adversity" and which is much the most interesting. By this time the war is on; Jack is in the army; his wife Amabel, whom he married on the day he enlisted, is serving at the front as nurse; poor Mr. Welby has been trying, unsuccessfully, to get work; the girls have been somewhat more fortunate, but the family is terribly poor, and in the account of their vicissitudes we get a fairly clear view of one side of the industrial situation in England during the latter part of the war and after the Armistice.

Mr. Welby's age is against his getting government employment, and he considers himself lucky when he secures a job as carman with a green-grocer. The girls are less fortunate; they have been employed in a milliner's shop but have lost their places, really because of their good looks. One of the best chapters describes Primrose's experience as a bus conductor and her successful routing of two youths who tried conclusions with her. Violet, after a hard experience as a flower-girl, finally puts her pride in her pocket and goes to Mr. Carillon for help. He is now vicar of the parish where he once was curate and is one of the many whom the discipline and activities of war-time have improved. He gets Violet a place as housemaid, and tho her pride at first revolts, she is too reasonable to do anything but accept it thankfully.

Another interesting picture is that of the hostel Welcome House, one of several establishments, founded by a philanthropic nobleman to give temporary shelter to the indigent and unfortunate. Here Mr. and Mrs. Welby find a refuge when they are again in straits, and the description of the folk who gather there, the warden in charge and the visit of the committee at Christmas time give one a pretty fair idea of what some worthy but unfortunate people have been obliged to go through.

The author has given us an ending that the strongest optimist can find no fault with, and it comes through the medium of an old servant whom the Welbys had loved and trusted in their simpler days, who has opened a small hotel where she finds jobs for the whole family, and happiness is dealt out with an unsparing hand. It is a singularly simple book for the author of "The Guarded Flame" to write, and the lesson it draws of the futility, not to say danger, of always desiring "a little more," is obvious, but the story is by no means without interest, even to the jaded palates of those who prefer a more intricate style of fiction.

Compared with what might be taken as the moral of Mr. Lucas's story, it is rather mid-Victorian. Mr. Lucas, of course, preaches the doctrine of revolt and escape instead of that of endurance. The Welbys escaped into what seemed to them a larger sphere, but their story is not allowed to stop the moment the doctrine promises to entail inconvenience, with consequences easily disposed of.



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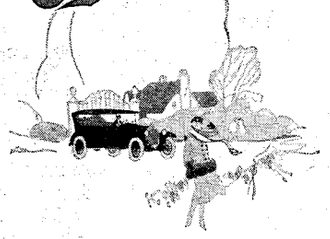

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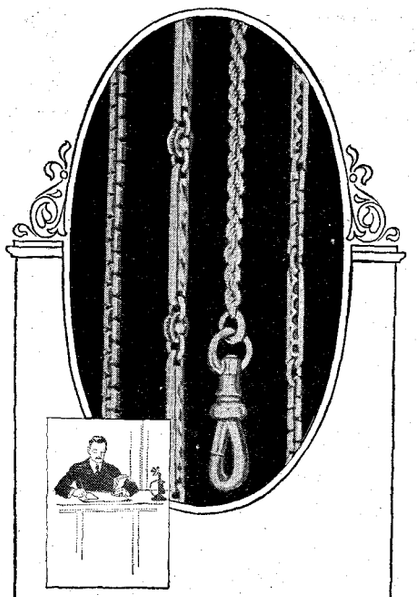

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REVIEWS OF CURRENT BOOKS
Continued

TWO DIVERSIONS WITH THEIR MORAL

MR. EDEN PHILLPOTTS has no intention of getting into a rut and being known only as a specialist in Dartmoor rural life. Not long ago he gave us "The Grey Room," an exceedingly good and original mystery story, and he now offers to his readers a delightful and delicate fantasy called "Pan and the Twins" (Macmillan, $1.75).

Let those who regard with suspicion any novel with the name of Pan in the title take heart. The book is no nature study, nor is the hero an individual of lawless tendencies which are excused because of his fondness for out-of-doors. The story opens at the moment of the death of the Emperor Julian the Apostate, the scene is laid near Rome, and the principal character is Arcadius, who as a child has been separated from his twin brother Hilarion, whom he later encounters.

At the beginning of the story Arcadius, a ragged lad of fifteen, has run away from a master who ill-treated him and, while huddled underneath the aqueduct on the Campagna, is visited by the god Pan, whose follower he is, and who is moved by compassion for the boy's miserable condition. He causes food to appear from the earth, tells Arcadius of the death of the Emperor, which is not yet known, instructs him as to the secret of his birth, directs him to his father, and finally bestows upon him a great gift, that of being able to communicate with animals.

The story follows up the life of Arcadius for several years. He is received by his father, Marcus Pomponious, a patrician of wealth and intelligence, inclined to art and literature, but of no distinction. The wife of Marcus is a Christian, while he and his mother cling to the old religion but "in those days a cool logic, won from Greece, made it possible for husband and wife to worship different deities without pain or grief to either." In due time Marcus dies, leaving his son well provided for; later he marries and on the very morning of the birth of his son, as he is rambling in the country, he encounters a handsome young monk with whom he enters into conversation. The monk is in search of some sequestered spot where he may dwell as a hermit and he asks Arcadius's permission to inhabit a cave on his property. Further conversation results in the discovery that this is Hilarion, Arcadius's twin, and the brothers at once become intimate friends in spite of the fact that one is a Christian and the other a worshipper of Pan.

They have many friendly arguments together on the subject of religion, for Arcadius begs his brother to accept half of his fortune and forego his hermit life, but Hilarion is firm until he and a young girl fall in love with one another, when matters assume a different aspect and in the end nature prevails.

As may be seen the story is of the slightest, but it gives opportunity for the expression of most amusing opinions on a variety of subjects, while Arcadius's chances for learning the views of animals upon the behavior of man are made the most of. The difference of religion between the brothers opens the door to many discussions on dogma, discussions which are conducted with an absence of acrimony and

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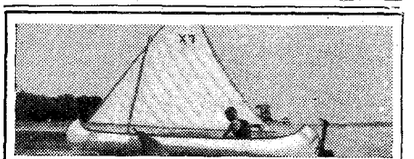

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a degree of toleration that should be an example to modern theologians. Particularly edifying are the arguments by which Arcadius prevails upon his brother to give up the celibate life and marry the charming girl with whom he has fallen in love, tho after all it is the god Pan who decides the matter.

All through the book the reader is aware of a secondary, underlying meaning, tho he may not be always able to interpret it, and the satire is so gentle, the philosophy so devoid of bitterness, the whole story so charmingly poetical, that it is a joy to read it. Mr. Phillpotts has done nothing better than this for a long time.

In striking contrast to this delightful little story is Miss May Sinclair's latest effort, "The Life and Death of Harriett Frean" (Macmillan, $1.25), the subtitle to which should be "A Study in Futility." There are certain writers whose work is sure to pass the critics, which may account for the publishers' notice on the jacket, in which we are assured that the book contains "a frank handling of a difficult subject, presented with all the keen clarity of her genius."

It doesn't. The "difficult subject" resolves itself into the story of a limited and contracted life, a life which would have been pitiful had there been the slightest necessity for it. Harriett Frean is the only child of well-to-do parents who are devoted to her and whom she loves. Hers is not one of those neglected and thwarted childhoods which so many English novelists inflict upon us. Her father and mother are cultivated people, the former has even written a book on "The Social Order"; they have traveled. Harriett has an unfortunate love-affair, for the fiancé of her best friend falls in love with her and she feels in honor bound to dismiss him, tho she loves him. This is represented as a great misfortune, but a further acquaintance with Mr. Robin Lethbridge induces the reader to think Harriett has a great escape. Mr. Frean loses his money and dies. Harriett and her mother live a narrow, restricted but happy life together and then Mrs. Frean dies. Harriett continues to lead an increasingly futile life, and then she succumbs to an operation for cancer and departs this life, happy, one would think, to get out of it.

Miss Sinclair probably wished to show the general futility of many women's lives during the Victorian era, and in truth times have so changed that it is like reading of conditions a century old. There is no doubt truth in it but it is impossible to feel much sympathy for such an unnecessarily dismal life as that led by the gentle Harriett. The trouble was with her, not with her times. Harriett Frean was a fool.

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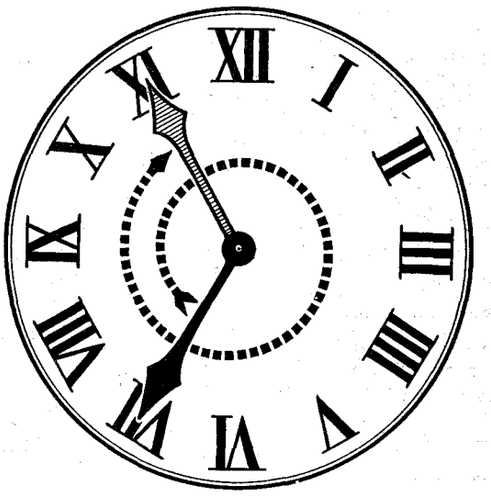
BOBBY—"Eat it."

UNCLE ERNEST (sarcastically)—"Oh, do we. And what do we do with the bones?"

BOBBY—"Put 'em on the edge of the plate."—*Jester.*



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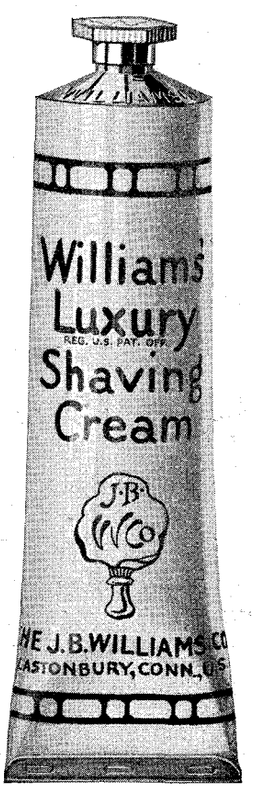

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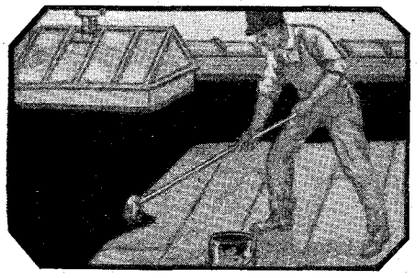

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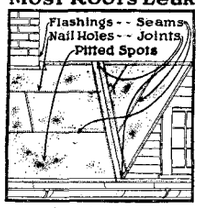

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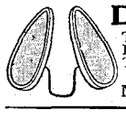

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SCIENCE · AND · INVENTION · CONTINUED

AGNOSTIC EVOLUTIONISTS

EVOLUTIONISTS have not lost their faith in evolution, but when it comes to defining and explaining its actual processes, they have become agnostics, says Prof. William Bateson, of the John Innes Horticultural Institution, London, in an address before the American Association for the Advancement of Science, at its recent Toronto meeting, printed in *Science* (New York). Evolution is a fact, Professor Bateson maintains; but its mechanism is still in doubt. Forty years ago it was believed, he says, that the key lay in morphology—the study of animal forms. At that time the special study of heredity was an entirely new idea; no one knew how it should be conducted. And yet, says the professor, "we went on talking about evolution; to-day we feel silence to be the safer course." Discussions of evolution came to an end primarily because it was obvious that no progress was made. Morphology having been explored in its minutest corners, the investigators turned elsewhere. Variation and heredity, the two components of the evolutionary path, were next tried.

"We got on fast," says Professor Bateson, and he proceeds:

So soon as a critical study of variation was undertaken, evidence came in as to the way in which varieties do actually arise in descent. The doctrine of the transformation of masses by the accumulation of impalpable changes became not only unlikely but gratuitous. The ignorance of common facts bearing on this part of the inquiry which prevailed among evolutionists, was, Professor Bateson thinks, "astonishing and inexplicable." "Systematists had sound information, but no one consulted them on such matters or cared to hear what they might have to say."

Then came the key to the processes of heredity discovered by Mendel and long unheeded. The writer goes on:

We saw the varieties arising. Segregation maintained their identity. The discontinuity of variation was recognized in abundance. In the light of such facts the origin of species was no doubt a similar phenomenon. All was clear ahead. But soon, tho knowledge advanced at a great rate, and tho whole ranges of phenomena which had seemed capricious and disorderly fell rapidly into a coordinated system, less and less was heard about evolution in genetical circles, and now the topic is dropt. When students of other sciences ask us what is now currently believed about the origin of species, we have no clear answer to give. Faith has given place to agnosticism, for reasons which on such an occasion as this we may profitably consider.

Where precisely has the difficulty arisen? Tho the reasons for our reticence are many and present themselves in various forms, they are in essence one; that as we have come to know more of living things and their properties, we have become more and more imprest with the inapplicability of the evidence to these questions of origin. There is no apparatus which can be brought to bear on them which promises any immediate solution.

But if we for the present drop evolutionary speculation, it is in no spirit of despair. What has been learned constitutes progress upon which we shall never have to go back. The analysis has gone deeper than the most sanguine could have hoped.

Biological science has returned to its rightful place, investigation of the structure and properties of the concrete and visible world. We can not see how the differentiation into species came about. Variation of many kinds, often considerable, we daily witness, but no origin of species. Distinguishing what is known from what may be believed we have absolute certainty that new forms of life, new orders and new species have arisen on the earth. But tho our faith in evolution stands unshaken, we have no acceptable account of the origin of "species."

The survival of the fittest was a plausible account of evolution in broad outline, but failed in application to specific difference. The Darwinian philosophy convinced us that every species must "make good" in nature if it is to survive, but no one could tell how the differences—often very sharply fixt—which we recognize as specific, do, in fact, enable the species to make good. The claims of natural selection as the chief factor in the determination of species have consequently been discredited.

If we try to trace back the origin of our domesticated animals and plants, we can scarcely ever point to a single wild species as the probable progenitor. Almost every naturalist who has dealt with these questions in recent years has had recourse to theories of multiple origin, because our modern races have positive characteristics which we can not find in any existing species, and which combination of the existing species seem unable to provide. To produce our domesticated races it seems that ingredients must have been added. To invoke the hypothetical existence of lost species provides a poor escape from this difficulty, and we are left with the conviction that some part of the chain of reasoning is missing.

I have put before you very frankly the considerations which have made us agnostic as to the actual mode and processes of evolution. When such confessions are made the enemies of science see their chance. If we can not declare here and now how species arose, they will obligingly offer us the solutions with which obscurantism is satisfied. Let us then proclaim in precise and unmistakable language that our faith in evolution is unshaken. Every available line of argument converges on this inevitable conclusion. The obscurantist has nothing to suggest which is worth a moment's attention. The difficulties which weigh upon the professional biologist need not trouble the layman. Our doubts are not as to the reality or truth of evolution, but as to the origin of *species*, a technical, almost domestic, problem. Any day that mystery may be solved. The discoveries of the last twenty-five years enable us for the first time to discuss these questions intelligently and on a basis of fact. That synthesis will follow on an analysis, we do not and can not doubt.

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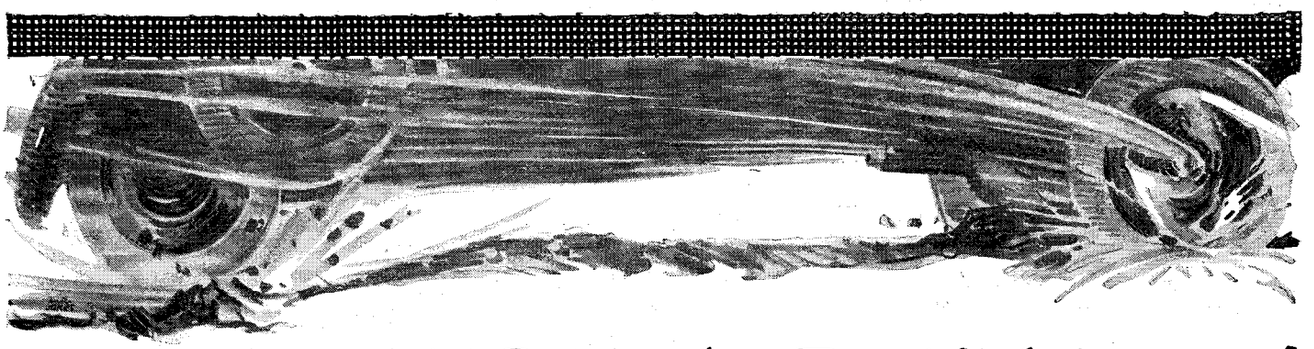

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INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE

STEEL TURNING THE CORNER

ONE of the chief reasons for hope of steady progress toward business betterment appears in the rise of iron and steel production and here, observes *Dun's Review*, "each week's news from iron and steel centers affords further encouragement." As compared with the low point of last summer "the make of pig-iron has risen more than 100 per cent., while steel manufacture in February was at an annual rate of 35 per cent. in excess of the actual output of 1921," and "assurances are increasing that the trend of the steel market is progressive in respect to output and actual consumption." The monthly report of *The Iron Age* indicated a pig-iron production in February 10 per cent. above that of December and January while the rate March 1 was higher still. A Pittsburgh dispatch to the New York *Times* reports production of steel ingots at the rate of about 20,000,000 gross tons a year, "a little more than 3 per cent. over the average rate of 1912 and 1913, the two best tonnage years before the war." The Department of Commerce says that exports of steel products in January aggregated 160,920 gross tons as against 129,921 in December, altho part of the increase is credited to a new system of classification.

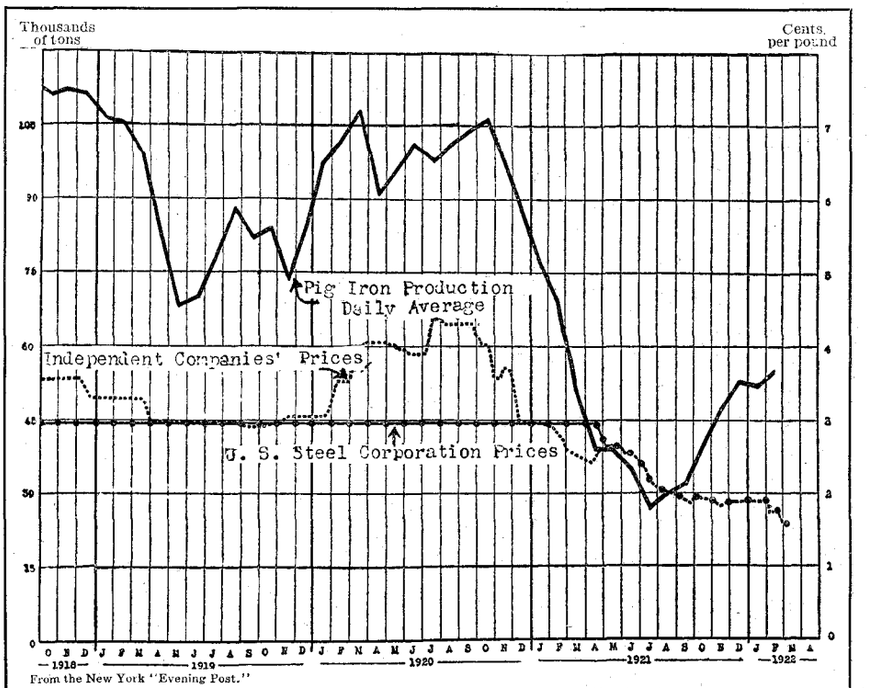
The accompanying chart prepared by the New York *Evening Post* shows that after a decline in activity of about ten months, the steel business touched bottom in July last year. Since that time both pig-iron and steel production have been increasing. While, as *The Evening Post* notes, the price curve on the chart shows no upward tendency during the current year, an advance in prices of certain products was announced by a number of independent companies the week before last. *The Evening Post's* Pittsburgh correspondent wrote optimistically on March 10:

The American Iron and Steel Institute's monthly report, giving the ingot production of thirty companies representing about five-sixths of the total capacity, fully confirms estimates made during February of the increasing production rate. It is now seen that the steel industry as a whole produced ingots during February at a rate of about 27,000,000 gross tons a year, against rates of about 22,750,000 tons in January, 19,750,000 tons in December, and 23,000,000 tons in October and November, when there was a recovery from the very light production of summer.

A fair estimate is that production was at the rate of about 25,000,000 tons on February 1 and has been at the rate of 29,000,000 tons since March 1. The production of steel has been a precise reflection of the receipt of actual orders by mills, since producers have accumulated no stocks.

Underlying conditions have been improving steadily rather than suddenly.

The conservative view is that in a limited and perhaps quite cautious manner distributors and manufacturing consumers have been replenishing stocks, which certainly were at an extremely low



From the New York "Evening Post."

STEEL PRICES AND OUTPUT SINCE THE WAR.

This month the steel mills are said to be operating at about 60% capacity, compared to 15% last July and about 33% at the end of the year. The price curves in the diagram, which are based on *Iron Age* figures, do not show the recent upward turn in independent companies' prices.

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level on the inventory date. Possibly buyers have been influenced by fear of the prospective suspension at the union bituminous coal mines April 1. There is no great likelihood of steel supplies being curtailed on this account, for the nonunion mines can furnish a fairly large tonnage, and steel mills, as a rule, are carrying some stocks of coal.

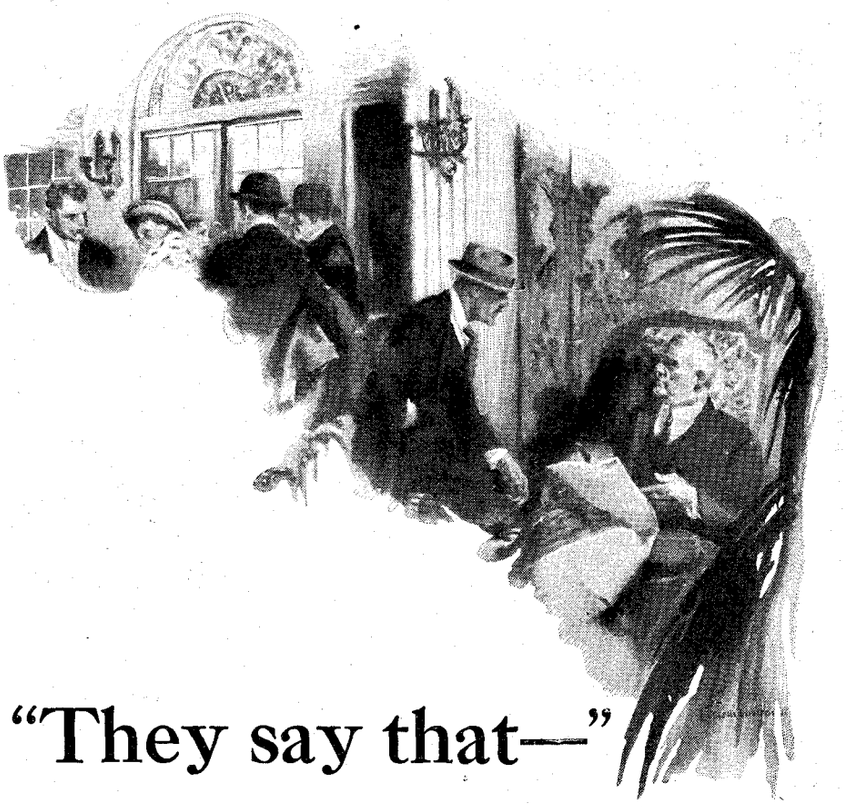
What rate of steel production is requisite to reflect generally satisfactory business conditions in the United States depends upon the question of whether or not the steel industry is overbuilt. The 29,000,000 ton rate in ingot production now attained is 55 per cent. of estimated capacity. If one counts on 100 per cent. operating rate for a reflection of satisfactory industrial conditions at this time, the fact should be considered that a 100 per cent. operating rate occurred in 1906, with extreme activity in all lines of business, and the resultant steel ingot output was 22,624,431 tons, while 1912 and 1913 were satisfactory years in the steel trade, with an output of 30,280,000 tons each.

THE EUROPEAN MARKET FOR OUR CORN GOODS

A REPRESENTATIVE of the United States Department of Commerce reports that the unfavorable opinion of American corn products which was formed in most European countries during the war was due to the use of "undegerminated corn meal which, altho of excellent food value if consumed while fresh, usually can not be kept very long without spoiling." But, as *Financial America* (New York) sums up this report, "the degerminated grits or meal will keep practically as well as wheat flour" and so, "persistent educational propaganda supplemented by demonstrations, to introduce the higher grades of corn products and remove the prejudice encountered in Europe against this valuable foodstuff will no doubt pay in the end." In some countries, we are reminded, bakers and brewers are now using corn flour and corn grits in considerable amounts. In France, for instance, corn flour is used in certain breweries "just as corn grits or corn flakes are used, generally in connection with American malt of high diastatic power." "American millers could easily furnish this flour, but flakes and grits for French use can be manufactured more cheaply in Europe from imported grain. On account of the world scarcity of oats, we are told, "the French Army will require 100,000 tons of coarse cracked corn, free from meal, or small-kernel corn such as the LaPlata corn for horse feed. If American corn were imported for this purpose, the Government would probably be interested also in the purchase of mills suitable to crack the corn." We are further informed that—

Belgium as well as France now purchases the greater part of its corn supply from Argentina.

The reasons alleged in both France and Belgium for preference for Argentine corn over American are that it is smaller and better adapted for poultry feed and that it is sweeter, besides containing 3 to 4% less



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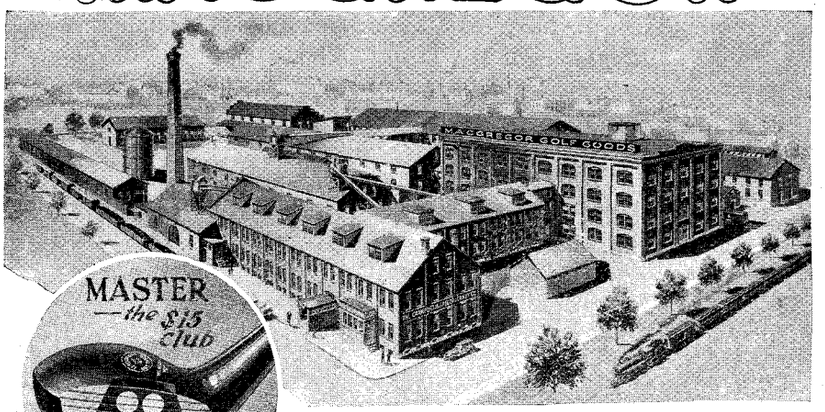

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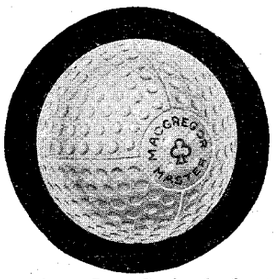

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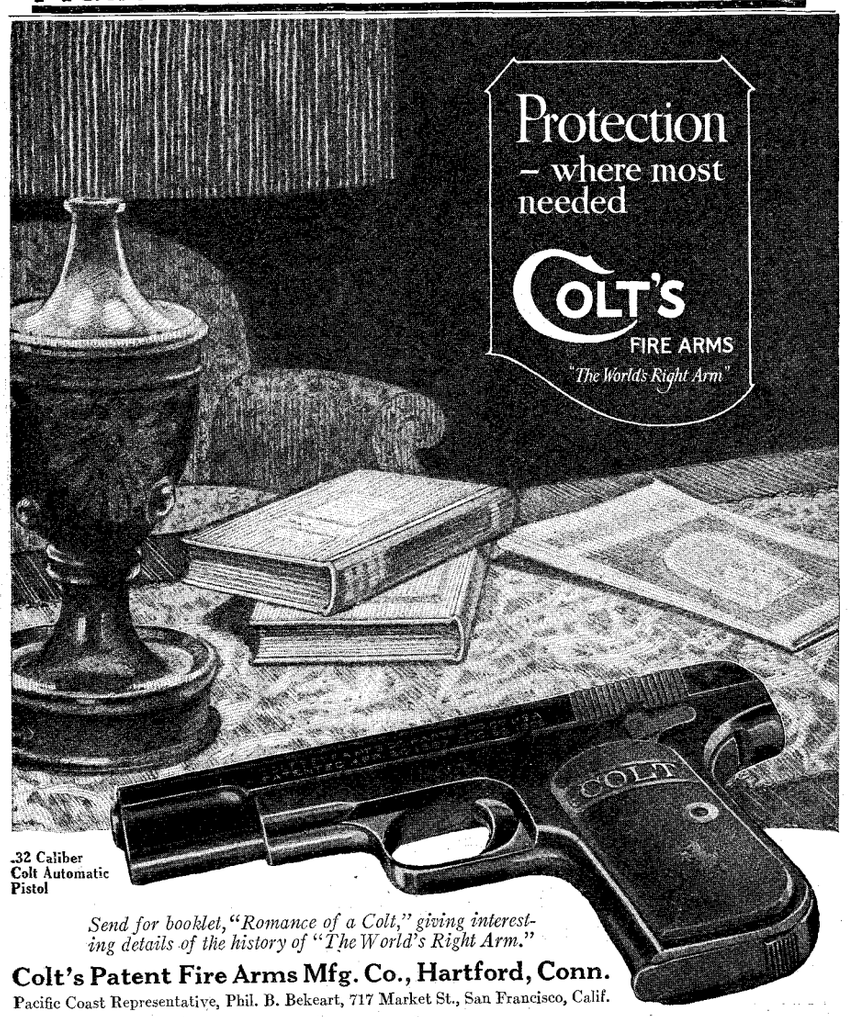

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INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE
Continued

moisture than American corn, enabling it to stand transportation better and to keep longer in good condition.

Belgian bakers use very little corn flour but some of the large brewers do use corn grits, and "to supply this demand there are two large corn-grits factories in Belgium." Denmark also uses considerable corn. It is noted that:

Denmark imported more American corn than LaPlata corn in 1921. Figures obtained from Consul General Letcher, at Copenhagen, give the imports from January to October, 1921, as 228,000 tons from the United States and 52,000 tons from Argentine. In 1920 the relative position of the two countries was reversed, the former supplying only 7,000 tons and the latter 252,000 tons.

Corn grits and refind grits are used by Danish breweries as adjuncts to malt.

BELGIUM TAKES UP THE SALES TAX

WHILE our Congress hesitates to add the sales tax to our fiscal machinery, Belgium has just adopted a sales tax which, according to *The Wall Street Journal*, has aroused little adverse criticism and which seems to be accepted by the Belgians without cavil. The new tax, it seems, has many exemptions. "In principle, it is applied to every sale where the price exceeds 30 francs, whether the sale is direct or in process of manufacture, the tax being uniform at one per cent." Further facts are given in the belief that they are of interest to both advocates and opponents of the sales tax:

Direct sales and deliveries to consumer, of 150 francs or less in value, are exempt, when sales are by coal dealers, farmers, nurserymen, market gardeners, or breeders. Retail sales and deliveries to private individuals, for personal or household use, are exempt, no matter what the value is.

Deliveries of goods or other movable property, brought about by formation or amalgamation of corporations, are exempt, as well as all exports, direct or through brokers. Imports are exempt when they are those of diplomatic representations; travelers' luggage, or private household effects; reexports when specific character is not altered; crude metals from Belgian Congo; unsold Belgian goods returned from abroad. Sales of bread, flour (for bread only), potatoes, lard, margarine, frozen meat, manufactured chicory and eggs are exempt; as well as government sales of raw materials received in execution of peace treaty; and sales to state, provinces, communes and public entities. Sales of gas, electricity and water pay no tax.

Tax, except for importations, is based on selling price, less packing and other charges and discounts. For importations, levy is on gross cost, including duty and charges. Tax is calculated in multiples of 10 francs, any fraction of ten being taken as next highest multiple. Levy is made by perforated adhesion stamps, one-half of stamp being affixt to invoice and other to sales book, which must be kept by all manufacturers and wholesale traders.

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CURRENT EVENTS

FOREIGN

March 8.—In order to placate Indian Moslems the Government of India appeals to Great Britain to evacuate Constantinople, to permit the Sultan of Turkey to resume suzerainty over the holy places in the Near East, and to restore Ottoman Thrace, including Adrianople and Smyrna, to Turkey.

The Irish Free State bill passes its third reading in the House of Commons by a vote of 295 to 52.

March 9.—Edwin S. Montagu is forced to resign as Secretary for India in the Lloyd George Cabinet because he made public over the heads of the Cabinet the Indian Government's appeal for a settlement of the Near East problems more pleasing to Indian Moslems.

The South African Government mobilizes artillery, cavalry and infantry to assist the police in ending the outlawry created by the miners' strike on the Rand.

March 10.—Mohandas K. Gandhi, India's Non-cooperationist leader, is arrested on a charge of sedition, this being the first move in a more vigorous policy of the Indian Government to cope with the Non-cooperationist movement.

Roland W. Boyden, United States observer, demands of the Allied finance ministers meeting in Paris that the United States be reimbursed out of German reparation payments for maintaining an army on the Rhine, and presents a bill for $241,000,000.

Serious riots, in which many persons are killed or wounded, occur in the Rand district, South Africa, and martial law is proclaimed.

A report from Moscow says that the famine-stricken population in Russia now numbers approximately 30,000,000.

March 11.—Revolt spreads in the Rand area, South Africa, and conflicts between state forces and strikers are reported to have resulted in 600 casualties.

The Allied finance ministers refer to the Allied Governments the American claim for $241,000,000 for maintaining an army on the Rhine.

The rival Irish factions occupying Limerick agree to a joint evacuation of the city.

March 12.—Rebels in Udiapur, India, armed with guns, swords, bows and arrows, collide with loyal Indian forces, and 22 are killed and 28 are wounded.

Government forces, accompanied by airplanes, are poured into the Rand district in South Africa and several places occupied by the strikers near Johannesburg are captured.

Anti-treaty sympathizers attempt to break up a meeting addrest by Michael Collins in Cork, but he receives an enthusiastic welcome.

March 13.—More than 2,200 rebels in the Rand district, South Africa, are reported to have been taken prisoner by government forces, and Premier Smuts says that the situation is well in hand.

British army estimates for the coming year total £62,300,000, as compared with £93,714,000 last year, it is announced in the House of Commons. Naval estimates total £64,883,700.

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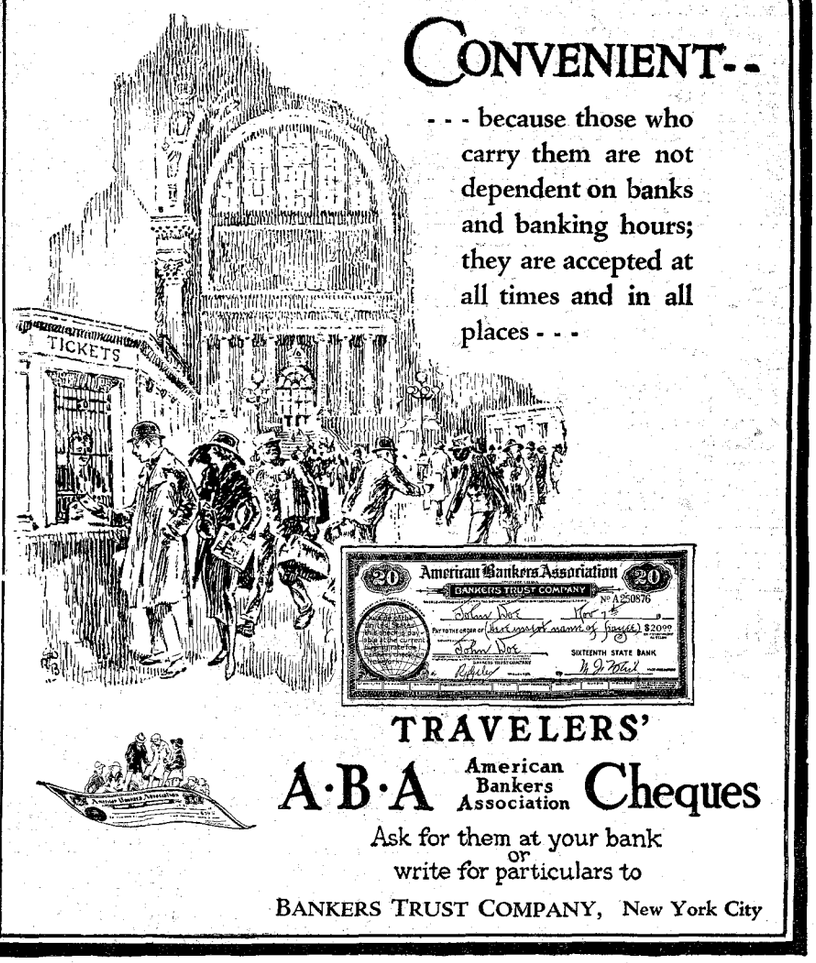

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CURRENT EVENTS
Continued

March 14.—Field Marshal Sir Henry Wilson, former Chief of the British General Staff, is appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Ulster forces, with power to devise a plan for restoring order in Belfast.

DOMESTIC

March 8.—Declaring that the proposed Genoa Conference is of a political rather than an economic character, the United States declines the Allied invitation to attend the parley.

March 9.—Coal-mine operators in western Pennsylvania refuse to join in a general conference to consider a new agreement with the miners.

New Jersey ratifies the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States by a vote of 33 to 24. Rhode Island and Connecticut are now the only States that have not formally approved the Amendment.

March 10.—A strike vote of soft-coal miners is completed by local unions scattered throughout the country, and it is predicted that the count will show a large majority in favor of a walkout on April 1.

March 11.—Secretary of State Hughes disposes of charges that the Four-Power Treaty had been framed by the British and Japanese, by declaring in a letter to Senator Underwood that he himself had drafted the document on the basis of "various suggestions which had been exchanged between the delegates."

March 12.—Seven persons are killed and sixteen injured when a passenger-coach on the Atlanta, Birmingham and Atlantic railroad is derailed near Union City, Georgia.

March 13.—The agricultural appropriation bill, carrying approximately $35,000,000, is passed by the House of Representatives.

March 14.—Fire sweeps through a block in the Chicago Loop district and does damage appraised already at $10,000,000.

The so-called service certificate soldiers' bonus bill is presented to the House of Representatives by the Ways and Means Committee.

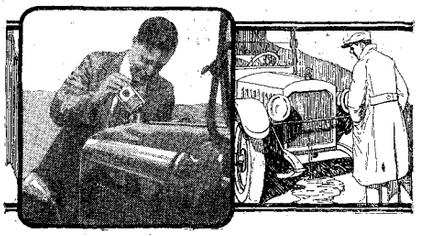
America's right to participate in the distribution of the fund offered by Germany to reimburse the Allies for the armies of occupation is specifically reserved by Roland W. Boyden, the American observer, at the meeting of the Allied finance ministers in Paris, it is announced in Washington.

Twenty-three persons are reported to have been killed and many others to have been seriously injured in a series of tornadoes which swept through Louisiana, Mississippi, Arkansas and Oklahoma on the 13th.

Not Deep—to a Duck.—An English rider, coming to a river he was unfamiliar with, asked a youngster he saw playing on the bank if it was deep. "No," replied the boy, and the rider started to cross, but soon found that he and his horse had to swim for their lives.

When finally he reached the other side he turned and shouted: "I thought you said it wasn't deep."

"It aren't," was the reply. "It only takes grandfather's ducks up to their middles."—*The Traveler's Beacon.*



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THE LEXICOGRAPHER'S EASY CHAIR

In this column, to decide questions concerning the current use of words, the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

Readers will please bear in mind that no notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

"A. L. B.," Middletown, N. Y.—"(1) Please give me the correct pronunciation of the word *massage*. (2) Of what words is *won't* a contraction?"

(1) The word *massage* is correctly pronounced *ma-saz'*—first *a* as in *artistic*, second *a* as in *art*, *z* as in *azure*; or *mas'ij*—*a* as in *fat*, *i* as in *habit*. (2) *Won't* is a contraction of *woll not*, *woll* being the Middle English form of *will*.

"T. K.," St. Paul, Minn.—"Kindly give me the history of the word *scenario* which is used so extensively in connection with the moving-picture business. Please give me the correct pronunciation, and advise if the word, as spelled, has been taken from any other language."

The word *scenario* is an Italian word. It is correctly pronounced *she''na'ri-o*—*e* as in *they*, *a* as in *arm*, *i* as in *hit*, and *o* as in *no*, but since its wide use in the motion-picture industries, it has become Anglicized, and is commonly pronounced *si-nar'i-o*—*i* as in *habit*, *a* as in *arm* (sometimes, as in *fare*), *i* as in *habit*, *o* as in *go*.

"W. C. W.," Himrod, N. Y.—"What is the correct pronunciation of *Gobelin?*"

The name *Gobelin* is pronounced *gob'e-lin*—*o* as in *not*, *e* as in *surfeit*, *i* as in *hit;* or French *go''be-lan'*—*o* as in *go*, *e* as in *moment*, *a* as in *fat*, *n* with a nasal sound.

"S. O. L.," Lexington, Ky.—"Please give terms meant by the designation *c. i. f.*"

The abbreviation *c. i. f.* means (1) cost, insurance, freight, used in connection with commercial quotations and contracts to signify the inclusion in the price of the goods of all charges to the port of destination; (2) consular invoice free.

"E. M. W.," Dalworth Park, Tex.—The word *margarin* or *margarine* is pronounced *mar'ga-rin*—first *a* as *art*, second *a* as in *final*, *i* as in *hit;* or *mar'ga-rin*—first *a* as in *are*, second *a* as in *final*, *i* as in *police*. The "*g*" is hard, as in "Margaret."

"J. C. S.," Augusta, Ga.—"(1) What Wister wrote 'The Virginian,' and when? (2) When was he born, and when did he die? (3) When was Stevenson's 'Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde' written?"

(1) Owen Wister. He wrote this novel in 1902. (2) Mr. Wister was born on July 14, 1860, and is still living. (3) Stevenson wrote "The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" in 1886.

"J. C.," Bowlers, Va.—The phrase "Erin go bragh" means "Ireland forever."

"C. S.," New York.—"What is the meaning of the word *swaraj*, and where does it come from? It is used in press reports of political agitations in India."

The term *swaraj* is a Bengali corruption of the Sanskrit *svaraj*, which means "self-government." It is written also *saurajya*. *Swaraj*, pronounced as if written *shaw'razh* (both *a's* as in *art*) means, literally, "own government," but, in the vernacular is used to mean in addition, cultural and political development under native influence as distinguished from such development under British guidance.

"A. H. B.," Leipsic, O.—"Please tell me which is correct: '*Tuberculous* Sanatorium.' '*Tubercular* Sanatorium,' or '*Tuberculosis* Sanatorium.'"

None: use Sanatorium for *tubercular* patients.

"F. A.," Ontario, Cal.—"A friend of mine and myself had an argument about electing Presidents of the United States. I claimed that none but American born could become Presidents. My friend claims that he read a few days ago, I suppose in some paper, that a foreigner after 15 years of naturalization can become President of the United States. How old must a person be before he can be elected to that office?"

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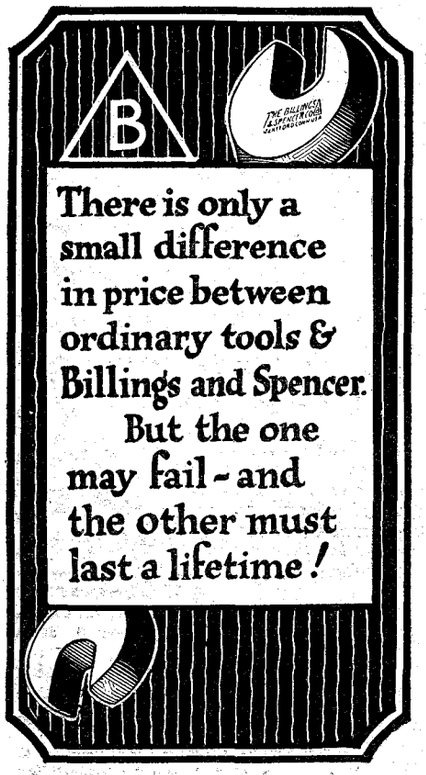
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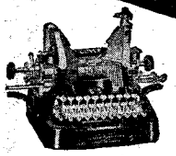

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Cheerful Thought.—"The Yanks are coming," hummed the dentist as he prepared for an extraction.—*Octopus.*

Changing Color Scheme.—"Father, are all Bolshevists red?"

"No, my boy, some of them are pretty blue."—*Der Brummer (Berlin).*

But Will It?—"What are the cold waves saying?" queries a correspondent. To reason's ear they are saying that ice should be cheaper next summer.—*Boston Transcript.*

The Art That Conceals Art.—SHE (petulantly)—"Jack, you make love like an amateur."

HE—"That's where the art comes in."—*Boston Transcript.*

Getting Back.—WAITER—"Grilled steak, and choose a tough one."

CHEF (in surprise)—"Why tough?"

WAITER—The chap who ordered it used to be my sergeant-major."—*Edinburgh Scotsman.*

Anti-Climax.—THE LITERARY DIGEST publishes a British Empire number. For page after page we read and are imprest with the greatness of the British—and then there's a page of British "humor."—*New York Call.*

Verbal Barrage.—"Shall I go over the top?" asked the talkative barber, poising his shears.

"Yes, as soon as your gas-attack is over," answered the weary customer.—*The Traveler's Beacon.*

A Dignified Silence.—THE INTERVIEWER—"And please, sir, what have you to say on the subject of anonymous letters?"

THE GREAT MAN—"Stupid missives! I admit I invariably read anonymous letters—but I never answer them."—*L'Illustration (Paris).*

Safety First.—One snappy day recently Johnny's mother sent him to the store to get half a dozen eggs. On his return he handed her a paper bag containing six articles, which, tho egg-shape, were certainly never laid by a hen.

"What are these?" said his mother. "It was eggs I sent you for."

"Well, ma," said Johnny, "the streets were awful slippery an' so I thought I'd better get lemons instead."—*Boston Transcript.*

An Expensive Spanking.—A Bloomfield, Iowa, woman while talking to her husband over the long distance from a booth in that city was repeatedly interrupted by her little son. He made so much noise and became so unruly that she left the receiver off the hook, grabbed the youthful offender by the arm and took him to the hall where she gave him a regular old-fashioned spanking. She then returned to the booth and completed the conversation without the least interruption. At the finish she became very angry because of the charge for overtime, and insisted that the time she spent spanking be deducted from the charge.—*The Northwestern Bell.*

Very Drafty.—"How did Teller get his cold?"

"All the drafts in the bank go through his cage."—*Boston Transcript.*

Too Much to Expect.—"But can't you and your husband live happily together without fighting?"

"No, not 'appily."—*The Bulletin (Sydney).*

Just so.—A gas which causes violent sneezing is among the American war inventions. It would play a large part in bringing matters to an 'ishoo.—*London Opinion.*

Mistake Somewhere.—HUBBY—"What does this mean? I opened a banking account for you last week, and now I learn that it is overdrawn."

WIFIE—"Impossible! I have half of the checks still left!"—*Meggendorfer Blaetter (Munich).*

Long Journey Indicated.—FORTUNE TELLER—"I see in your hand a line which will have great importance for you in the near future."

CASHIER IN BANK—"I understand. The steamship line to South America!"—*Kasper (Stockholm).*

Tough Luck.—AGENT—"But, mum, it's a shame to let your husband's life insurance lapse."

LADY (over wash-tub)—"I'll not pay another cent. I've paid regular fer eight years an' I've had no luck yet."—*The Traveler's Beacon.*

A Symptom.—CHAUNCEY REGINALD ARCHIBALD ASHERTON (to prospective father-in-law)—"Youah daughtah has promised to mawy me and eh—ah—I'd like to know if there is any insanity in youah family?"

CRUSTY OLD PAPA (looking him over)—"There must be."—*Dodo.*

Stern Retribution.—"Did you lynch the man who stole your automobile?"

"No," replied Piute Pete. "He got away."

"Unpunished?"

"No, sir. If that bunch of pernickety junk treats him the way it has me, he's havin' punishment enough."—*Washington Star.*

A Happy Household.—Little Louise was lost on the street and was brought into the police station. The officers tried in every way to learn her name. Finally one of the officers said, "What name does your mother call your father?" "Why," said Louise, very innocently, "she don't call him any name; she likes him."—*Harper's Magazine.*

Friends for a Short Time.—We were taking the fresh-air children back to the city. At the last minute we missed small Annie. We made a hurried search and found her at last on the floor beside her bed, with her face buried in the pillow. "What's the matter, Annie?" we asked. "What are you crying for?" "I ain't crying," was the indignant reply. "I was just kissing my bed good-by, cause I don't know when I'll ever see another."—*Youth's Companion.*

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